

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

FEBRUARY

1926

Winnipeg, Canada



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY SEGUR GULBRANSEN

This 10 CENTS copy

Opening Instalment

The Flame of Courage

By
George Gibbs



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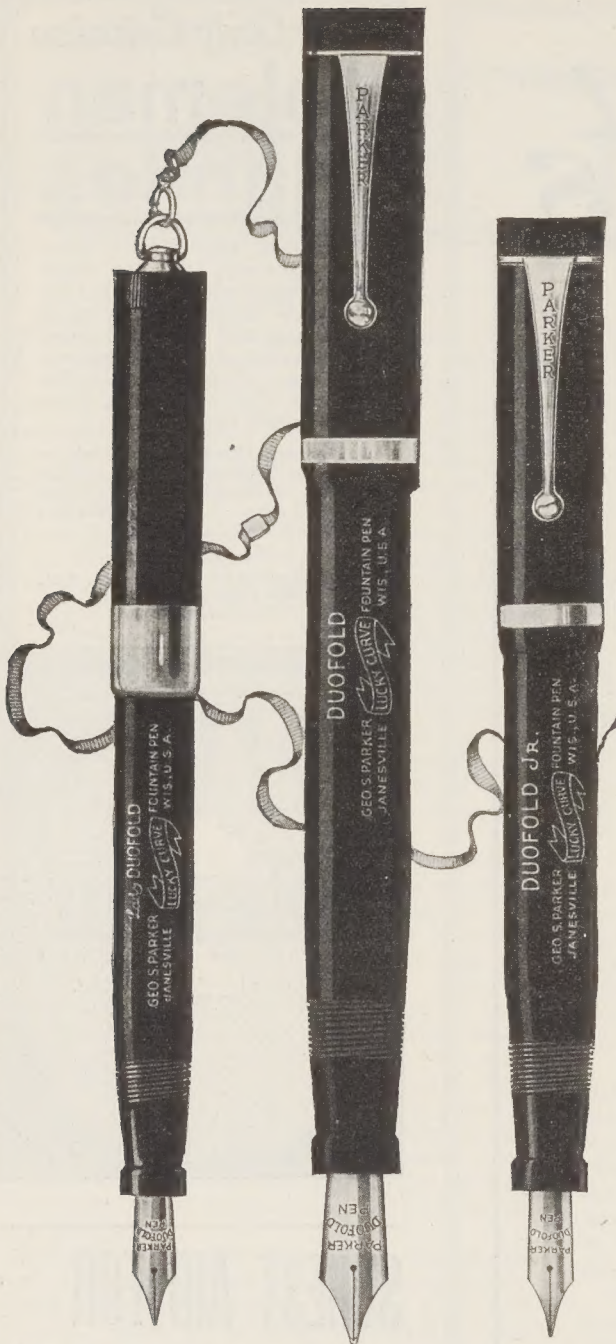
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The Western Home Monthly

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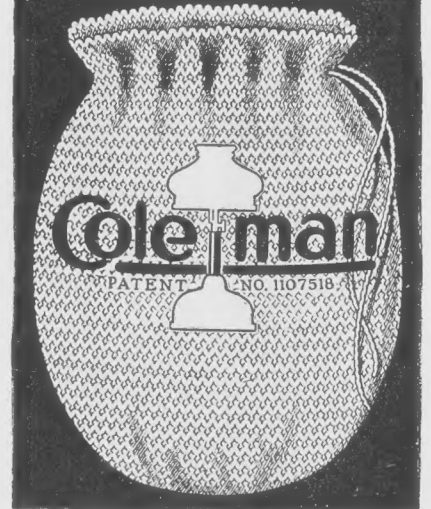
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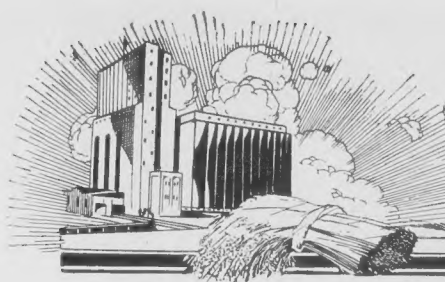
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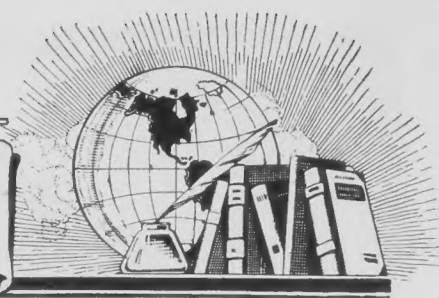
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EDITORIAL



Difference of Opinion

THE Emperor Charles Fifth, after a vain attempt to make all people think with him religiously, abdicated and retired to the Monastery of St. Juste, where he amused himself at watchmaking. "What a fool I have been," he said one day, "to try to make all men think and act alike, when I cannot get a few watches to keep time together!"

There are two reasons why people cannot think alike. First, they have not all the same brain-structure, and they are therefore not capable of reacting similarly to impressions. Then, they have not the same background of experience, and consequently new situations are not apprehended in the same way. It were rank hypocrisy for two men who have thought differently all their lives to subscribe to the same creed in a moment of time, as if assent were belief. Thinking is incorporating a new idea into a system of already-accepted truth, and for this reason it takes time, and it requires honesty.

Now, in matters of dress, food, home management, conduct of business and the like, it is possible for men to differ and yet to remain friendly, but often when it is a matter of religion or politics or family affiliation a very little difference may lead to great estrangement and bitterness. One may readily concede that these latter things are more important than the former, and that they should be taken more seriously, but this does not excuse the bitterness and ill-will. Should a man differ with me, in a matter that leads to his moral or spiritual disaster, surely I should be sorry rather than angry. And this for two good reasons: First, my anger will only recoil upon myself, and secondly it will cause him to resent me and my truth all the more bitterly.

Really the important thing is not that people should think alike nor act alike. This is impossible. It would be a very monotonous world if all were the same. There is everything to be said in favor of diversity, in unity, and really little to be said in favor of uniformity. All trees are not maples, and all vegetables are not turnips. The beauty of life in all departments is the ever-abundant variety. Why seek in the mental field that which is impossible in the physical? Minds are no more alike than bodies.

The really great peoples of the world are nations of mixed origin. A really great political party is one in which individuals think for themselves, and a really great church is one in which the members, differing greatly in all things, help one another because of their differences.

In actual practice in life it is not opinions that count, but personalities. What gives opinion its force is personality. The man who is anxious to have his opinions prevail must live so as to command the esteem of his associates. This is true in every department of life. It is more important for any man to convert people to himself than to his views or opinions.

The Economy Axe

IN Canada and England the people spend more on liquor than on schools. In the United States they spend more on cosmetics and chewing gum than on education. Everywhere in the cities more is spent on the movies than on purposed instruction. Now the people are beginning to find that they must economize somewhere. Shall they reduce the appropriations to schools and colleges, or lessen the outlay on luxuries that bring immediate gratification but no permanent good?

In the *Observer* a writer puts the matter very pointedly in a letter. Changing the figures, his conclusions would apply to conditions in Western Canada.

"Public expenditure on education amounts to £81,257,000. The net bill for drink, that is to say, after deduction of the proportion which goes to the treasury in taxation, was £121,164,139 in 1914. Now it is £172,593,833. Though the country has grown poorer, the drink trade takes £51,000,000 more out of the pocket of the public than it did before the war.

"If ministers have reached the point where they have to ask, 'can we afford to spend so much on education, which ranks with defence as a vital public service?' the public is forced willy-nilly to consider whether it can afford to spend more than double that sum on alcoholic refreshment.

"Put it in this way to any large working-class audience in the country. 'Retrenchment is called for. Where is the axe to fall first? On drink or on education?' There is not the smallest scruple of a doubt what the choice would be. Money spent on education comes back. Money spent on drink does not.

"The idea of curtailing the already inadequate facilities for self-improvement existing in England while, by common consent, a great and sustained effort of organized intelligence is wanted to pull British industry on the level again, is an idea straight out of a lunatic's head. Hardly less alarming would be the presumption that we can continue to pay £50,000,000 annually for alcohol above what we paid in the days of our prosperity.

"The children have a good right not to be penalized further by the deprivation of knowledge and training. They are being made to pay no little part of this £50,000,000 waste already through parental alcoholism, disease, and poverty. The State pays its share, too, as bearing the cost of crime and disease attributable to alcohol. Industry and trade bear perhaps the heaviest share of all.

"Every industry, every shopkeeper would feel the advantage of the sum if it were converted from non-productive into reproductive expenditure, if it were annually available in the form of savings. A rich economic return might be reaped if only a fraction of this sum were free to be devoted each year to the provision of technical education. Cuts in education are cuts at life itself, at the means of life.

"An ill-educated community, especially when in utter dependence, as Britain is, upon its power from day to day to compete with well-fed, well-equipped rivals, has no hope of maintaining itself. We cannot economise at the cost of life. We can economise well and safely by varying a habit, and the most obvious economy of all is in preventing the exploitation of an expensive habit for personal and sectional gain."

Common Honesty

IT is good to be an optimist rather than a pessimist; it is better to be able to see the good than the evil. This is true in the world of business as in private life. The following from an English magazine is good reading in Canada:

"Nor is the honest manufacturer extinct, or the honest butcher, or the honest author, or the honest publican. There are far more honest men alive than ever get mentioned in the papers. You can recognize them by the fact that they seldom waste their time in accusing other people of being lazy. It is the laziest members of the upper and middle classes who most often accuse the working classes of being lazy; and it is probably the laziest members of the working classes who are most firmly convinced that nobody outside their own ranks ever does an honest day's work for a living.

"I do not pretend that honest work is the key to all the problems that perplex humanity; but, apart from religion and the affections, it is the chief means by which the idealist in the ordinary man can escape on ordinary days from the materialist who imprisons him. The trouble is that, in modern times, more and more men are discouraged from doing their best work by the suspicion that, if they do, some one else will cheat them out of their just reward.

"Hence, if we wish to see human beings working for the common good, during peace-time, as they fought for the common good during the war, it seems to me that we must by some political or social means establish the principle of the just reward, whether for the manufacturer or for the shopkeeper or for the artisan."

Working Towards Peace

TOUCHING upon recent attempts in the Motherland to reconcile the differences that separate capital and labor, the *Spectator* quotes approvingly from a report of Colonel Willey on conditions in America. There is in the *Spectator's* editorial comment much that we in Canada might take to heart. Can we not see in the plan suggested the beginning of better days? There is not much danger of strikes just now, for reasons that need not be advanced, but there is certainty that in the days ahead there will be recurrence of old troubles, unless better understanding is arrived at. Here are the words from the *Spectator*:

"The figures in Colonel Willey's survey of what has been done in America, where there is virtually no restriction, are simply overwhelming. Between 1914 and 1923, owing to labor-saving machinery, the number of workers required to turn out a given volume of goods was reduced by 23 per cent, and the mechanical power required for the same volume was reduced by 12 per cent. The average labor economist here on reading such figures would throw up his hands in horror and say that it meant throwing such-and-such a number of men out of work. In America, however, quite the contrary has happened. The money saved has been put back into business and more labor than ever has been employed with still higher wages.

"Then there is the other example set by America, which we hope will be more widely followed here, though a beginning is already evident, of encouraging the employees to invest in industrial companies on very favorable terms. The Standard Oil Company lets every worker invest one-fifth of his wages in the company, and it adds half a dollar to every dollar thus invested. Why should a workman want to strike against such a company? Of course, he does not. He is a capitalist himself, and he wants to work with more and more enthusiasm as his stake in the company mounts up in order that his profits may be increased. The company, on its side, can afford to be generous, for it is secure against strikes.

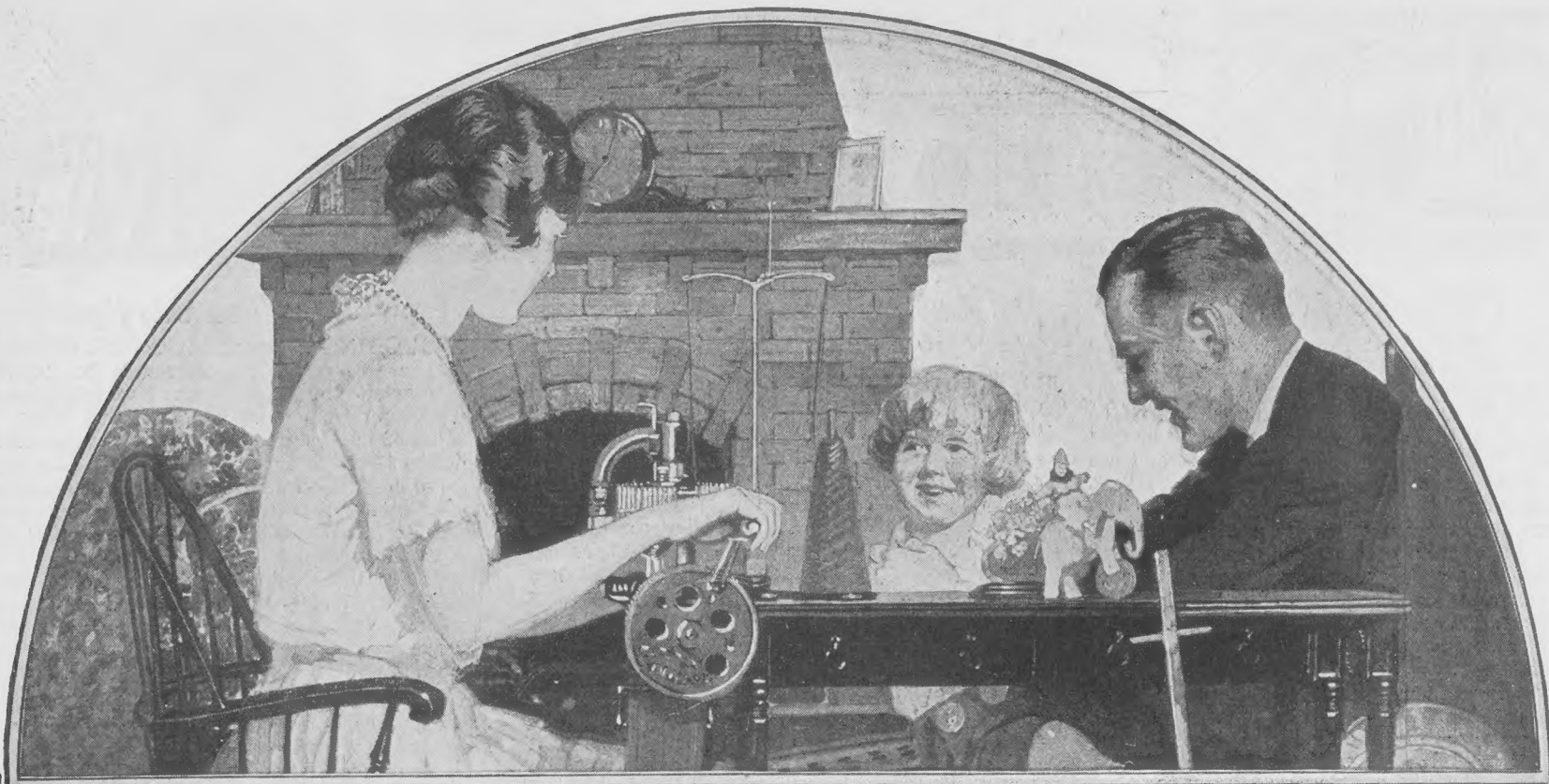
"We sincerely trust that the present opportunity will not be thrown away. Some use should certainly be made of the unprecedented degree of agreement revealed in the past few days. A friendly conference composed of a few leading members of the different parties and interests might set a movement going that would ultimately transform the situation."

Ottawa

WHAT has taken place at Ottawa need cause no surprise. The decision on the Meighen amendment rested with the Progressives and they had every good reason for voting as they did, even though their very next move might be to overthrow the government.

Clearly it is impossible for any party to carry on under present conditions, and another election must shortly be held. In view of this it is of the utmost importance that all the parties set forth in unmistakable terms their policies, for manifestly these have altered since the elections last fall. The government in the Speech from the Throne did, in a very general way, outline its programme, but there was no opportunity for full expression. The opposition, of course, has been careful to commit itself to nothing, and it would presumably be glad to go back to the country without any commitment. The Progressives in deciding to join in a debate on the Speech from the Throne evidently wished to get both major parties to show their full hands, and in this they were wise. Another election without a re-statement of policy would decide nothing.

After the two parties have declared themselves definitely, one of two things may happen. The Progressives may decide to support the government for a time and obtain some of the things they have been demanding, or they may take the opposite course, and thus precipitate another election. In the meantime they will have brought all forces into the open.



Make Money At Home

HOW would you like to have a regular pay cheque reach you every week—an income of your very own? It would help out a good deal, wouldn't it? With extra money—spare time money—you could provide for many things that might ordinarily seem like luxuries. Well, there is a proven, established, dignified way of turning your spare time into dollars, and if you are interested in making money at home—read this message:

Here Briefly, Is the Plan

You knit socks for me at home in your spare time with the Auto-Knitter—a wonderful machine that will knit a pair of beautiful socks in half an hour. I pay you cash for the knitting, and in addition, I keep you supplied with the necessary yarn. There is no limit to the work you may send.

There Is No Canvassing

The reason why so many men and women take up this interesting work is because there is no canvassing or selling—you deal only with me. You know before you start that your complete output is contracted for. You know that you will be paid for every hour that you devote to the work. While I contract in this way it does not mean that you have

to knit any special quantity, I leave that entirely with you. However, as the size of your pay cheque depends upon the amount of work sent in, I know that you will not let many spare hours go to waste.

Experience Unnecessary

It is not necessary that you know one thing about knitting in order to start. I doubt if one of my workers ever saw a knitting machine until their own arrived. A set of simply written instructions teaches you the work. If you can read and count, you can Auto-Knit.

Listen to These Happy Workers

"One day I saw an advertisement of the Auto-Knitter and I wrote for further information. Within one week I had a machine. In one month I made \$97.00 and the next month \$100.00, and I may honestly say that I have made \$100.00 every month since I got my machine." Mrs. H. Clair, Saskatchewan. When Mrs. Clair wrote me for "further information," she had no idea that this Home-Earning Plan was going to prove such a money maker. And while \$100.00 a month is more than the average worker makes, it shows what an industrious worker can do. I rather think that Mrs. Wesley Hearn, of Saskatchewan, represents the average worker. In a recent letter she says: "I am the mother of five children and do not get much time to knit, but I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing my own housework." While most of my workers are women, hundreds of men find it profitable to turn their spare time into needed dollars. Listen to Mr. Arlington Fraser, of Ontario. "I was a little afraid of starting as I had never seen a knitting machine, but with the help of the instructions it was easy. At first I could only



make one pair of socks an hour, but now I can make three pairs. I have only had the machine five months and I have made \$325.00 in my spare time." And part of a very interesting letter from Mrs. J. Shaw, also of Ontario, reads as follows: "We have had our machine three years. Last fall, from October until two days before Christmas, it brought me in \$400.00." When you read these simply written records of what others are doing, is there any reason why you cannot do the same?

A Personal Message

DOESN'T this plan of earning money at home sound like something you would like to do? Then let me send you full information about it. Either write me personally or use the coupon. By return mail you will receive a beautiful booklet explaining—How you start and—How much you can make. Please remember, there is not the slightest obligation in your doing this. Clip and mail the coupon today.

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Monsieur de Montcalm handed her into the pinnace that was to take them out to their ship, making place beside him and spreading his cloak upon the thwart. To Armande de Lusignac, her eyes alert to the gay picture of ships and sea, the dark figure of Monsieur Davol seemed to cast its shadow upon the colorful scene

The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustrations by Grattan Condon

MADAME DE POMPADOUR sank wearily upon her couch while her maid, Madame de Hausset, brought her a draft of orange-flower water and carefully disposed the silk pillows behind the shoulders of the lovely lady. It had not been a pleasant day for Madame. The King had been difficult in spite of her efforts to please him. Her tenure of his affections was precarious, only kept secure by the keenness of her mind, her pretty wit, and the use of her studied arts.

Other faces, younger than hers, had the power for the moment to charm him. The poor moths flitted into the flame and out again with singed wings to vanish into the darkness and be no longer seen. Only yesterday she had heard of another face, prettier than the others—

Madame de Pompadour sipped her orange-flower water, and smiled at Monsieur de Voltaire, who had just been shown in.

"Talk to me, Monsieur," she said with a sigh. "Your wit is tonic. I need it. I have denied myself to all others that you may drive away my megrims—"

"Madame—"

At this moment, as though in actual defiance of the orders that she had given, there was a commotion at the door of the apartment, which flew violently open, and though restrained by the protesting hand of Gourbillon, the *valet de chambre*, a young girl rushed into the room and threw herself upon her knees before the great lady.

"Madame," said a tremulous voice, "I pray you to listen to me."

Madame de Pompadour had straightened, and laid her goblet aside.

"What does this mean, Gourbillon?" she said angrily to the frightened valet. "Did I not tell you that I would see no one but Monsieur de Voltaire?"

"Yes, M-Madame la Duchesse, but this woman rushed past my lodge and reached the stair before I could intercept her—"

"Madame," the voice of the girl was pleading again, "I have come upon a matter vital to your happiness. You will forgive me for my imprudence in forcing myself upon you when you hear what I have to say."

The visitor had drawn aside her scarf and revealed to the older woman a pallid face with dark, troubled eyes, luminous with emotion. It was a face as lovely as Madame de Pompadour's had been at the age of twenty-five, with wide, level brows, a straight nose, proud nostrils, lips decisive in contour, and a well-modeled chin.

Something in the expression of the eyes, some honest note in her voice, arrested the attention of Madame de Pompadour to have the rash intruder taken away by the servants, who still stood uncertainly, aware of a look of leniency in the face of their employer.

"Who are you?" she asked coldly.

"My name is Heloise Gueret—"

"Heloise Gueret!" Madame de Pompadour rose quickly. "You here?"

"You have heard of me, Madame?" gasped the visitor. "Then you will know that I come in a worthy cause."

The great lady stood hesitant, and then made a gesture that sent her servants to the door.

"Do you wish me to go, Madame?" said Monsieur de Voltaire.

"No—stay. It will be a pretty irony to have Monsieur de Voltaire, the master of irony, a witness of my humiliation."

So intent was the visitor upon the countenance of Madame that she was not aware of the presence of Monsieur de Voltaire until his name was spoken, when she turned to him a little confused.

"Monsieur de Voltaire is ever the friend of those in distress," said the Pompadour dryly. "and since you are an actress—"

"An actress!" Voltaire exclaimed.

"Yes, Monsieur, of Rouen."

Madame de Pompadour made a gesture of impatience and sank again upon her couch, sniffing at her smelling-salts while she glanced at the girl narrowly.

"I need not say that your presence here astonishes me," she said. "Of course, I know who you are, Mademoiselle. You will say what you have to say, and at once." Then with a sudden, forced courtesy, "You may sit down."

Mademoiselle, now aware of the look of concentration in the eyes of Madame, told her story with grave directness.

"It was in the Cafe Procope, Madame, whither I had gone with my cousin and a friend from my company, a man, masked, passed from an inner room and stood staring at me, at last sitting near by with some friends and continuing to stare, though I paid him no notice."

Madame de Pompadour now leaned forward attentively. The girl noted the sudden contraction of her eyes, and went on quietly.

"After a while when we got up to go he stood

before me, bowing and paying me some compliments. But I made no reply and would have gone on, when he barred the way again, asking my address. My cousin, who was unarmed, thrust forward and would have given a blow had he not been caught by the arm by one of the other party, an older man."

"The Duc de Richelieu," said the Pompadour dryly.

"Perhaps, Madame. I do not know. He caught my cousin by the arm. 'Hist, you fool,' he growled, it's the King!' My friends were a little frightened at that, and we went away. We were followed; and the next night the King came to the house where I am staying. The woman of the lodging-house was alarmed at the presence of the Minister of Police, and permitted the King to come to my room. He made love to me, Madame. I did not want his love. I repulsed him with difficulty, but he only laughed at me. I swear to you by all that is holy to me that I speak the truth."

"Proceed, Mademoiselle," said the Pompadour coolly.

"I was frightened that he was the King. I was a stranger in Paris, with no friends of influence to whom I could appeal. He came again, changing his attitude to gentleness and persuasion. And this seemed to threaten me still more. He would have given me jewels, but I refused to accept them. He left, frowning. Then yesterday morning I received a letter from the Minister of Police reminding me of unfortunate utterances of my father touching upon the church and state and telling me that only the King himself could save my father from imprisonment or prevent the seizure of his property."

"Infamy!" blurted Voltaire; but Madame raised her hand to silence him.

"This is all very well, Mademoiselle, for you to come to me with this story. But you, yourself, have been accused of free thinking, of free speaking against the Government and against the church."

"No, no, Madame, not against the church," she protested. "I am a good churchwoman. But I am accustomed to think for myself. I have spoken against the Government. That is the truth."

A warning "Hist!" came from Voltaire; but Heloise Gueret went on, her eyes flashing bright little sparks of eagerness. "I shall tell you no falsehoods, Madame. I am of the new order of the educated of the provinces who have learned to think for themselves. I do not believe that people are beasts of the field. They have their rights."

"A revolutionist!" The Pompadour sniffed again at her perfume-bottle.

"No, Madame. I am loyal to the kingdom of France. I am not loyal to the unwise laws that bind the people to slavery."

"What laws?" said the Pompadour coolly.

"Take care, Mademoiselle," warned Voltaire.

Heloise Gueret shrugged her shoulders and turned appealingly to the powerful lady.

"What is the use, Madame? What I could say to you would be of no avail. I am throwing myself upon your mercy, telling you everything because it is in your interest as well as mine. I do not crave the love of the King of France. I wish only to be left in peace with my work."

"That you may still further spread your dangerous doctrines?"

"No, Madame. I will go away if you will grant me immunity. But a danger threatens me. I am constantly watched. Tonight I came away by a rear window and drove here in a fiacre."

"That is well."

Madame de Pompadour put down her perfume-bottle and sat rigidly in a moment of frowning contemplation.

"Mademoiselle," she said at last, "you think too much. And yet I may say that I admire your courage. You have placed yourself in a dangerous position by your frankness. Monsieur de Voltaire is a witness that you have said enough to merit punishment, even the punishment," she said with a bitter smile, "of being forced to accept the love of a king of France against your will. If you had lied to me I should have made things difficult. As it is, I am disposed to be merciful."

"Oh, Madame!"

"One moment, until you hear my conditions. I admit that you are beautiful. The King always shows excellent taste. But he shall not have you. I'll find another use for your beauty and for your talents, a mission of extreme delicacy and importance in my service and in the service of France."

Mademoiselle Gueret was silent, staring into the eyes of the older woman. The great lady turned to Monsieur de Voltaire, who had been listening with sympathy to the appeal of the pretty visitor.

"Last week, Monsieur de Voltaire, you put a fine plan into my head. It is not the first that you have put here." She laughed rather cruelly. "Mademoiselle Gueret shall put it into practice."

Voltaire started forward.

"You mean—the mission to New France?"

"I do."

"But—a woman!"

"Women have their uses. Especially," she added cynically, "those who have the—shall I say?—the beauty or the wit to allure a king."

"But, Madame—"

She raised her hand, silencing him, and turned to Heloise Gueret.

"I shall be merciful, and as a return for my clemency you shall enter my service. A secret mission to Quebec, in New France," and at the sudden consternation of her visitor, "Oh, do not fear. It is a mission of honor and trust. You will be well provided with money, you will change your name, you will be accompanied by a noble lady as your aunt, a lady whose lineage will insure you every mark of distinction from the Governor and the Intendant."

"And the object of this visit, Madame?"

"Merely the discovery of the true state of affairs, both political and financial, in the colony, relating particularly to the transactions of Monsieur the Intendant, all of which will be explained to you. You see, it is a position of trust, where you can be of actual service to your country and at the same time escape the danger that threatens you."

Heloise Gueret was silent for a moment, her gaze lowered, her fingers nervously moving in her lap.

"And the alternative? What of my father?"

"Immunity. Freedom from prosecution. A suitable reward for yourself when you return."

Another silence. But at last the visitor raised her head fearlessly, and then lightly shrugged her shoulders.

"I have no choice, Madame."

"You accept?"

The actress bowed her head in assent.

At this sudden satisfactory conclusion of the interview Madame smiled gaily.

"That is good. I believe now that you are indeed intelligent." The Pompadour rose. "You may go now. I will direct my steward to accompany you to a new address. You shall not be again disturbed. I will send for you again tomorrow, when we will discuss in detail my plans. You shall have a wardrobe, of course, and money. You will sail with the new Commander-in-chief, General de Montcalm, from Brest at the end of the month. So there will be little time to spare *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle."

Heloise Gueret gave a deep curtsy, and Voltaire kissed her fingers.

"You have my sympathy, Mademoiselle," he

said. "And yet," with a sigh, "what a venture for youth and beauty!"

A quick, bright flash from her eyes and she was gone.

"MADAME," said Voltaire firmly, "your cruelty is exceeded only by your intelligence."

"Thanks, Monsieur," said Madame lightly. "This girl threatened my peace of mind. She no longer does so. She is clever. She will be well able to take care of herself. And Louis shall sign the death-warrant of his own passion." She laughed gaily. "Tell the truth, Monsieur. Am I not worthy of my high prerogatives?"

"If you were not a very dear friend, I would call you a she-devil, Madame. Banishment for saying no more than I have said a hundred times."

"For which, except for this she-devil, you would have been banished a hundred times. You only threaten France, Monsieur. Heloise Gueret threatens me."

"I am flattered by your honesty. You are none the less cruel to send this beautiful child, alone and friendless, to a strange country upon a dangerous mission."

"She shall have letters from Monsieur d'Argenson, and, without his being aware of the bearer, from the King. She will be received with all the tributes to nobility; fetes will be given in her honor; her visit will be a triumph. Her beauty and skill will accomplish the rest. It is a mission, Monsieur, which many women of the court might envy her."

"And yet dangerous, unless accompanied by some one to whom she could turn in an hour of peril."

"The Governor, Monsieur de Vaudreuil—"

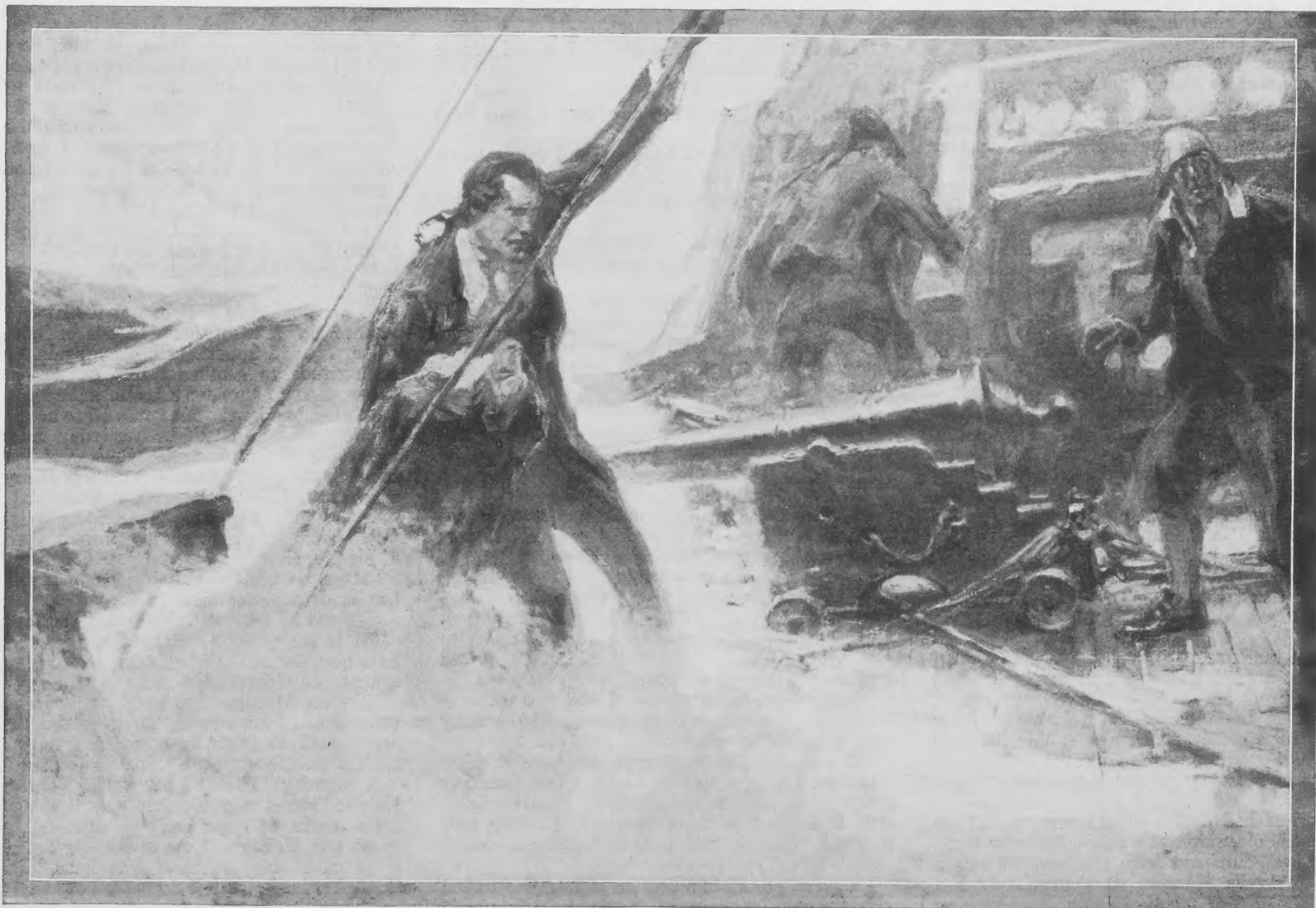
"He carries water on both shoulders. Bigot is his master."

"Surely Monsieur de Montcalm—"

"A military man, as yet untried. Montcalm will have his hands full without burdening him with a parcel of petticoats. It was of a young friend of mine that I had begun to speak to you, to recommend for this mission before the visit of Mademoiselle Gueret. A young friend of mine who wishes permission to sail with the fleet to New France and write a description of the country."

"His name you said was—?"

"Jacques Davol, a distinguished young author and a writer of romances frankly in imitation of my own, and therefore of course very intelligent. You will like to meet him. Will you permit me to bring him here to visit you?"



But Monsieur Davol had seen the danger and caught the unconscious man under the armpits with one arm while he clutched a rope and tried to drag him to safety. Armande saw them disappear under the surge of water, closed her eyes in a moment of prayer, thinking them lost

"Very well, Monsieur. But I promise nothing. This is an affair which does not brook too many confidants."

"You will find him the soul of discretion. A strong arm in defense of your project should not be wasted."

"We shall see, Monsieur." The Pompadour turned and offered him her fingers in token of dismissal. "And now you must leave me. The King returns in the morning and I must get my beauty-sleep."

"Sleep well, then," said Voltaire. "As for me, the night is still young. It is my pleasure, with a pair of scales and a few abstruse calculations, to estimate before dawn the weight of the sun. One folly more, Madame."

"Good night, my friend," she said with a laugh.

"Au revoir, Madame."

The request of Monsieur de Voltaire that Monsieur Jacques Davol be permitted to sail with the fleet to New France was granted. An account of the most important of the colonies of the King was much to be desired, and since Monsieur Davol asked for no emoluments Madame de Pompadour could see no possible objection. Monsieur de Voltaire had been very much attracted to this stranger. He had been a student of philosophy and languages at the University at Gottingen. His mother was Austrian, he said, but after all was not the kingdom of the mind universal?

He had brought a letter from King Frederick of Prussia strongly urging Voltaire's friendship and patronage. That he should wish to find a virgin field for the practice of his art did not seem extraordinary, and much as Monsieur de Voltaire regretted the young man's departure, there was a satisfaction in procuring from Madame de Pompadour an appointment requested of Voltaire by her arch-enemy, King Frederick of Prussia. The situation appealed to Voltaire's sense of humor. Besides, Davol was obviously very deserving.

OF COURSE nothing of this was known to Madame de Pompadour or to Heloise Gueret, who had merely been told that Monsieur Davol was to sail with the fleet for New France, where he proposed to write a book about that country, and that if she chose to call upon him for advice, or for assistance, he would be at her disposal.

Indeed, so engrossed was Heloise Gueret with the elaborate preparations for her departure that the thought of Monsieur Davol did not again enter her mind. When the object of her mission to New France was fully explained to her, all the patriotism in her heart was aroused at the thought that she might be of service to France in this hour of need and danger. For at the very moment when Pitt, the new English minister, was gaining victories over the French on the Continent and even planning an expedition for the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec, the Government of France seemed totally unable to provide against future dangers.

In New France the situation seemed the worst. For rumor said that Bigot, the Intendant, ruling in a court of dissipation and luxury, was growing rich at the expense of the peasants; that he bought corn from the farmers of Canada and when they starved sold it back to them for thrice what they had paid for it; that his Grand Company, named by the peasants *La Frippone*, was cheating the soldiers of their supplies and robbing the King. Mere rumors, Madame de Pompadour explained, frequently repeated, though not definitely enough for the recall of Francois Bigot or the Governor of New France, Monsieur de Vaudreuil.

It was a delicate mission, not without its dangers, for while Heloise Gueret was to be pro-

vided with introductions from the court of France which would give her entree into the palaces of the Governor and the Intendant, no inkling of her purpose could be disclosed. This purpose, in brief, was to study the financial and political situation in the colony and to write Madame de Pompadour the truth. She was to assume the name of Armande de Lusignac, and was to be accompanied by a lady of the French court, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who would be known as her aunt.

When the hackney-coach bearing Madame de Brinvilliers and Heloise Gueret (now to be known as Armande de Lusignac) drove out upon the quay

buckles upon his shoes, his dark eyes, strong chin, and straight, sober mouth, which smiled with such difficulty. Here was a man, she thought, who took himself too seriously; a man whose companionship had been thrust upon her, and she intended that from the beginning their relationship should be carefully defined.

Her task was perhaps to be less difficult than she had supposed, for a woman is always at her best as the centre of chivalrous attention. Monsieur de Montcalm handed her into the pinnace that was to take them out to their ship, making place beside him and spread his cloak upon the thwart. Monsieur Bourgainville saw to her baggage, while the Chevalier de Chabannes, sitting nearby, paid her the homage of his hard, gray eyes. Monsieur Levis, it seemed, was to sail later with Monsieur de Bourlemaque, and stood waving a hand until his fine figure was merged into the warehouses behind him.

A battery upon the shore gave them a salute, answered by the deafening roar of the cannon on the forecastle; the lilies of France were dipped from the peak, and the voyage was begun. Armande leaned upon the rail of the quarter-deck, watching the play of foam as the ship gathered way in the freshening breezes, turning her gaze at last to the distant shore, already melting into the purple haze.

Deeply emotional under her placid exterior, she gave free rein to her thoughts as to the country she was leaving behind. It had sheltered her from birth. She had won a little happiness, a little fame, and many friendships. Her friends were not great people as the world reckons, but with all their deficiencies they were hers and she loved them. She had had her struggles and her privations. Those in power had made it difficult for people to live. She had rebelled, as her friends at Rouen had rebelled, against the corruptions of the state.

In her heart she was, as Madame de Pompadour had said, a revolutionist, and yet here she was, in spite of herself, the victim of her education and honesty, in the pay of those great powers that she despised. They had been too much for her. The King—she shuddered a little as she thought of the alternative to this mission she had undertaken. The King—the head of all—France itself—her dishonored suitor—

No. Not France. She knew he was not France. The soul of France was not in Paris or Versailles. France meant something else to Armande, a land of

orchards and vineyards, of sweet-smelling loam where the grain was growing, of noble trees and rivers, of people who worked with their hands for the honest bread of the evening meal.

"France!" she murmured passionately, but scarcely above her breath. "France! My beautiful France!"

SHE felt at this moment some one beside her as a scarf dropped lightly over her shoulders.

"Mademoiselle de Lusignac seemed to be cold," said the Chevalier de Chabannes, "so I took the liberty of asking madame for her wrap."

He took a place at the rail beside her.

"Of what were you thinking?"

She was silent for a moment. Already she had begun to play her game. For here was a man, in spite of all his gallant and personal attractions, a part of the gay court which sneered contempt at all the ideals that she cherished. She gave a shrug.

"I was thinking, Monsieur le Chevalier," she said lightly, "how long would it be before I may see the gaieties of Paris again."

"Perhaps in Canada we may find the means to console you," he said.

"You know New France, then?"



She went to the entrance of the cabins. There she turned. He stood, hat in hand, huge and ghostly against the glow of the moon.

at Brest on the morning of the departure of the fleet, the two ladies were given every mark of deference by the gay group of French officers who awaited them. For though Madame was thin, yellow, old and wrinkled, and slightly nervous at the prospect of the voyage to visit her soldier son in New France, Armande de Lusignac was made aware by these gallant Frenchmen that she was young and very beautiful.

Already she entered with zest into the part that she must play, dispensing her smiles at the compliments of the military officers with a grave dignity that left nothing to be desired.

For Monsieur Davol, in his dull clothing, her curtsy was less elaborate. But such is the way of women; a bit of gold lace, a few gilt buttons bearing the insignia of the King, will always have the magic to provoke a bright glance and a smile. They are for lightness, gaiety, and the glamour cast by the professional hero. His sword is potential of fine deeds, his bearing the mark of national pride.

Indeed to Armande de Lusignac, her eyes alert to the gay picture of ships and sea, the dark figure of Monsieur Davol seemed to cast its shadow upon the colorful scene. And yet her glance had taken him in from top to toe—his laces, his peruke, the

"Oh, yes. I was in the campaign last year in which that heavy English general, Braddock, met his disaster. The English conduct their battles as they conduct their counting-houses, by rule of thumb. To them it is a practical and melancholy business, whereas we French—he straightened and laughed—"we fight for the joy of fighting, for the love of the great game of life and death. And yet they talk of taking Louisbourg and Quebec. Let them try. They will find them bitter pills."

He looked very fine in his laced coat and hat, though his lean face with its hawk's nose was still pallid from the nights spent at gaming-tables and balls rather than in the active campaigning that surely awaited him at their destination. He was quiet enough, even gentle, his manner difficult to reconcile with the jests that she had heard over the wine at his expense as a famous duellist and swordsman. A harsh-looking fellow, yet doubtless gallant enough in all affairs of love and war.

"You like Quebec, then," she asked.

"After Paris the gayest place in the world. You will not, I think, find us too provincial. And the fashions of the court are only the length of a voyage away. So you must not be surprised if the ladies do you at once the honor to copy your manners and the clothes you wear. Though, indeed," he added gallantly, "I can not see success for them in any such uneven competition."

"It is curious, Mademoiselle," he said again after a moment, "that I should never have met you at court. Of course your name and station are familiar to me, but it seems a pity that your beauty and intelligence should have been so much wasted in the provinces."

She had been well schooled as to her family history by Madame de Brinvilliers, but there was no need now to speak of it.

"Wasted, Monsieur le Chevalier? Because I have spent my time in devotion and study? Is it that you find me lacking?"

"That you should so gravely distort my meaning!" he cried in dejected accents; "you are, of all the ladies I have ever met, the most adorable."

She turned away from him, for at this moment a shadow fell across the deck and came to a stop beside them. It was Monsieur Jacques Davol, in his drab clothing, gazing through the spy-glass of the captain at a distant sail. He seemed quite unaware of her presence, and presently moved to the other side of the deck. The glance of the chevalier had turned with hers, and as she looked at him she saw that a frown had drawn his brows together.

"You know something of our fellow voyageur, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"No more than you," she replied lightly. "A student, a historian, a friend of Monsieur de Voltaire."

"Ah! I trust he is not imbued with the philosophy of Monsieur de Voltaire."

"As to that I know nothing."

"He does not wear a festive air. He smells of the midnight oil. From his speech he might be from Gascony."

"You'll admit, Monsieur," she finished dryly, "there's little of the Gasconade in his manners."

"You do not like him?"

"How should I know, since we have not exchanged three phrases? He does not promise to be over cheerful as a companion for the voyage."

SHE talked often with the chevalier, whose conquest seemed already assured. But it was not until late in the afternoon of the third day that she met Davol face to face upon the quarter-deck, whither she had gone for a promenade.

He bowed and gave place, though this was hardly the setting for courtly gestures.

"Mademoiselle, you are a good sailor," he said with a slow smile.

She marked what she had noted before, that his teeth were white and even, that his eyes were brown, that he had a square chin and firmly modeled contours. There were shadows about his brows, the shadows, perhaps, of a sorrow. His air of reserve scarcely seemed arrogant now, for the manner of his greeting was most gentle. And yet, womanlike, she intended to be loyal to the convictions of her first impression.

"I am never ill," she said shortly.

"The *mal de mer* only attacks those who are timid. See the gulls that follow us. Is there not a wild grace in their strength and freedom? In constant battle with the elements, but gaining daring with each new onslaught of the wind."

She heard him vaguely because of the slatting of sails, the whistle of the air in the rigging, and the rush of water, but was aware that his voice was deep and not unpleasant to the ear.

"You are a writer, I hear, Monsieur. Therefore these things appeal to your imagination."

"And to yours, I think," he said quietly. "Strength and freedom. Those birds are typical of the aspirations of all those who see the needs of the world."

"Ah!" The exclamation came from her unconsciously. He knew, then, all her history, the story of the misfortunes that had brought her abroad in the interests of those whose power she feared, whose way of life she despised.

"You have, then, been informed as to my mission."

He glanced to right and left before replying, though the wind would surely have carried the sound of his voice away.

"Yes. And as to the events that have made it necessary. You are indeed unfortunate. I trust that you will call upon my services if things become difficult for you."

"Thanks. I have been accustomed all my life to think and act for myself."

Her tone was not ungracious, but, as he already suspected, she intended that he should have no illusions in regard to their relationship. Was this the natural reserve of a woman placed suddenly in an extraordinary position of dependence and responsibility? Or the result of resentment that he alone, a stranger with no authority, should be the possessor of her secret? But the opportunity for conversation having presented itself, he intended to speak freely what was in his mind.

"I think, perhaps, it would be well not to underestimate the dangers of your position."

"What dangers?" she asked coolly.

"The dangers faced by a police officer who ventures alone into a nest of thieves."

"A police officer!"

"A secret agent, then. If there is any truth in the rumors that spread to all the world, the Intendant at Quebec, Monsieur Bigot, is a rascal who deserves no better fate than hanging. It is not surprising that these rumors have at last reached the ears of Madame de Pompadour. It is understood that she has long been his protectress, but the scandals of his mismanagement of the finances of the colony have made it necessary to come to the truth of the matter. You have been sent to find out the truth. It must be obvious to you that such a mission may lead to—"

"I am already aware of its difficulties. I shall be under the protection of the Governor."

"Again I take the liberty of advising you not

to trust too much to the power of Monsieur de Vaudreuil. Monsieur Bigot is the strong man of New France. It is against him that you must match your wits."

"It seems, Monsieur, that you know already a great deal about the affairs of New France."

He glanced at her quickly, and then turned his gaze upon the sea.

"No more than many others know. Madame de Pompadour has been blinded for years by her prejudices in favor of the Intendant. It is well known that they were friends before she met the King. It is even said that it was Monsieur Bigot who arranged their first meeting. Perhaps he suspects that madame is at the end of her tolerance. I do not know. But if he should guess that she has sent you and for the purpose of writing the truth, nothing could save you from his cruelty." And as she made no reply, "I do not wish needlessly to alarm you," he said earnestly, "merely to implore you to be cautious in your friendships and in your conversations."

She turned toward him quickly, for she knew that he was speaking of her friendship for the chevalier.

"Truly, Monsieur, it seems to me that you go somewhat out of your way in providing me with advice."

"I would remind you," he put in with some spirit, "that Monsieur de Chabannes is a friend of Monsieur Bigot and therefore—"

"Adieu, Monsieur." She drew away from him quickly, and before he could offer her his arm went down the companionway and below.

To Armande de Lusignac (so called) it seemed that Monsieur Davol had been guilty of an unpardonable intrusion in her affairs. From their first meeting she had formed a prejudice against him; why, save for the sombreness of his costume and demeanor, she did not know, for his features were more pleasing to the eye than those of the chevalier. And this reproval of her for her friendship with Monsieur de Chabannes was a liberty not lightly to be condoned.

His sobriety, which may have appealed to the mind of Monsieur de Voltaire, was too Prussian for her liking. Or was it Prussian? In everything but his language he seemed so little like a Frenchman, so little indeed that when he mingled with the group of military officers aboard he seemed like a creature of another world.

Her mission abroad was so delicate that it would have been wiser if she had not mentioned Monsieur Davol to the chevalier. She was not in the least in love with this man, whose habits, she suspected, were similar to those of men like the Duc de Richelieu. But she was learning much that she needed to know, and she saw no harm in encouraging his attentions and confidences.

"The voyage will indeed be too short, Mademoiselle," he said when they met again. "I shall spend my nights praying for adverse winds to prevent our speedy voyage. For, alas! when we reach Quebec other people will come into your life, and I shall be no more to you than any other soldier of the army."

"Indeed," she said provokingly, "it is just possible that I have permitted you to see too much of me already."

"Mademoiselle, you are unkind!"

"At least one of my fellow voyagers has told me so."

The moment she spoke the words she regretted them, for Monsieur de Chabannes straightened, and she felt his gaze shrewdly searching her face.

"I could imagine no one who could comment in this way upon your actions," he said slowly, "unless Madame de Brinvilliers— But, no, she has been ill in her cabin."

He stood frowning down toward the waist of the ship. Following his glance, she saw Monsieur Jacques Davol at the rail, searching the horizon for other ships of the fleet.

"Mademoiselle," asked Chabannes, "was it he?"

She made a shrug and laughed. "How should Monsieur Davol have the right—"

"You do not deny it, Mademoiselle de Lusignac."

"Enough of this nonsense. You should save your fire for those who may be more worthy of it. Since I choose to walk and talk with you, that is my affair and yours."

"It is an honor," he said with a bow, "that I shall seek better to deserve."

IT WAS not until later that she heard the results of her imprudence, which might have cost her dear, for further revelations of the nature of her conversation with Monsieur Davol would surely have disclosed the enforced relationship which none suspected.

In the Long Ago

Constance I. Davies

I was a mother in the long ago:

*This fancy is more sweet than any other.
My children's native tongue I do not know,
But I am sure their sweetest word meant
"mother!"*

*They lay beside me on the desert-sands,
Their little bare, brown bodies next each
other;*

*I kissed each little sleeper's dimpled hands:
It was my heaven to know I was their
mother.*

*Of shining stars, of birds, and flowers and
trees
I wove them stories at the long day's
ending;
I crooned sweet, long-forgotten melodies
By moonlight, o'er their dusky bodies
bending.*

*These fancies—are they memories?—that
cling
About my heart make lonely days less
lonely;
"I once held little brown babes," I sing.
"Tho' now I live with shadow-children
only."*



"I drink to the lilies of France, the lily of Old France, the lily of New France."

But Monsieur de Chabannes, who carried his honor upon the point of his sword, was so far unsatisfied at her replies that a few days later he must stop before Monsieur Jacques Davol for a word of inquiry. They met in the passage to the cabins. Davol nodded pleasantly, and would have passed on, but the chevalier did not move from his path.

"Some one aboard the *Lizorne* has remarked upon the continued conversations of Mademoiselle de Lusignac and myself. Was it you?"

Davol stepped a pace backward against the stanchion. "Mademoiselle has told you that I have spoken of you?" he asked slowly.

"No. I have taken the chance in asking you."

"But why should you suppose that I—"

"I have merely asked you a question. Did my name pass between you and Mademoiselle de Lusignac? Or did it not?"

Davol straightened.

"You are of those, Monsieur de Chabannes, who live by the sword. Perhaps you are aware of the prediction that you will also perish by the sword. That will all come in due time. For the present I beg that you will spare a man of peace the necessity of resenting remarks expressed by an attitude neither reasonable nor tolerant."

De Chabannes grew angrier.

"You are pleased to be humorous. You evade me."

"That is precisely my intention," said Davol, bowing. "I am reading again Monsieur de Voltaire's 'Candide.' I commend it to you. It is an excellent sedative for those whose nerves are strung at too high a tension. Will you permit me to go to my cabin?"

"One moment," said de Chabannes hotly. "I have no proof that you have interfered in my affairs. But I suspect you. I would recommend that in future you confine your interests to the pursuit of knowledge, for otherwise even your trade as a writer of books will not protect you."

"Thanks for your clemency. My swordsmanship needs practice. I hear that you kill your adversaries quite without compunction. It would pain me greatly to be killed unless I knew why."

He bowed and passed on, the chevalier watching him until he went into his cabin.

"A coward," muttered De Chabannes with a sneer; "I thought as much."

Echoes of this incident were brought to Armande by Esteve, the secretary of General de Montcalm, and served for the moment to strengthen her unpleasant impressions of Monsieur Davol.

And yet some days later an event was to happen which gave her a different point of view. The weather of Holy Week had been stormy, with a gale so violent that for ninety hours it was dangerous to be on deck. But Armande, weary of the confinement, the odors, and the misery of Madame de Brinvilliers, decided to dare the elements, and, choosing an opportune moment, with the assistance of Monsieur de Chabannes, mounted the ladder to the quarter-deck. There she found the captain, the two men at the wheel, several sailors, and Monsieur Davol, all huddled in the lee of the mast, clinging to the rigging and watching the progress of the ship.

The captain reproached her for her rashness, gave her the safest place among them, taking a turn about her waist with a piece of spare rope and fastening it to a belaying-pin.

"Is it not glorious, Chevalier?" she cried as she watched the fury of the wind and sea.

He gave her an admiring glance and a shrug.

"I prefer dry death, Mademoiselle!" he shouted.

She caught a glimpse of Monsieur Davol at the break of the deck, clinging to the shrouds. Having acknowledged her presence with a slight bow, he had returned to his post of observation and was now oblivious. But it was Monsieur Davol, looking intently forward, who first saw danger and shouted a warning.

"Have a care!" he cried, taking a quick turn about his waist with a bight of rope.

A wall of green, higher than any other that had been seen before, seemed to rise as high as the foremast itself directly before them upon the weather-bow. The *Lizorne* gave a shudder, plunging directly into it, coming up so slowly in spite of the impact, that to those aft they seemed already on their way to the bottom of the sea.

There was a crackling of spars aloft, a loud cry from the captain to the helmsman as the water fell upon the quarter-deck with terrific force sweeping aft, smashing the starboard boat from its davits

and carrying away, as though it had been paper, a large section of the rail.

Thanks to the precautions of the captain, Armande hung in her bight of rope, breathless, half drowned, but safe. She saw the chevalier swept from his feet and carried down the sloping deck, clutching unsuccessfully for a handhold. She had just a glimpse of the red upon his temple as he relaxed, still borne toward the broken rail.

A cry burst from her as the ship gave another dip, almost as violent as the first, and another wave came aboard. But Monsieur Davol had seen the danger of De Chabannes and, relinquishing his post of safety, caught the unconscious man under the armpits with one arm while he clutched a rope and tried to drag him to safety. Armande saw them disappear under the surge of water, closed her eyes in a moment of prayer, thinking them lost.

A hoarse voice cried out as a sailor rushed past her. When she opened her eyes there was Monsieur Davol, his feet braced against the wreck of the rail, one hand still clutching his rope, the other the collar of the chevalier, who hung half over the sea, which still threatened them both with destruction. But Monsieur Davol hung on during the downward drag of the water, a feat of strength that seemed impossible. In a moment, as the *Lizorne* swung up to a more even keel, help reached them, and the unconscious man was dragged to safety.

"Well done, Monsieur Davol!" cried the captain, looking forward anxiously at the wreck of his spars. "There is no more danger for a moment or so." He gave some directions to the men at the helm and then turned to Armande.

"You must go below at once, Mademoiselle. I should not have permitted you to remain here." But Armande was bending over the chevalier, stanching the blood at his temple with her handkerchief. He was only stunned, and opened his eyes in a moment.

"I told you," he said with a smile to Armande, "that I preferred a dry death."

"You would have been beneath the sea," she said with a generous glance at Davol, "if Monsieur Davol's arms had been less strong. It was he who

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The Importance of Economic Study

By Arch. B. Clark, M.A.

Professor of Political Economy
University of Manitoba

ONE of the most striking developments in the years that have elapsed since the close of the Great War has been the steadily growing recognition, on the part of the business community, and of all who take a living interest in public affairs, of the imperative need of increased attention to the study of Political Economy. Action on the lines indicated by a sound knowledge of economic principles is now seen to be the essential condition of any real and lasting solution of most of the great problems, whether local, provincial, national or international, with which the modern world is confronted.

During and immediately after the conflict, there was a wide-spread and frequently expressed popular belief that the war had demonstrated once and for all the utter worthlessness of the traditional political economy. In the realms of currency and finance, as in that of labour and wages, governments and peoples alike reasoned and acted as if economic principles had been "banished to Saturn." Amazing delusions were rampant; long-exploded fallacies were revived and widely accepted as profound truths. In the economic, as in other spheres, "the way to Hell's a seeming Heaven." Governments, blind to the teaching of history, once more lightly assumed the mantle of Providence. Thrift, individual or national, ceased to be a virtue. The lavish issue of paper money was accepted as equivalent to the production of wealth—as not merely providing, to borrow Adam Smith's metaphor, "a wagon-way through the air," thus enabling a country to convert "its highways into good pastures and corn fields," but as filling the wagons themselves with the good things of life. Germany, we were assured, could and would be made to pay the cost of the war to the uttermost farthing; and a stupendous international indemnity, it was fondly assumed, could be paid without seriously affecting either trade and the exchanges or industry and the employment of labour.

But "sad experience leaves no room for doubt." The logic of events is irresistible, and thoughtful men now admit that the path of safety lies in a return to the economic principles of the old masters. Under our democratic system, however, the popular will in the long run determines the lines of public policy. A more wide-spread knowledge of economic principles is, therefore, greatly to be desired in the interest of good government. Indeed, no one without some knowledge of the elementary principles of economic science—the science of man, as a member of society, in his relations to wealth—can be said to be adequately equipped for the performance of the duties of a citizen in a modern industrial State. *Science*, it should here be observed, is simply ordered, organized or systematized knowledge, as distinct from haphazard, disjointed fragmentary knowledge; and *wealth* consists of things considered in their relations to the wants and activities of man—as having capacity to satisfy his wants and involving his activities for their acquisition in the quantity desired.

POLITICALECONOMY then, as the science of man's relations to wealth, seeks to discover and explain: (1) the causes that determine the amounts and kinds of wealth produced within the nation—why some nations are rich and powerful and others poor and weak; (2) the causes that determine the distribution of that wealth amongst the different economic classes that have co-operated in producing it, i.e. how the relative amounts that go as wages, interest, profits and rent are determined; (3) the causes that determine relative values, or the ratios at which different kinds of wealth are exchanged for each other; and, finally, (4) the causes that influence the kinds and amounts of wealth consumed, and the reaction of that consumption on the production, distribution and exchange of wealth.

Clearly the education of taste and of moral character would greatly alter the consumption of wealth. It would, to take but one example, lessen the excessive consumption of alcohol far more effectively than any prohibitory enactment; and this in turn, by strengthening both the power and the will to work, would not only increase the production of wealth but would tend to bring about a less unequal distribution. For in this, as in other respects, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." In this, too, as in most other cases, good economics is in the long run good morality.

No one, it is true, is, or can be, without some fragmentary knowledge of economic problems. But such knowledge unaided is likely to prove wholly inadequate for the guidance of conduct, and may easily lead to the most dangerous mistakes and fallacies. The probability of this is all the greater by reason of the fact that in the economic field we are concerned with matters of everyday life, matters, too, which affect the material interests of men, and that the leading terms in use in economic discussions are the current coin of common speech, such as wealth, utility, land, labour, capital, rent, interest, profits, wages, value, price, money, credit, etc. Each of these terms, as used in the conversation of everyday life, has more than one meaning, and not seldom the use is ambiguous.

In the economic sense, for example, it is true that "all wealth is the result of labour," the term "labour"

being taken to embrace all forms of human activity, mental or physical. But the inference of the popular orator that, therefore, all wealth should belong to the labourer, in the sense of the manual labourer, is clearly invalid. "The idols of the market-place," says Bacon, "are the most troublesome of all—those namely which have entwined themselves round the understanding from the associations of words and names. For men imagine that their reason governs words, whilst, in fact, words react upon the understanding." We must always then try to get beneath the mere words to the ideas for which they stand. To this end, the trained economist, while adhering to the best popular usage of terms, is in general careful to make clear the meaning attached to them. But it is far otherwise with the man in the street; and the consequence is that many of the controversies between popular writers and speakers on economic subjects are mere verbal disputes, originating in the use of the same term in different senses by the disputants.

The use in economic discussions of familiar everyday language has, it must be confessed, the further disadvantage that it often gives to really difficult and complex problems a deceptive appearance of simplicity. This in turn, together with its concern with matters of everyday life, has tended to make Political Economy in a double sense "the happy hunting ground" of the uneducated. People profess to speak in the name of Political Economy who have never taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the alphabet of the science.

But if Political Economy has thus suffered more than most sciences from the intrusion of uninformed if well-meaning would-be exponents, it has for the same reason suffered from the attacks of critics scarcely more competent. Among these critics have been men of literary eminence, like Carlyle and Ruskin, who, starting from the entirely mistaken idea that Political Economy professes to be at once an all-sufficing religion of humanity and a complete art of life, have exhausted the resources of the English language in showing that it is after all a very base religion and a very poor art.

Carlyle's well-known description of Political Economy as the "dismal science" is commonly taken to mean that he considered the study dry and uninteresting and its conclusions depressing. Now science, as we have already seen, is simply organized or systematized knowledge, and in itself science can never be dismal. It may indeed sometimes point to conclusions which are anything but pleasing. To a man verging on bankruptcy, it has been said, arithmetic is a dismal science, but then, on the other hand, to the prosperous merchant it may be a source of perpetual delight. Carlyle was himself intensely interested in many of the social questions which form the subject matter of Political Economy. But he was constitutionally unable to approach such questions from a purely scientific standpoint, or to apply scientific methods to the study of social problems. He was a prophet, with all a prophet's fire, and could never coolly examine the social and economic questions of his day in the clear cold light of science.

But, while Carlyle's derisive epithet did something to deaden for a time popular interest in Political Economy, there was, it must be conceded, a considerable measure of justification for his ridicule of the economic teaching of those popular writers who sought to interpret to the multitude the economic principles of Ricardo. Their unqualified advocacy of the policy of non-interference, or, as Carlyle terms it, the "Leave-it-alone" principle of government, their intensely materialistic view of industrial progress and their imperfect observation of facts, led them on the one hand to underestimate the evils of degraded labour and thus to oppose factory legislation, and on the other, to underestimate the relatively greater importance of immaterial capital, particularly in the form of industrial skill, and thus to fail in appreciation of the national value of education. In all these respects they had fallen away from the principles of Adam Smith; and, as directed against their teaching, Carlyle's criticism was not misplaced. But with the publication of John Stuart Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, in 1848, their day was over. Economists now fully recognize the importance of the Factory Acts in maintaining the efficiency of labour, and of the improvement of education as a sound national investment.

Ruskin's attacks on Political Economy, on the other hand, can neither be explained nor defended, save on the hypothesis that he was ignorant of the very alphabet of economic science. In effect he represents Political Economy as of the earth earthy, and the economist as closely resembling Shakespeare's character Caliban in "The Tempest." Here, for example, is Ruskin's account of the teaching of the modern Political Economist: "As no laws but those of the devil are practicable in the world, so no impulses but those of the brute are applicable in the world. Faith, generosity, honesty, zeal and self-sacrifice are

poetical phrases. None of these things can in reality be counted upon; there is no truth in man which can be used as a moving or productive power. All motive force in him is essentially brutish, covetous, or contentious. His power is only power of prey; otherwise than as the spider he cannot design; otherwise than as the tiger he cannot feed." Now, all this is of course very pretty rhetoric, but it has no relation whatever to the real teaching of economists.

BUT the height of extravagant absurdity is reached by Froude the historian and the biographer of Carlyle. Of Political Economy he says: "This so-called science is the most barefaced attempt that has ever yet been made on this earth to regulate human society without God or recognition of the moral law." The truth of course is that Political Economy, being a science, not an art, does not seek to regulate human society but examines facts—the facts of industrial and commercial life—and seeks to discover how they are related to each other as cause and effect. It seeks to ascertain how the economic activities of human society are in fact regulated. And, so far as belief in God or in the operation of moral principles does influence the economic activities of men, that is a factor which the political economist must take account of, as he must take account of all the other forces which influence the actions of men in relation to wealth. Froude, it thus appears, knew even less of Political Economy than he knew of the real domestic relations of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle.

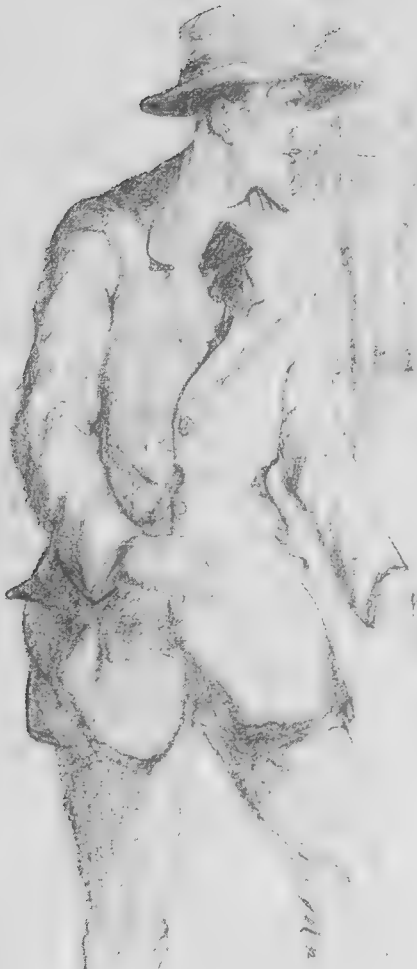
It is clear then that the evils are not negligible which result from the use of common language permitting outsiders to pose as exponents or critics of Political Economy. They could, it is true, be to a great extent avoided by the employment of a highly specialized technical vocabulary, such as is in use in the physical sciences. But this advantage would be dearly purchased. For the use of everyday language in economic discussions and writings keeps the science in touch with, and intelligible to the practical man, and this, together with its intimate concern with the affairs of everyday life and business, widens interest in the study, and prevents it from ever becoming the exclusive pursuit of the cloistered student. The living interest of business men and men of affairs in economic questions serves to broaden and deepen economic theory and to keep it in touch with reality. The deductive conclusions of the student are tested, and confirmed or modified, by the actual experience of the practical man, whose criticism thus helps to keep economic theory from dealing with unreal abstractions, and becoming in consequence misty and nebulous, or "like the stars which give no good light because they are so high."

Political Economy has in fact been described as "the social science of business," and it would be passing strange if business men could not contribute something of value to that science. There is, it must be admitted, still some measure of truth in Walter Bagehot's statement that "the 'theory of business' leads a life of obstruction, because theorists do not see the business, and the men of business will not reason out the theories." (Ricardo, however, it should be noted, was a highly successful member of the Stock Exchange). But there has been a great improvement in that respect within the last half century. Indeed, some of the most brilliant and influential works in the whole wide range of economic literature have been written by men who were not themselves professional economists but practical experts in one or other of the branches of business or public administration. Bagehot himself, the author of the classic "Lombard Street: A Description of the Money Market," one of the finest and most interesting books on an economic subject ever written, was a banker and editor of the *Economist* newspaper, who was, in the words of Sir Robert Giffen, "primarily a man of letters of strong genius and imagination who happened amongst other things, and subordinate to other things, to take up with Political Economy."

Two of the best of recent works on the same subject—Hartley Withers' "The Meaning of Money" and Spalding's "The London Money Market"—are by a journalist and a banker respectively; while "The Theory of the Foreign Exchanges" by Viscount Goschen, an eminent banker long before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the government of Lord Salisbury, is still the best exposition of the pure theory of the subject. Again, the writings of members of the British civil service, like Sir Robert Giffen, Sir Josiah Stamp and Lord Asquith, have enriched the literature of currency, statistics, taxation and public finance, and the relations of labour and capital; and so it has been in practically every department of Political Economy. Economics as a science has been enabled to keep in close touch with the world of business and practical administration precisely because of the fact that it employs a non-technical vocabulary.

But, while business men and men of affairs, who have taken pains to master the economic theory bearing on their particular field of enquiry, have rendered valuable assistance as critics and contributors to economic science, it is yet too often the case that "the men of business will not reason out the theories."

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Out of the Mist

By

Ada Marcus England

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

THE late September sunshine, forcing its crimson glow through the sooty roof window of an attic, as it ponderously travelled on its way west, fell slantwise on the chief and predominating object there—an oil-painting of entrancing splendor.

The long, narrow room—obviously a studio—was crudely bare and dreary. On the floor against the wall was littered and jumbled a confusion of stretched canvasses of different shapes and sizes.

The floor, woefully neglected and uneven, was devoid of any covering and the only suggestion of comfort the room could boast was a dilapidated leather-upholstered divan and a coffee stool drawn up before the fireplace where a meagre fire was still struggling for existence, for the day had been damp and piercingly cold.

The painting, and the tall, distinguished-looking man in evening garb who stood enraptured before it, seemed strangely out of keeping and to have no part in the poverty-stricken surroundings which the quickening evening shadows had no power to soften.

Not a sound save the parting of the embers as they gradually sank deeper into each other's embrace disturbed the stillness.

Then of a sudden a door in the wall by the fireplace swung open with a crash and the creator of the picture—Ferdinand Austins—young and strikingly handsome in his immaculate evening dress, came briskly forward.

"Evening, old chap," he greeted his friend. "Hope I've not kept you waiting too long? It's to be a great night tonight you know, Furlowe. And to do fitting honor to the occasion demands considerable time and thought." He spoke in light, bantering tones.

Furlowe drew in a deep breath and turning took his friend's hand and firmly grasped it.

"Gad, Ferd!" he exclaimed in deep, vibrating tones. "I don't wonder at London raving about your success. It's superb. I never beheld anything to be compared with it."

Austins flushed like a boy. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his chum's words and hearty hand-clasp and they went to his heart—a fact which showed itself in the moist brilliancy of his eyes and made response unnecessary. For a moment they stood regarding the work in rapt, solemn contemplation.

The picture represented a pony and cart. The cart was of the ordinary market type; the pony, shaggy and unkempt, had scarcely a point to its credit. The cart was massed high with a profusion of myriad-colored flowers which made a startling and gorgeous background to the woman who, above the pony, sat holding the reins.

The rear of the cart was partially enveloped in a grey mist, while over the centre of the picture shone a light of startling, white brilliancy, as though the sun had scented the sweet perfume of flowers and had pierced the clouds much before its hour in a desire to see from whence the perfume came.

The light had not only the power of bringing into prominence the flowers, so that one became possessed with a desire to bend and smell them, but the face of the woman—it was that which drew the attention and held one fascinated and spell-bound.

In the face beneath the rusty black hat there still remained traces of refinement and great beauty, but it was in the expression that the magic lay, which was at once sad and drawn, yet the eyes shone with a great gladness as though, even while the heart sorrowed, some glad and wondrous truth had been revealed; and one gazed and gazed at the face with a hundred mute questions racing through the mind and eventually left the picture baffled that no solution was vouchsafed.

"One might very well call it 'The Awakening'." It was Furlowe who broke the spell.

"Yes, old chap, but 'Out of the Mist' suits it infinitely better. The title means and holds so much—it has given me everything. Fame, wealth,

Muriel and . . . but come along, Furlowe, we'll have to get off. We shall be late as it is."

"You don't know how I rejoice with you Ferd, and how I admire and respect you. I don't claim to know much about pictures but I love them and I revere a great artist, particularly one who has gone through what you have without deserving it and come out on top with nature unspoiled and ideals a living reality. I have been trying to picture something of the pride your old dad would have felt had he been spared you."

"What about my mother had she been spared?" Austins asked, in tones Furlowe was at a loss to understand and which caused him to look at Austins sharply and questioningly.

"I never knew you even thought in that direction Ferd! From what I gathered you have no recollection of your mother."

"That's in part true, yet, frequently I wondered what she may have been like."

"Where do we celebrate?" asked Furlowe, as they hurried into their coats. "The Ritz or Carlton?"

"Neither," laughed Austins. "I am about to give you the surprise of your life. I am going to take you to my home."

"Home!" repeated Furlowe, in amazement, his eyes roving inquiringly round the room and added: "What an ass I am not to have guessed that the first thing you'd do would be to quit this; but what about Muriel? You've not been and got married during my absence?"

"Hardly!"

"Then you and Muriel have not started a home, and . . ."

"No, we've not. It still holds good; you've to be my best man next month," answered Austins, breaking in on Furlowe's half-uttered suggestion. "I left all this," waving his hand in indication of his meaning, "when I sold my picture. I've a studio now in the City and a house in the West-end, but when I heard you were returning to

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The Shadow of Woodchuck Hill

By Emma Gary Wallace

THE white, cold sun of midwinter shone into the window of the long, ward-living-room with its bare, clean, scrubbed floor, its splint chairs, and its deal table with a few ancient magazines upon it. The shades at the windows were all drawn to precisely the same height, and there was no softening muslin draperies to temper the glare from the snow-covered lawn outside.

In every splint chair sat an old man or an aged woman, for the County House was full to overflowing this winter. From somewhere beyond a swinging door, came the strident rattling sound of carelessly handled crockery. Only thick, coarse, whitewear would stand such usage. The odor of cooking foods permeated the air, and it was not an unsavory odor, either.

Old Mrs. Strong turned with a gracious smile to Grandad Matthews.

"Irish stew for dinner," she chirped with a gleam of enthusiasm in her faded, brown eyes — eyes which once upon a time had set many a heart a-thrill with the beauty of them.

Grandad Matthews nodded solemnly.

"Irish stew," he repeated reflectively. "Then it must be Thursday."

"It is," agreed Alameda Strong brightly. "Don't you remember we had baked beans yesterday?"

"Yes," acquiesced Grandad Matthews, "and baked beans make it Wednesday. I ought to remember, for I wrote a poem yesterday. It was my birthday."

"A poem," bubbled Alameda, drawing her chair just a little nearer. "What are you going to do with it, Grandad? If it's as good as the one you wrote on my birthday, it ought to be printed in the paper."

Grandad Matthews shook his head.

"It wouldn't be any use to try," he said. "I've sent ever so many poems to different papers, and postage costs real money—I've sent some of 'em to the very same papers that I served so many years before I had this shock that left my right side so nigh helpless. But newspaper folks have to buy what the public wants, and I reckon that the public doesn't want sensible things nowadays. They want jazz stuff and something all aquiver, like a freshly killed body or a threatening calamity."

"You don't suppose," suggested Alameda, smoothing her coarse, grey skirt diffidently, "that this makes any difference"—and she waved her hand vaguely.

"I dunno," mourned Grandad. "I'm most afraid it does. You see a lot of folks have the idea that the folks in the County House are all blear-eyed, doddering or imbecile old creatures, who have arrived where they are because of horrible dissipation or natural shiftlessness. They think of us as down-and-outers without much fine feeling, who ought to be mighty thankful that we have a roof and a bed—and Irish stew."

Alameda's alert face clouded. Old Auntie Huggins was hitching her chair across the floor like an inch-worm, and both Grandad and Alameda knew that when she arrived in their midst, further intimate conversation was at an end. One had to shout very loud to make Auntie Huggins hear, and she was never tired of telling of the time when her forbears came into this part of the country by blazed trees, and how her own grandmother was the first white child born in the county.

"I kin tell you," Auntie Huggins would always end up shrilly, "that I don't feel under no obligation to the keounty for what little I eat and wear! My folks laid out this here keounty and started it agoin', an' paid taxes on a lot of land for more than one hundred years. My people was leadin' folks—prominent citizens—school trustees an' supervisors an' such! Yes, siree—I figger my board an' keep is comin' to me!" And then Auntie Huggins would settle back, clear her throat, and begin to hum some of the hymns of her girlhood.

"We'll have to hurry," urged Alameda in an undertone. "Ann Huggins is getting here fast. I couldn't tell anybody but you, Grandad, but I didn't sleep much last night—I haven't slept much lately."

"Sometimes my heart jumps and flutters and sort of chokes me like. It's most always when I have been dreading the time that the county may have to bury me. Honest, Grandad, I've got so I don't mind living here—so very much. Once I was in hopes that the gold mine stocks that my husband left me would yield enough for a decent burial, or a berth at the Old Ladies' Home, but I've given up that hope, long ago."

"There are cousins and nephews and nieces out West, Grandad, and I've never written them exactly *where* I am. I don't want them to come some day and—and find me buried on Woodchuck Hill. It would hurt their pride, Grandad, and it hurts mine—to think of it."

Auntie Huggins was drawing up between them. Alameda had to lean almost across her lap to finish her remarks to Grandad.

"I still have my gold watch," she whispered, "and the cameos that Sam gave me when we were married."

"Thought I'd come over," piped Auntie Huggins loudly, "and hear the news. I've got some too. We're going to have Irish stew for dinner."

"That's good," trumpeted Alameda with one of those still, sparkling smiles of hers. "I didn't used to like Irish stew, but I do now. One doesn't have to chew it much and my teeth aren't so very good."

GRANDAD MATTHEWS had drawn back. It hurt his throat to try to make old Ann Huggins hear. Besides, that reference to Alameda's wedding cameos had stirred half-forgotten memories.

Like a flash it all came back—the night that Sam Strong bought them. They had been friends, had Sam and Bob Matthews. Bob was ten years older than Sam, but they spent many a good time together—the young lawyer and the newspaper man. In those days, Sam had fine prospects. Bob was prosperous, and Sam Strong never suspected that his friend loved the girl he himself was to marry—that he had almost idolized her since she was a curly-headed youngster whom he had held upon his knee.

Grandad Matthews sighed deeply at the poignancy of the sorrow revealed by the backward pages that he turned. He had waited for Alameda Piercefield to grow up, and while he was waiting, Sam Strong claimed her. Sam never knew, and Alameda never suspected. He himself had never married. For years they had drifted apart, driven by the irresistible tides and cross currents of life, until they met at the centre of the eddy in the County House itself.

"The wedding cameos," Grandad Matthews repeated to himself again and again. "And they were beauties!"

Even yet he could feel the heartache which had been his when he had helped Sam pick them out. There had been the choice between simple cameos mounted in a thin gold setting at a modest price; or exquisitely carved cameos mounted in richly wrought gold, with here and there a splendid shimmering pearl.

Sam demurred at the price. Bob insisted on paying the difference. He overbore his friend's objections and pledged his silence.

"Surely," Bob chided, "you'll let me prove my friendship for you and your bride by this paltry act. Remember, I have no one but myself."

How plainly Grandad could see himself throwing down the crisp bills to make up the price of the wonderful cameos! He thrilled at the recollection. Probably the pearls were darkened and the cameos out of date; so they wouldn't bring much.

Suddenly Grandad Matthews jumped up and hobbled to the end of the ward belligerently. It was unthinkable that Alameda, who had once been the belle of the town and whose social triumphs he had recorded so often with love and pride, should be buried on Woodchuck Hill with its pauper population.

The odor of the Irish stew was stronger at this end of the room. It nauseated him, for he had always hated onions. Grandad withdrew into his bare and rather cold but clean bedroom. The poem he had written yesterday—baked bean day, lay on the table, and on one end of the table stood the rickety old typewriter to which he still clung. Obeying an impulse he could not resist, he sat down and drew a sheet of expensive, heavy paper into the carriage. It was the back of an oil speculation proposition promising vast wealth to the small investor. The sheets were the gift of the superintendent of the County House and were a great comfort to Grandad. Usually he penned his poems with the greatest of care in longhand, and re-wrote and transcribed them again and again until he was satisfied that the rhymes didn't limp and that the words were the most appropriate he could recall. Grandad would have given a lot for an old, dog-eared dictionary such as he knew did nothing but collect dust in many a home.

This time he did no preliminary work. He struck the keys with firm, unfaltering fingers of his good left hand, although his glasses were years too young for his old eyes.

He quite forgot himself and wrote as man to man, a letter to the editor of the Birdville Clarion. He had no thought of sending it for publication. It was for the editor himself. Simply and directly, he related the natural recoil of the soul of Alameda Strong from burial on Woodchuck Hill. He referred feelingly to her services through a long life to the

Balto—The Dog Hero

By H. H. Fariss

Commemorating the heroic dash to Nome,
February 3, 1925

*Came the cry from out the Northland
Where death lurked in every home,
"Save us, O ye kindred people!
Send quick aid to stricken Nome.
Save the youths and little children
Who have felt the scourge's breath,
Send life-giving antitoxin,
Save us from relentless death."*

*Quickly then the wise and skilful
Rallied to their brothers' call,
Sending antitoxin serum
That would bring relief to all.
From Anchorage to Nenana
It was sped o'er glistening rails,
Then the mushers and their dog teams
Hurried it down frozen trails.
From Ruby, the Finn, Seppala,
Sped away o'er Norton's Sound,
Snatching food at relay stations,
Ever onward, Northward bound;
Midway between Kaltag and Nome.
Gunnar Kasson met the Finn
And began the last long lap,
With but one thought—to win.*

*Fifteen dogs had Gunnar Kasson,
His prize team of Malamutes,
Strong of sinew, lean and wiry,
Intelligent and husky brutes;
In their lead the noble Balto,
Upon whom each dog relied,
Brave and sturdy, wise and careful.
He was Gunnar Kasson's pride.
On he urged them, ever Northward
Over trackless wastes of snow,
While the blizzard raged in fury
At sixty degrees below.
They fought as only super-man
And super-beasts can fight,
Cut and torn by stinging sleet blasts
And masked with the snowy white.*

*Blinded by the blizzard's fury,
Kasson called to Balto, "Go!
Take the lead, Boy! Keep to the trail!
We've a precious load, you know."
Balto strained each nerve and sinew,
Leading straight to far-off Nome,
For he seemed to sense that danger
Threatened every Northland home.
On he struggled with his team-mates,
Panting, breathless, bleeding, spent,
More than beast, almost a human,
Down the wind-swept trail he went.*

*Would they be in time to save them
And to check the scourge's spread?
But see! At last the lights of Nome
Faintly twinkled far ahead!*

*Never halting in his long stride,
Balto brought to waiting Nome
Priceless serum for the children
And new hope to every home;
Ice masked his flanks and muzzle.
Each dog breathed with aching breath,
But Balto, King of Malamutes,
Had won the race with death.*

The Tightwad

By

William Bleasdel Cameron

Illustration by J. Frosst

they indulged in for the amusement they got out of it. There were many subjects concerning which the men on the Selkirk division held differing views that they were ready enough to express, but Jim Lane was not one of them. Lane pulled the Imperial Limited between Revelstoke and Banff, both ways, and was what Adams, who had Scotch forbears, called a "careful" man. His name appeared only occasionally on a subscription list, and the amount opposite it was then likely to be small. The boys had nothing in particular against Lane, but they rather resented the fact that he did not spend his money as they did. Still, it was his money, and if his reputation as a close-fisted man did not tend to make him popular Lane did not seem to mind.

They had not yet exhausted a topic of broad and dependable interest.

"Must have quite a roll by this," remarked Blondy Thomas. "He pulls down a nice bunch of seads every thirty days."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Adams. "And he always will have it. No chance of anybody ever gettin' any of it away from him."

"Oh, I don't know. Them kind's always figuring on making a killing some time. One of these days some smooth guy will happen along and fill him up with a sure-thing spiel about oil wells or radium

The agent considered. "Why, yes; there's McCarty's. It's all right. Most of the train men put up there. Mrs. McCarty's a nice woman. Not exactly a hotel, though." His glance took in the trim, fashionably-gowned figure, the small, gloved hands and the delicately-moulded features. "I don't know as it would suit you," he added doubtfully.

"Oh, yes it will." The little lady smiled. "That's just what I want. I'm not a mite fussy. I'll go right over. And thank you so much."

The little lady was very quiet and very reserved. She went every day about noon as far as the grocery store on the corner and seldom anywhere else. But when the train pulled in from Banff at four o'clock in the afternoon, she was always on the platform, as the people of the railway town, with lively curiosity, noted. She watched with eager anticipation in her deep blue eyes the passengers as they appeared, and when the last had left the train a shadow crossed the pretty appealing face, and after lingering for a few moments in front of the station she turned and walked slowly back to McCarty's.

A week passed, and at four o'clock the little woman was at her accustomed post on the station platform when the train arrived from Banff. The passengers descended from the coaches and the little woman's face clouded as the last got down. With tears trembling beneath the long silken lashes she turned toward the waiting room.

A tall young man in a light spring overcoat, his face grimy with coal dust, was just stepping onto the east end of the long platform. His eyes swept the dispersing crowd before the station building and picked out the disconsolate little figure.

"Oh, Helen!" he called.

The small figure turned with a smothered little cry of delight. A moment later interested Revelstoke smiled to see the youthful pair, interested only in each other and entirely oblivious to their surroundings, meet in a long and fervent embrace.

Next afternoon at four o'clock they boarded the train for the west, and at the end of another week Revelstoke, with its curiosity as to who and what were the demonstrative lovers unsatisfied, had forgotten all about them.

That is, with one exception. Miss Jenny Calhoun, stenographer in the local law office of Binks & Binks,

high-priestess of romance, who looked forward confidently to the time, rapidly

approaching, when she would be on the Lyceum circuit, rendering selections from her famous book, "The Big Feet of the General's Wife," before enraptured audiences to the music of resounding applause, "just knew" that one day she should pierce the aura of mystery that surrounded the elusive and attractive birds of passage.

"I think I'll write a book about them," she observed to herself, pausing in the task of typing a law brief after vainly endeavoring to decide whether the e or the i came first in "receive" and leaning back in her chair. "On the Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Craigellachie." That would be a good title.

Like all careful craftsmen, Jenny was very particular about her titles. She always decided on the title first, as the most important part of the book. What came after the title did not so much matter.

Twelve months had gone, and Jim Lane roared

Continued on page 45

IF IT wasn't one thing it was another. Baseball, hockey, boxing, charity, memorials, lodges—no end to them. A tidy little array of assorted pickpockets, somebody called them.

This time it was a dance. A trainmen's dance. They were always dancing in Revelstoke. Or getting ready to dance. Or nearly always. If they had ever placed a blot on their terpsichorean escutcheon by permitting a week to escape without its dance, they would have explained the matter by claiming that an epidemic of rheumatism had hit the town.

"Want to get in on this, Jim?" The subscription list was circulating.

"Why, I don't know as I do." The tall engineer was embarrassed, slightly. He fenced. "Never was anyways wild about dancing. Ain't rattled a hoof in a long time now. Guess old Five-forty-three has shook all the appetite for that sport out o' my system."

His laugh sounded rather forced.

"We thought maybe you'd like to chip in, anyhow," said Adams, conductor of the work train. "For the good of the order, you know."

Lane's square jaw became perceptibly squarer. He met the scarcely-disguised badgering of his inquisitors with a cold eye.

"I ain't frantic to," he said shortly. "You dance-friends can finance this without my help, I guess. You've got ways of spending money I ain't prompted to follow, and the other way round; I've got ways of doing the same that you're never called on to copy. There's a heap of 'em—plans and specifications for blowing yourself."

He went on upstairs to his room in McCarty's.

"Wonder where he learned about all them ways of spending money he mentions," remarked Sharkey, the night operator, whose upper lip was in the throes of a hirsute eruption, or Thaddeus Christopher Wren Shaw, to give him the name bestowed upon him at the baptismal font by his fond and speculative parents. "Must have heard somebody telling about 'em."

"Or read about 'em in the papers," Adams continued the discussion. "I'll bet he don't know mor'n three, includin' a package o' spearmint Saturday nights."

The boys laughed. It was a tribute to Old Reliable, their premier joke—one in the mother-in-law class, in fact—the Spearmint.

"I seen him smokin' a cigar oncet," observed Callendar, the yard switchman, who was by way of being the humorist of the party. "Let's see." He threw back his head and stroked his chin reflectively, his eyes on the ceiling. "Three year ago come July fifth, it was. Present from a passenger, though, that. Passenger was drunk. He'd went to sleep and woke in the big tunnel with the idea in his head that the mountain had broke open and that he was—well, on the road below, you know. When the train pulled into daylight again he wanted to know who'd yanked him back and they told him Jim Lane, the engineer. The fog was still driftin' around in the mess that passed for his gray matter, and at the next stop he hunted up Lane and thanked him for affordin' him the chance to repent bein' tanked. There was tears in his eyes when he handed Jim the cigar."

The boys laughed again. To tell the truth, they had not expected to get a donation from Lane. It was a method of baiting the engineer, this, that



The small figure turned with a smothered little cry of delight. A moment later the youthful pair, entirely oblivious to their surroundings, met in a long and fervent embrace.

mines, till he surges over to the bank and hands him the whole works. Or else the bank'll bust."

"That would sure be sad," said Sharkey. "Then Jim Lane will go off in the dark some place and hire a man to kick him when he thinks about all the fun he could have had with that money—and didn't."

At four o'clock next afternoon the Limited drew into the station at Revelstoke from the east and a young woman and two travelling men got off. The woman hurried over to the ticket office.

"Will you be kind enough to direct me to a hotel?" The agent raised his head at the sound of the musical voice. "Not an expensive one—just a clean, quiet place where I can get a room. I'd like to take my meals outside."

Some Midwinter Reflections

ONE of the things not to be forgotten in midwinter in this country is that people in the countries where there are tropical fruits to be picked all the year round suffer from various troubles which, if not causing them actual disease, keep them in the borderland between health and illness. As for the fruit of those countries, as a matter of fact, it has more looks than taste; apples of full flavor grow only where snow comes. The people in those countries are lacking in energy and vitality. Countries which have hot climates are less progressive than countries with temperate climates and countries whose climates are not without severities of cold weather. Progress is possible only where people have the surplus energy, the self reliance and the buoyancy of spirit which are produced only by good health. There is an ancient saying of the people of Switzerland: "Where snow comes there is freedom." Consider the case of Mexico, a country which is truly a great treasure house of natural resources. But though Mexico is rich, Mexicans are poor and backward, primarily because the general health of the mass of the people is low; there is a very great deal of malaria, of hookworm trouble and of other devitalizing conditions. Civilization and progress are largely matters of vigorous health. Scientists are coming more and more to the view that a leading cause of the downfall of some civilizations and of certain once outstanding nations was a decline in general health. They attribute the degeneration of the ancient Greeks and Romans largely to malaria, which produced insufficient vitality. And in this connection they point to the conditions in some parts of Europe. Lack of food and the prevalence of unhygienic conditions produced widespread devitalization, with resulting loss of vigor, self-control and balance, especially in Russia. In this country the climate is rigorous, it is true, but such climates produce bodily and mental vigor.

The Increase of Knowledge and Controversy

THE latest controversy in the scientific world is over the question whether civilization began in one place and spread from that one starting-place or began in several places. Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the University of London, has taken a leading position among those who hold that civilization had one starting-place. He argues that civilization had its origin in Egypt. In a remarkable book which he has just published, entitled "Elephants and Ethnologists," he argues from the relics of the ancient civilization of the Maya race in Honduras that that civilization had its origin in the land of the Nile. He bases his argument chiefly on Mayan sculptures, in which he finds great resemblances to Egyptian sculptures, and on Mayan sun-worship, ear-piercing, tattooing, pyramids, irrigation and many other things. Those who oppose this view say that such similarity of manners, customs, art and other things only show that the human mind works in much the same way everywhere. Isolated peoples, they say, tend to develop like peculiarities, because there is an "inherent tendency" in mankind to develop along the same lines. They call this tendency "psychic unity." There was no connection whatever, they maintain, between the Mayan and the Egyptian civilizations. Who is to judge in this controversy? There was a time when a man of great mind could, Bacon did, "take all knowledge for his province." But that time is past and gone forever. No one man can ever again aspire to take all knowledge for his province. Every branch of knowledge is becoming more and more specialized. There was published recently a "World List of Scientific Periodicals." It contains the names of more than 24,000 periodicals publishing the results of scientific research. No human mind is capable of keeping up with all that.

The World Is Growing Better

IN looking back several decades and comparing things as they were then with things as they are now, The Philosopher finds, on the whole, many improvements. For one thing, when he was a boy, it was a common thing to have showmen exhibiting human freaks and monstrosities. People used to pay their dimes, or quarters, to view those pitiable fellow-creatures. There was a general callousness about such things. In that respect there has been an undeniable change for the better, a change which is part of the general advance in civilization. In the eighteenth century hangings used to be in public, and great crowds assembled to witness them. In London, as in every other city where there were asylums for the insane, or Bedlams, as they were called, the poor insane people were among the sights to be seen and laughed at. Such a thing is not possible now. The Philosopher likes to think that the desire to see a human being risk his life in some perilous, foolhardy feat is not now as common as he can remember it to have been. One of the most awful facts about human nature, a fact which presents one of the most difficult problems of psychology, is that to some people (actually few, and diminishing in number among civilized races) it is a source of pleasure, though to most of us it is intolerably painful, to witness the agonies of a human being or a sentient animal. There are individuals who enjoy seeing human life in peril, so long as they themselves are safe spectators, and who enjoy reading about torturings and other such horrors. But it is satisfactory to know that such individuals are exceptional.

The Philosopher

Our System and Our Neighbors' System

LIKE every other Canadian, The Philosopher has had the experience of feeling annoyed for a moment or two on reading some absurdly uninformed and altogether wrong comment on Canadian affairs made by some newspaper in the United States and reprinted in a newspaper in this country. After the first feeling of annoyance, most Canadians are inclined to laugh. As a matter of fact, such displays of ignorance in the United States about Canada and Canadian affairs are becoming markedly less frequent. At the same time there can be no doubt that the knowledge of this country possessed by many of the people in the United States is still incomplete and hazy. When one considers the vast extent and the immense population of the United States, it is not surprising that there is not in that country quite as much accurate knowledge about the rest of the world as there might be. But that correct information about this country is increasing in the United States is being shown in many ways. An interesting fact in this connection is that writers in several newspapers and periodicals in the United States have been pointing out what they declare to be notable superiorities in our form of government. They think it would be an immense advantage if the British and Canadian cabinet system could be introduced at Washington, and in the State governments as well. But to do so would require a complete remodelling of the United States constitution and all State constitutions, with their separation of the executive and legislative branches of government. The plain fact of the matter is that the constitution of the United States was framed long before overseas self-government had been achieved under the British flag, and so the framers of the United States constitution based it on the model that they were familiar with, namely the British Colonial system of the eighteenth century, by which each colony was governed by a Governor sent out from England, with a council and assembly to advise him, but with the executive power in his hands. By way of adapting that model to the new Republic, they provided that the President should, of course, be elected; but they provided also that he should have the executive power. With us the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor, who are appointed, are strictly limited in their powers and have nothing to do with actual administration, but the President of the United States and the State Governors, elected by the people, have powers like those of the old Colonial Governors. These differences and others are being discussed more generally in the United States than ever before, and the superiorities of our system acknowledged.

Wastefulness and the Future

THERE could hardly be a more striking instance of the saving effected by improved methods in the use of raw materials than is furnished by Henry Ford's plant for getting out of bituminous coal most of the value there is in it. Every ton of coal which goes into that plant is converted into 8,000 cubic feet of gas, 10 gallons of gasoline, 20 pounds of ammonium sulphate, 3 gallons of creosote oil, 2 gallons of crude lubricating oil, 10 pounds of grease and 1,500 pounds of coke, which is used either in steel making, or for the finest kind of smokeless fuel. The market value of these products is \$13.56. The coal costs \$5.00 a ton delivered at the plant. Altogether there are more than a thousand of different products to be obtained from what is termed the "destructive distillation" of bituminous coal, including fertilizers, dyestuffs and chemicals. The methods generally in use in burning bituminous coal waste them all. That waste is typical of the waste which has used up such immense quantities of oil, of timber, and of other natural resources on every continent. Of course, there is a fairly clean-cut distinction between natural resources which when once used are gone forever, such as coal, oil, natural gas and other underground sources of wealth which are destroyed in being used, and natural resources which may be reproduced by the use of right methods in handling them, such as forests, soil fertility, fur-bearing animals and fisheries. Now it is conceivable that tomorrow or next day some new invention may revolutionize the production of power. It may be made possible to get unlimited cheap power out of the winds. Similarly, cheap nitrogen may be obtained from the air, for the maintenance of soil fertility. But who can say when, if ever, these inventions will be made? And even if methods of obtaining electric energy and nitrogen from the atmosphere cheaply are added to the existing triumphs of science, what about the immense annual destruction of timber by forest fires, in addition to the immense annual consumption of trees for the production of lumber and pulpwood paper?

This Whirling World of Ours

WE mortals live our lives on the crust of a great globe, molten within, which goes scudding round that blazing ball of fire we call the sun, some ninety million miles away. As our globe goes scudding on its yearly journey round the sun, it keeps spinning on its way; and so we have the alternations of light and darkness which we call day and night. Our globe is one of the smaller ones in a set of globes which at varying distances from the sun go circling round that luminary, and at the same time keep spinning like tops, as our globe spins. All these globes, the planets of our solar system, have in addition to these two motions, a third motion; that is to say, the whole solar system to which our globe belongs is travelling through space at an unimaginable speed, as all the other countless solar system suns (some of them hundreds of times larger than our sun) with planets of their own circling round them, are likewise speeding through infinite space. We mortals have learned much about the star-sprinkled universe in which our globe is a mere speck. We have learned little or nothing about the interior of our globe. Scientists have amassed much knowledge about the crust of it. The recent earthquake shocks in California are a fresh reminder that certain parts of the crust of the globe are still liable to tremors, heavings, slidings and other momentary unsettlements, in the process of adjusting themselves to some shakings up and settlings down of the earth's internal structure beneath those parts of the crusts. If it were possible to thrust into our globe an implement fifty or a hundred miles long, or only a mile or two long, like a cheese-trier, and then to draw it out and examine what it brought out with it, like the long pencil-like piece of cheese which the cheese-trier brings out, scientists could learn a great deal about the conditions and forces which causes earthquakes. But the construction and use of such an implement is beyond human power. There is one fact, however, which scientists feel sure would be established beyond question by such an implement, if such an implement could be made and used. It is that there is no part of any of the continents safer from a caving in of a portion of its crust than the area between the Red river and the Rocky Mountains. Beneath our vast prairies Dame Nature has rolled the earth crust smooth, so to speak, with a Titanic rolling pin. The foundations under the prairies, so far as geologists can surmise, are not excelled in solid stability by the foundations under any other part of the crust of our globe.

Character and Consequences

THE final test of all human institutions, of education, of governmental systems, of religion itself, is what they do for will, feeling, emotion, sentiment—in a word, what they do for human disposition and character. Does a man find his pleasures in the things he ought to do? Does he face the world with joy and confidence and get real happiness out of the fundamental things of life? Does he see the good side of others, of life and things in general, or is his view confined mainly to the bad side? It is an ancient truth, of course, that this world is a tragedy to those who weep, a comedy to those who laugh. The sane thing is to be neither a gloomy weeper nor a lightheaded, heartless laughter, but to see the world as it is, with its sunlight and shadow, its joys and its sorrows—to see it with steady, hopeful eyes, as cheerfully as possible, determined to do our best to make things better. No life is complete that is not devoted to something above and beyond the individual. There is no truth more fundamental than that the life which is devoted to selfishness is a life perverted and destined to have no true happiness. There is nothing new in these thoughts which The Philosopher has written down. Those who in restless impatience turn away from serious thought may scorn the foregoing sentences as "preaching." But restless impatient dislike of serious thought and unwillingness to discipline oneself bring their own penalties. This is a world of causes and effects. This is a life in which the things we do have their own consequences.

Why Be Dull Company for Ourselves?

THERE are too many people who apparently are afraid of the inside of their own brains. Some people do not give very much indication of being aware that there is such a thing. Too much introspection is far from being good. Turning one's thoughts inward is a bad habit to get into. It is not a habit conducive to mental health. But a little plain thinking to one's self occasionally has been known to do good. Surely one should not try to get away from ever being left alone with one's own thoughts. Too many of us do not seem to find ourselves interesting company. If we are to be alone a while, we must have something to read—we have to keep our thinking machines busy with printed matter produced for no better purpose than filling up such vacant time. Never since printing was invented have there been such floods of stuff produced for that purpose. Light reading has its place, of course. But it is not good to make light reading the only mental food. Good reading is one of the best things in the world, but not unless we think over what we have read. Without that, what good is it? It is only by thinking that we can furnish ourselves with any inner resources. If we have no inner resources and are left alone with ourselves, naturally we find ourselves such dull company that we do anything to get away from ourselves.

Would you walk across the room to save 3¢?



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Many Women

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They chip Fels-Naptha directly into the washing machine, or dissolve it in hot water, as they prefer. Chipping is so easy! Lots of women use just an ordinary kitchen knife. It only takes about 50 seconds. No fuss. No bother. No waste. It dissolves quickly, and works up into a rich, creamy suds, ready to start its cleansing work.

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Try Fels-Naptha next time you use your washing machine. You will be surprised and more than pleased!

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With no more effort—and with scarcely any more time, you can easily chip a golden bar of Fels-Naptha into your washing machine.

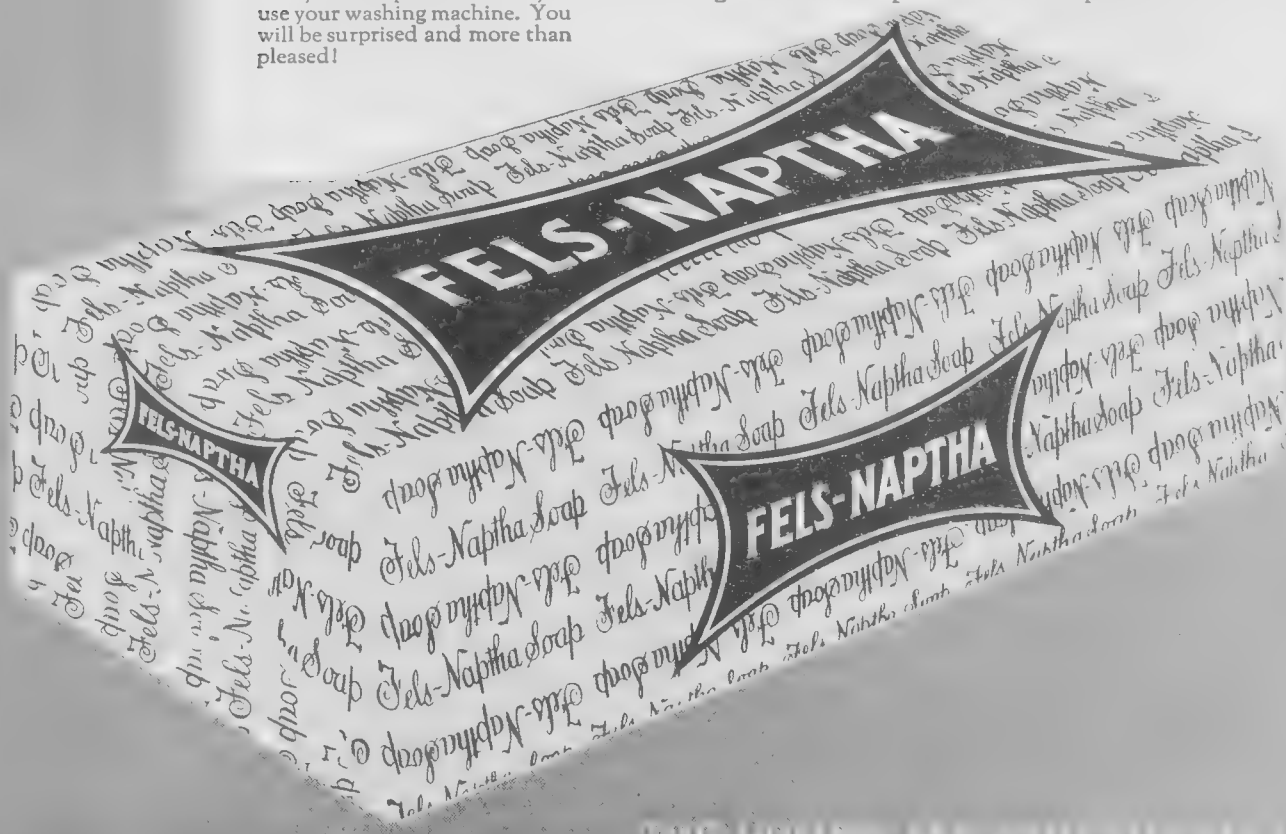
By doing this you not only save money, but you get the benefit of naptha—that safe, gentle dirt-loosener—and splendid soap combined. That's why you get **extra washing help** in Fels-Naptha you cannot get with soap alone, no matter what its shape or form—color or price.

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Your washline tells the story of this extra help. Clothes of snowy whiteness—of spring-like freshness—of a sweet, thorough, wholesome cleanliness that you actually can see and feel.

No wonder so many thousands of women—after trying this and that form of soap in their washing machines, say—**"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"**



Putting Away the Household Linens

The Right Kind of Linen Closet, in the Right Place

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IF YOU are at all an average housekeeper, there is one moment in your week which never fails to afford you a little thrill. It is the moment when, the newly finished laundry completed, you sort your household linens and put them in their various places. There seems to be something in each of us, some surviving instinct of joy in them, handed down to us probably from the women of long ago, each of whom spun and wove and cherished her linens, as maiden, bride and chatelaine.

If you have done the laundry yourself, restored your table and bed linens, your towels and bureau scarves, to freshness and smoothness—this is your moment of reward; if your duty is merely to count, mend and put away the ironed flatware, you will experience a little feeling of good housewifery that brings a bit of glow to even the least domestic of women.

This is a good time of year to go over one's stock of household linens, make note of the weak places and look to their replenishing. It is also, in many houses, a good time to look critically at one's facilities for storing the linens that are in current use. At these between-season times one can often secure the co-operation of the man of the house, and get a few shelves and an occasional little cupboard installed, that would mean much comfort and convenience. I think that a discussion of these storage spaces may be well worth while.

Nothing so clearly bespeaks good housewifery as "a place for everything and everything in its place." Of course we all get tired of these old saws and truisms, but I am much inclined to agree with Corra Harris, the famous writer, who calls proverbs "one of the oldest and most thoroughly tested forms of mortal wisdom"—and I think that many of our trite little sayings about practical matters reflect fundamental truths in the same manner.

Certainly one's pleasure in putting away the weekly wash is greatly enhanced if there is a neat, convenient receptacle for each portion of it. Unless one's house is very compact, I do think that it is much more convenient to divide up the linens that are in most constant use and place those of each kind where they will be most readily at hand when required. One needs, if one has a goodly stock, one general linen closet, which is very often placed in the upstairs hall. But, after all, it is in the dining room that the table linens are wanted, tea towels should rest near the scene of dish-washing operations, and so on. The general linen closet upstairs is usually so centrally located that it offers the best of places for the sheets, pillow slips, bed spreads, bureau covers, and the bulk of one's towel supply.

WE HAVE illustrated a linen closet of generous proportion, that embraces the most modern ideas of efficiency. In the first place, you will note that the shelves are wide, but comparatively shallow. A number of such shelves is greatly to be preferred to a few that afford an impressive depth; in the latter, one is usually forced to make deep piles that contain perhaps three or four different kinds of linens; and what is more awkward than to have to burrow below the bureau scarves to find the guest towels? One has an opportunity, with a number of shallow shelves, to spread out those things which it is desirable to keep flat, to avoid crushing, to see at a glance just the articles one wants. Double bed sheets in one pile, single sheets in another, one's festive guest room sheets, with their fine texture and possible embroideries, in a third pile, and so forth.

The next advantage in the shelves illustrated, is that they are of the pull-out variety. These will present no difficulties to the amateur home craftsman; in fact, they are so easily made that I have

no doubt there will be some cupboard in your house into which you will at once want to put them. You may have some small hang-up cupboard, for instance, that could serve you much more capably if it were shelved, or perhaps you already have a shelved cupboard set in a dark place, so that it is never possible to see what is on the back part of the shelves. In either case, do ask Himself to examine the sketch on this page, and make you a few of these very practical shelves to transform the old cupboard.

The requirements are simple—some half-inch pieces of wood, perhaps three or four inches wide and long enough to reach from front to back of



The details of this excellent linen closet are worthy of study, as all its best points would be easily adapted by the amateur, to the average inconvenient and ill-lighted closet

your cupboard; some smoothly planed light wood to make the bottom of the shelf, and other pieces for back, sides and front for each shelf. It is best to have the back wall of the shelf pretty high—it may reach almost to the bottom of the shelf above; the sides may be high and are usually slanted down toward the front of the shelf, and the front itself is usually only four or five inches in height, which gives that see-everything-in-it character that we so much desire. Of course the wood must be planed and sand-papered both for the supports and the bottom of the shelf, so that the latter may be drawn out with the utmost smoothness.

With a commodious general linen cupboard, the housekeeper who gives sensible thought to the saving of footsteps, makes some provision in or near her dining room for tablecloths, runners, doilies, napkins, etc. Again, shallow drawers or shelves are to be recommended; every woman knows from experience how easy it is to crush one set of doilies while looking for another. Another good plan is to have a cardboard tube (such as calendars, magazines and the like are mailed in) covered with a piece of chintz, with another large piece of chintz or bound linen for the outside; centrepieces, large doilies and so forth, if rolled on this tube and protected by the cover, will be always immaculate when required. Small doilies are very conveniently kept between two pieces of heavy cardboard, chintz-covered and tied together.

PERHAPS, if you have no available drawers or closet space that you can give over to the table linens, you could steal a little space from a china cupboard or any conveniently placed storage closet; one sees quite delightful cupboards that are for linens below, china above. One that I remember, made clever use of a small alcove in the dining room—a niche which had been too small to be really useful; but when the handy member of the family fitted in the bottom of it with several draw shelves, hung two nicely panelled doors in front of them, finished the top with smooth boards and, above them, put against the back wall of the alcove some narrow shelves to hold a few pretty plates and decorative bits of china, then painted the whole to match the woodwork of the dining room—a real contribution was made to the charm of the room, to say nothing of the convenience.

I need scarcely say that the doors of all linen closets should be made to fit very tightly; dust has a most insidious fashion of finding for itself every chink through which it might sift—and the last place it is welcome is among the sweet, fresh linens. Another clever little trick which helps to insure cleanliness, is to have the bottom of the door a few inches from the floor level, with a solid board below it.

In the kitchen, it is usually possible to reserve one or two drawers in the cabinet or built-in dresser, for the dish towels, glass towels and kitchen hand towels, the clean dish cloths and dusters; if no such space is available, the building of a tricky little closet would be no more than a pleasant bit of tinkering to the handy man or the boy who is taking a little manual training at school. Perhaps you would like to allow an extra shelf for the kitchen supplies of soaps, polishes, scouring materials and the like.

We have not spoken of the small linen closet that should be included always in the bathroom. It need not be at all large, just a narrow space, perhaps no more than ten or twelve inches wide, could be utilized. The minimum dimensions which will accommodate the average folded towel, would be about ten inches wide by twenty inches deep; if space would permit a two-towel-width well and good; make your cupboard twenty-one or twenty-two inches wide in that case, and give it about

the same depth. Whilst two or three shelves would hold enough towels and wash cloths for a temporary supply, which could always be renewed from the general linen closet, more shelves might be very useful, or perhaps you would include a drawer or two. You would then have ample storage space for sponges and brushes, the often wanted bottle of carbon tetrachloride (which is such an excellent cleaner for the removal of casual spots from the clothing), soaps, toilet powders, creams and bath salts—in short, all the little toilet luxuries and unsightly paraphernalia that collects in the average bathroom.

It is desirable, I think, to have the medicine chest in the bathroom quite a separate unit, if this is possible. Its shelves should be very shallow indeed, but of generous width, so that none of them need be so high that their contents cannot be readily seen, and every bottle and box be in plain view; this saves many a crash when something is drawn from the back row of a deep and well-filled shelf. Of course there is one argument in favor of a single rather inaccessible shelf in the medicine closet; it is a good place for poisons, harmful mixtures of any kind that might become confused with the family remedies, things intended for external use and so on. There should always be a clear understanding in every household with regard

Continued on page 47

The New, Easy, **Electric** Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

*Quickly, without Stooping, Kneeling
or even soiling your hands*

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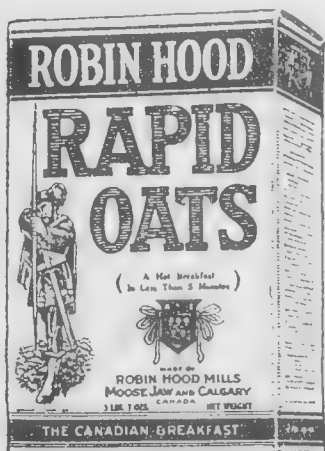
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Mitsky

By Marjorie Whiting

"It seems to me," I grumbled to myself as I blinked at the light, "that it is very early to be getting up. I'll try to fool them." I stretched and lay very still.

"Poor puppy," I heard a voice say, "it's too bad to waken you up so early, but we are going away this morning and breakfast is here. Come, Mitsky, be a good puppy."

My beloved mistress and playmate—though I hope she doesn't know I know it—really spoils me terribly, and now she tickled and cuddled me, calling me pet names, till I was wide awake.

I yawned very rudely and consented to be carried to the other room, where Lee, our Chinese servant, had put our breakfasts, and stared coldly down on my porridge and cream.

"Oh, hold on a minute, don't feed her yet!" It was my master's voice and I wondered why I must not be fed, and suddenly wanted my meal very badly. "We must give her that medicine first, dear," the master said to my mistress, who picked me up and cuddled me, and talked baby talk to me.

Of course, if anyone else should talk baby talk to me, I simply turned and yawned, but with my dear mistress it is very different. I wondered what was going to happen to me, but decided to wait and see. So many unusual things were happening this day that one more did not seem to matter much.

My mistress held me in her arms—tied a bib around my neck—and then handed me to a very sleepy-looking man—my master—who is really very nice. I saw her pour something that looked like water into a spoon and then she said, "Come on, Mitsky, be a good doggie, open your mouth."

I was still cross at being up so early, so I shut my teeth to see what they would do. It was of no use, for master held me firmly, pried my mouth open with his fingers and my mistress poured some salty water down my throat.

After wiping my mouth and kissing me, they gave me my porridge and cream, which I shared with my twin sister, who was visiting me, till my mistress should say it was time to go.

I didn't know where we were going, but I saw my collar, of which I am secretly proud, being brought out to put on me. In spite of all my squirming, Margie—that's my mistress—pulled it over my head and set me firmly in my nice new basket.

I rather looked down on my sister Nan, for she had no collar, no basket, and was not going travelling—but I felt ashamed to be so proud of my nice things, and said "Good-bye" to her, in our own language, quite politely.

After we started I was rather frightened, shut up in my basket, till I remembered that Margie was carrying me, and then I settled down to a doze, for I was feeling rather sleepy.

Just as I got settled in the funny cart they called a "richsha," I heard Margie say to my master, "I do hope the medicine makes Mitsky sleep," and then I knew it was the salty water which made me so sleepy. I was just beginning to have the nicest dream, in which Nan and I were hiding from Margie, when bump—bang—bump—the richsha-man started to pull us over the wet, muddy roads.

Oh dear! It did give me the queerest pain in my head, and my poor tummy felt so funny that I whimpered a little. Then I shut my eyes and tried to be good, for Margie whispered to me and coaxed me to be quiet, but I kept getting sicker and sicker.

Then I just knew that I was going to lose all that nasty, salty medicine, and that lovely cream and oatmeal, for my tummy was so jiggled up—and I just had to be sick—all over my nice soft bed, and my pretty red ribbon and clean white vest.

Oh, how miserable I was!
If only the richsha would stand still for a minute so that I could get my head and my tummy straightened out! But on it went—jiggled bump-bang-bump.

I cried and cried, but Margie just told me to be quiet, and wouldn't seem to understand that I needed her attention.

At last we came to a big, noisy, cold place, that I heard called the station, and I was set down. I would not be still though for I was wet and my basket was all dirty where I had been so sick. Seeing that no one would look at me, I at last lay down—cross and sick—and even when Margie lifted my basket and walked off with me I took no notice—I was too miserable.

Soon we stopped and Margie sat down and set me beside her, and opened my basket.

"Oh, you poor baby. Look, Mitsky's been sick! Poor, poor Mitsky!" she cried lifting me out of the messy basket. "And to think I thought you were just naughty."



—Photo by Dan McCowan

She dried me and cleaned me as best she could—fixed my basket for me, took off the nasty collar, and I curled up in her arms and forgave her. She hadn't known I was sick, and sometimes I was naughty.

Soon the train—for that was what Margie called it—started, and as I just wouldn't stay in my basket, she took me under her cape on her lap and I went to sleep, fairly happy, and, I thought, nice and clean.

Margie didn't seem to think I was clean enough though, for after a long, hot ride on the train, and another richsha ride, do you know the very first thing she did? She gave me a bath! My white vest, of which I am so proud, was all pink off my ribbon, and Margie did not want anyone to see me dirty when I was always so clean.

I thought they'd see through the dirt that I was a pure Pekingese puppy, very highly bred, but she didn't seem to agree with me.

It was almost worth being sick, to have the fuss made over me that they made. Both my master and Margie tried to see who could spoil me most I think, and I must say, I think they both did very well.

We were in a big sunny room, and I wondered if this was "home," till I heard Margie say, "My, I'll be glad when we're on the boat and started for home!" Then I wondered what a boat was, and when we would reach home, if ever.

I was "shown off," two or three times that day, and felt quite proud at all the nice things people said of me, then once more I was put in my basket. It was clean and sweet again, and I decided to be good—because I had to travel anyway, I knew—and at last we went to the boat.

It wasn't much! Just a house built on water instead of land, with a big, black, noisy thing in it to make it go.

Margie told me I must be very good or I'd have to sleep a way off, all by myself, so I never made a sound, not even a teeny whimper, and I slept all curled up against Margie as usual. They said an "officer" would put me in a box.

My family don't like doing anything wrong, so they asked an officer—he's just a plain man like the master—about me and he said I was so small that I might stay in the cabin.

The next day I was very glad I was so small, for I saw a big dog, shut up all by himself in a little house, and he told me he howled all night, but that no one came near him. Even if I'd been big, my family would have come to comfort me, I know.

Margie took me out on deck, and when the officer said I could travel without any notice from him, I was so small, I felt rather insulted. My master had had to give a lot of big, white, heavy, round things—they call them "dollars," I think—to a man for himself and Margie, and I thought I was worth some of them too. However, a woman cheered me up by saying I was the nicest puppy she had ever seen. Then I was proud, and didn't care about the dollars any more.

I needn't have worried about them after all, for a boy brought the master a paper about me, and he had to give the boy three of the dollars, so I was worth some of them after all, though Margie didn't think they should have asked for so much for just little me.

I had a fine time on the boat, and I suddenly found out something about myself that pleased me just heaps—but it didn't please my family—so I couldn't practice it much.

I found that I had a bark—a real bark.

I could tease and scold and coax and laugh, and oh, just tell Margie and Master most everything with that brand-new bark—and they wouldn't let me use it! But Margie explained that if I barked and disturbed the other passengers, I'd have to go away to a box beside the big, lonesome dog.

Dear me! There are so many things a small dog mustn't do.

Next morning when we got up, the boat was stopped, and we got off with all our boxes, which had come all the way from Pekin safely, my master said, and he seemed glad. Margie held me and we climbed down some stairs at the side of the boat and got into a smaller one which made a great deal of noise getting us ashore.

Another long ride, this time up a steep hill, brought us to a big stone house where a smiling little lady met us, and made a great fuss over me.

I had my face and paws washed while my family had theirs, and then we had a great big breakfast.

Margie and the lady talked about how long we'd stay in Chefoo—that's where the boat brought us—so I knew we weren't home yet—but I didn't care. I had long grass to hide in—soft sand to roll in—and a dandy long walk to run on. What more could a puppy wish for?

Everyone laughs when I run, for I put back my ears and go like a shot, chasing balls and butterflies, though I've never caught a butterfly yet.

I had a fine time here and was beginning to forget it wasn't home, when one day Margie again woke me up at half-past four and, after a good breakfast, took me into another richsha. We said "Good-bye" to the lady and her husband and were on our way home at last.

We rode to a big field where there was a little white station with a lot of Chinese waiting for what my family called the "bus."

Soon a big red thing came puffing and snorting up to the station, then three more and I learned that a bus is only a big automobile.

Here I knew right away that I was worth something, for the man made the master pay him half as many dollars for me to ride as he did for the master to ride. Wasn't I proud?

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That Rugged Island Province--- Cape Breton

By Bonnycastle Dale

THE big tug-ferry took us tide-careening across the Straits of Canso, our motor caravan firmly snubbed down to the deck. Ahead the high, rounded hills of Cape Breton shut in the horizon—the Blue Hills, the Margaree Hills, the Highlands, that mark where the Appalachian Range sinks into the Atlantic.

Off the ferry we "put-putted," Dash, our Airedale, taking up his first combat with the island's terriers. Off over the muddy roads we slopped. It was yet early June and the roads had not been touched since winter's storms. At once we were in historic lands. Inhabitant's River, named in early days as the French emigrants penetrated the then Acadia. The River Denys, called after that great trader under "The Louis," a man who established widespread trading ports, only to lose them to Charnisy, a new favourite of the Monarch. Alas, in 1925 these names mean nothing, only an ancient Indian chief at Whycoemagh bears the name "Denys," none know why—but

on its bosom mighty tramps and wee lumber and coal schooners. A sea on the borders of which the remnant of the Indians dwell, the Micmacs, who fled before the British after they had joined with the French in the sad days which led up to "the Expulsion" of which Longfellow wrote—without knowledge of his subject. (Hawthorne, a hundred years after it had occurred, told him at breakfast the scant notes he had gleaned on the subject; no wonder he got it wrong and made England the scapegrace). Here dwell the few that are left of the Micmacs, basket-makers, fishers, trappers and hunters, in a land where trapping and hunting is a very poor game.

I asked one tall, consumptive looking chap, "What do you work at?" He drew his thin shoulders up in superb scorn—"I an Indian!" quoth he.

"But what do you work at?" I persisted. "Basket-makin' in summer an huntin' in winter," he told me. Their straggling village runs along the shores of the mighty Bras d'or Lake. Here, if you



At Grand Etang, Cape Breton

we parked the long green caravan on the banks of these noble rivers and drew out many a tasty trout. Seated over our humble meal as the shades of night fell down the great rounded shoulders of the range, we would see the hillmen's cottage lights twinkling in their high-set homes. "Lonely, is it ye say!" said one old Scotch descendant of the original Highland stock, "Why, man dear, we sees many's the team go by. If it's lonely ye would go 'bout ten miles up that road. Them people sees few teams and has nary a crossroad like mine." His women-folk stood and shrugged and smiled and nodded but we did think they could stand more civilization than the old hoary-headed chap needed. We were a source of wonder to the good people. Never had a camping car come along that mountain road. The wee bit kiddies halted on their way schoolwards and stood with downcast heads, fearful to pass us, but we bribed them with store biscuits, good to look at anyhow. Tiny tots came tottering down those steep hillside trails, past abandoned homes near the foot, for the farmers seem to want to live sky-high here, as "the best fields are away up near the mountain top."

"An' what would ye be doin'?" My sakes, writin' for the pipers! Do ye ken John Gillis? He lives in New York." Then a wandering herd of horses came sweeping down the road and the old man hobbled on after the children.

It was a glorious sight here. The thousand feet high green hills, with the tiny white school nestling at the foot, alongside the yellow sandy road, and the wee silvery burn tinkling its way down to the Bras d'or (Bradore, they pronounce it). This glittering inland sea lies in the shelter of the great hills, a sea wide enough to raise into great waves and bear

want to travel up a fairly good mountain road and see the wonderful Trout Brook, you turn northwards. We did, and we parked beside the waters of that celebrated stream. It was too early yet to see the trout but we returned in August and this is what we saw. The waters of the big Lake Ainslie were warm and the brook, Trout Brook, was 10 degrees colder and in it were hundreds, at times thousands, of big sluggish trout. The mouth of the brook where the road crosses is not more than a hundred feet wide and in a hundred yards of it lay big schools of great spotted trout fanning lazily, trout of one or two, to three or four, even five pounds weight. Very few were biting but the crowd on the banks were casting out lines with leaders and flies on and hauling in great trout backwards. This is jigging. At night, when the autos were parked and big fires were blazing alongside the brook and the fishermen, yes, and the fisherwomen, were casting out their long lines over the black water, in the straggling glare of the fires and the white bellied trout were coming in splashing and tumbling, the scene was wild, grotesque—and very unsportsmanlike. For years this work has been carried on. We had excellent sport at these trout before they got up to Lake Ainslie. Fish for them in the swift water below Scotsville on the Sou'west Margaree.

On went the long green camping car, causing wonder to nightly passers-by who found us parked on the green grass by the road or riverside. Often other autoists came to offer assistance, then laughed when they saw how very comfortable we were. Others took us for gypsies. Bootleggers were afraid of us as they mistook us for revenue officers. Many's

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The Divining Rod

The Subconscious Mind is the Unknown Factor of Human Personality. The Conquest of its Secret is the Great Task that Confronts Science.

BY F. McDERMOTT
In Chambers' Journal

THE divining-rod of modern days is a simple forked twig of hazel wood. With this twig in their hands, certain individuals are able to locate the presence of underground water. Persons with this power are to be met with in almost every country in the world, without distinction of age, sex, or race. They are alike only in the possession of this faculty, and their ability to use it depends in every case on the presence of the twig. It is the twig, in fact, that by fierce twitchings and contortions indicates the presence of hidden water. And, in consequence, for many centuries the power was supposed to reside in the twig. But the twig is useless in the hands of the majority of people. Today, therefore, the view generally held is that the person using the divining-rod is the real source of power, and that the movements of the twig are merely an indication of some action taking place within the living mechanism of the holder.

Nothing could be simpler than the outward appearance of an experiment with the twig. The water-finder—or "dowser" as he is usually called in these islands—walks slowly over the ground where the presence of underground water is suspected. He holds an end of the fork in each hand, and his arms are tightly pressed to his sides. Suddenly the twig will start to jerk and twitch in a convulsive manner. "I can only," runs a typical account, "describe the antics of that twig as a pitched battle between itself and the dowser. It twisted, it knocked about, it contracted and contorted the muscles of his hands and arms, it wriggled and fought and kicked until it snapped in two. . . ." While the rod is behaving in this erratic manner the holder of the rod is not immune from peculiar sensations. Since the power of locating water lies in him rather than in the rod, it is not surprising to learn that the "dowser" likens his experience to the passage of a current of electricity through his whole body.

Science, unable to explain these manifestations, has labelled them quackery. Belief in the rod has declined in consequence, and is today confined to the more unsophisticated parts. In these islands the regular employment of the rod will be met with only in rural neighborhoods. Occasionally, as in the experiments last century in connection with the Richmond water supply, the unbelieving town-dweller will call in a dowser. But only in the country are men able to earn a living by the employment of this peculiar faculty. The West Country of England is particularly faithful to the old belief. Dowsers are regularly employed by private individuals and even by public companies, while a modern Western university—that of Bristol, employs a dowser in connection with its researches in the Mendip Hills.

It is fitting that this part of the British Isles should be so tenacious of its faith in the rod, for it was here that it was first implanted. Miners from Germany introduced the use of the rod into the mines of Cornwall in the sixteenth century. They probably came from the Hartz Mountains, where, a century before, the divining rod was employed for the first time to our modern knowledge. Attempts have been made to put a very much greater antiquity on the rod. Rods with magical powers are, in fact, associated with the earliest religions; but their use seems to have been confined to the telling of auguries and to the protection of their holders from evil. It cannot be traced that they were ever employed for the discovery of hidden water, and there are no grounds for establishing any connection between the ancient rods and wands and the modern water-finding twig. To this view Andrew Lang lends the weight of his authority in an essay on the divining-rod published in his book, *Custom and Myth*. He points out particularly that Pliny, an author ever ready

to record marvels of any sort, makes no mention of the use of the divining-rod.

To the use of the divining-rod as we know it the obscure writings of a Benedictine monk, Basil Valentin, furnished the earliest reference. For this we have the authority of M. Chevreuil of Paris, who published an important work on the subject in 1854. Valentin flourished in the fifteenth century. In the next century the rod was in general use. Not only were water and minerals sought with its aid, but it was even used to track down criminals! Andrew Lang, in the essay already mentioned, describes how a well known French diviner, Jacques Aymar, was employed to discover the murderers of a married couple of Lyons in the year 1692. This practice was wholly fraudulent, and soon disappeared under the pressure of ecclesiastical law. The more legitimate use of the rod, however, grew in popularity. It excited great interest, particularly in France.

The scientist Boyle put the matter of the rod before the Royal Society of this country in 1866, but without obtaining any definite expression of opinion. Learned societies of various kinds toyed with the question in the succeeding years. Scientists generally regarded it as beneath notice, and it was not, in fact, until the close of the nineteenth century that an attempt was made to pronounce definitely on the merits of the divining-rod from a scientific point of view.

At the request of the Society of Physical Research a most thorough investigation of the whole problem was carried out by Professor W. F. Barret, holder of the chair of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science of Ireland. His conclusions are contained in Vols. 13 and 15 of the Proceedings of that society. Professor Barret accumulated a very large number of reports from all over the world. Each one he investigated carefully, allowing for every factor that might have influenced the success of the diviner. His conclusions therefore bear authoritative weight. He acquits the diviner of the charge of trickery. "Certainly no voluntary effort," he says of the twitchings of the rod, "without long

and laborious practice at legerdemain could produce an effect corresponding in kind or degree to that which actually takes place. . . . The movement of the rod is not due to trickery nor any conscious voluntary effort, but is more or less violent automatic action that occurs under certain conditions in certain individuals." He fully supports the conclusion of a smaller and earlier report to the society on the same subject: "The evidence for the success of 'dowsing' as a practical art is very strong, and there seems to be an unexplained residuum when all possible deductions have been made." To this he adds his personal testimony: "Had I," he says, "to sink a well, I should prefer to have a precise spot selected by a good dowser rather than general advice given by a geologist, provided that the depth of the well did not exceed, say, 50 ft., and the quantity of water required was for a private and not for a public supply." Finally, in the Times of January, 1908, he proved that ten years had not altered the nature of his convictions. "Making a liberal allowance for the failures of which I have not heard, I have no hesitation in saying that where fissure water exists and the discovery of underground water sufficient for a domestic supply is a matter of utmost difficulty, the chances of success with a good dowser far exceed mere lucky hits or the success obtained by the most skilful observer even with full knowledge of local geology."

The reports of Professor Barret are practically the last word on the subject. They do little more than give an authoritative sanction to the faith in the rod. We are still without an explanation of its success. There is little doubt, however, that it is one of those manifestations of the hidden chamber of the brain into which science has only just started to probe. The subconscious mind is the unknown factor of human personality. The conquest of its secret is the great task that confronts Science. When that task is completed it is more than likely that along with other puzzling appearances of the subconscious world there will be laid bare the secret of the diviner and his divining-rod.

The Golden Stream Passes By

This Statement of Canadian Wheat Shipping Difficulties Reprinted from U.S. Publication, is as Clear a Summary of Actual Conditions as Has Yet Appeared.

BY JOHN R. BONE
In The Boston Transcript

WHY does not Canada carry her own wheat to the sea through her own ports?

Formerly she did so. Formerly, too, she carried large quantities of United States wheat from the Western plains. But a new situation involving a revolutionary change in conditions has sprung up in the last few years. It has developed with no blare of trumpets, with practically no publicity. It has suddenly dawned on Canada that the business of transporting to the markets of the world her own wheat, the greatest source of wealth in Canada, her greatest natural source of pride, is falling rapidly into the hands of her neighbor. The feeling aroused is akin to that of a mother whose first-born has been kidnapped.

The Canadian ports of Montreal, Quebec, Saint John and Halifax view with consternation the spectacle of the golden stream passing them by, to help build up and enrich the American ports of New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Portland and Norfolk. The alarm is not confined to port cities but is rapidly becoming a national issue of magnitude.

The milling of Canadian wheat in bond as it passes through the United States is but an incident in the far greater revolution which has taken place in the route of transport itself. Yet that incident alone is sufficiently striking to command attention. It is making Buffalo the greatest flour milling centre in the world. It is moving Minneapolis to Buffalo. A few years ago there were only three milling companies at Buffalo. Now the Washburn, Pillsbury, Standard Milling, Russell Miller, Thornton-Chester, Urban Milling and many smaller companies are all represented, and new elevators and mills are springing up over night. All because of Canadian wheat, and the fact that it seeks the Atlantic seaboard by way of United States ports.

Should the new Welland Canal, when completed in five years or so, show a tendency to divert wheat past Buffalo, there is waiting on Lake Ontario the port of Oswego, N.Y., at an entrance to the Erie Canal, to grab the traffic and still keep it from reaching Canadian Atlantic ports. Rumor has it that elevators with 20,000,000 bushels capacity are already planned for Oswego.

The new situation has developed since the war. In the wheat crop year 1919-20, export of Canadian wheat through Atlantic ports was divided as follows: Canadian ports, 48,345,771 bushels; United States ports, 13,023,281 bushels. But for the crop year 1923-24, the division was as follows: Canadian ports, 72,980,977 bushels; United States ports, 141,079,337 bushels.

Traffic through Canadian ports had grown by 50 per cent; but traffic through United States ports had increased more than tenfold.

The loss to Canada makes itself felt in many ways. In transportation earnings alone the loss, according to the estimate of a writer in the Toronto Star, was last year \$16,000,000. And that is only the beginning. The loss to Canada of the milling industry that Buffalo is getting is incalculable. So is the possible loss of identity of Canadian wheat when it is transhipped at American ports where it is beyond the control of Canadian officials. So also is the building up of United States Atlantic ports at the expense of Canadian cities. So also is the effect on the lowering of Atlantic ocean rates to the benefit of American consumers, caused by the provision of easily handled return cargoes for ocean ships bringing goods to America.

Twenty years ago conditions were reversed. At that time the United States was a great wheat exporting nation. Canada's wheat production was limited. Montreal catered for and got United States wheat. Montreal began its career as an exporter of wheat on United States

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Tropical Valley in the North

BY EARLE W. GAGE in John O' London's Weekly

IMAGINE, if you can, an almost tropical valley, where there are springs of boiling water, many mineral springs, and great plant growth, located in the sub-arctic Northland, hugging what we know as the bleak Yukon. Here you have a picture of what Frank Perry, mining engineer, discovered recently in northern British Columbia. This does not come very near our thought of the great North, which is usually associated with polar bears and ice floes.

Mr. Perry arrived in Edmonton, Alberta, after spending seventeen years lone-prospecting in an immense unknown territory, seven hundred miles north and south, and three hundred miles wide, between the Costal Range and the Liard and Fort Nelson rivers, with facts regarding the North unknown to man.

He came upon the hot-water valley in midwinter, the unusual sight of a heavy fog in winter attracting his attention to the valley. Later exploration showed it to be about two hundred miles long and some forty miles wide. Rivers of hot water ran through it, fed by hundreds of hot springs, which bubbled out of the ground in all directions, the steam from these springs, condensed on rising, forming the fog which he had first seen from the range crest, some miles away.

Mr. Perry remained in the valley and its neighborhood for a year, and never before in his experience in a game country had he seen so many wild animals. These congregated to eat of the luxuriant vegetation which is made possible by the heat generated by the springs. In the valley are hundreds of mountain sheep and goats, caribou and moose, also bears and other fur-bearing animals. The Indians, though aware of the wonderful valley, never visit it, due to a superstition that prehistoric animals still roam there.

In addition to the hot springs, some of which break from the ground at a boiling point, there are several mineral springs of various kinds, and to these the explorer attributes the extraordinary fat-

ness of the wild animals. The moose are so fat they were found to be "almost square," as Mr. Perry describes them.

The tree growth in the hot-water valley is abnormal. The ordinary wild rose bushes were like trees, with stems as thick as a man's forearm, and so dense that it is impossible to force a way through them. The willows grow to tree size, and it was possible to walk along the branches.

Some of the trunks of the willows are fully one foot and a half through. Vines grow to a length of some sixty feet, and nettles and ferns are both of unusual height. Birch trees, says Mr. Perry, grow to the height of seven hundred feet, and for some peculiar reason these bend over and almost touch the ground, while the grasses and shrubs common to the North are all of unusual size.

Another peculiar feature is that the valley is free of frost during the winter season, due to the action of the boiling springs and the consequent vapor. Important mineral deposits were discovered by Mr. Perry, including gold, silver, and copper. Coal, iron, and oil formations were also found.

While Mr. Perry travelled the blank spaces at the top of the map, his only companions were two pack-dogs who carried his equipment. He lived from the vegetables and wild meat of the country as he travelled. A year's travelling was necessary to reach civilization, but the engineer plans to return by airplane, when the journey which would ordinarily occupy a year will be completed in a few days.

Some may doubt the existence of this hot-water valley in the sub-arctic, but let them recall that the National Geographic Society a few years ago discovered the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes in Alaska, where boiling geysers foamed throughout the year, and which was made almost tropical as a result. The discovery in the Yukon is probably part of the same phenomena.

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Banding Wild Birds Helps Solve the Mystery of Bird Migration

By Francis Dickie

ONE of the most fascinating subjects of modern investigation is the migratory habits of birds: how far and fast they fly; how long they live; do they return to the same vicinity every year; do they follow the same routes yearly; does any particular flock lead? These are some of the outstanding questions investigators have been striving to answer. Through the work of banding birds, that is placing a little metal band upon the leg, with dates and place of origin, much has been learned in recent years.

The Biological Survey of the United States Government has done a remarkable work in advancing knowledge of the habits of birds. For thirty-four years the subject has been studied and three-quarters of a million different data, from some 3,000 observers in

of resting places. It sounds impossible, but the golden plovers in considerable numbers do it yearly. The hummingbird, the smallest of the feathered creatures makes 500 miles in a single night when crossing the Gulf of Mexico.

One thing investigation has never revealed is the mystery of the chimney swift. In the autumn flocks of this species drift slowly south from the eastern parts of the United States and Canada, resting each night in tall chimneys. On the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico they assemble in tremendous numbers. Then they vanish. In the following Spring toward the end of March they are heard again returning to spread over the eastern part of the United States and Canada. Where did they go? Further, before there were chimneys, in what did they seek shelter?



Banding a Wild Duck



Wild Duck Trap

all parts of the world, have helped to make the mystery of migration less mysterious, though a vast deal still remains to be known.

It has been established that most birds migrate at night. Birds which migrate both by day and night are ducks, swans, geese, swallows, nighthawks and swifts. The rate of flight of most birds, thought at first to be great—a conception still held by many—is not borne out by investigation. Most of the small land birds seldom fly more than 20 miles an hour. They rarely fly more than a few hours a night, so that the advance of all species averaged comes to about 25 miles a day.

Out of the vast mass of bird data the following things are of most striking interest: the black-poll warblers nest in Alaska and winter in South America, a journey of 5,000 miles. The Arctic hawk covers 7,000 miles, from the Yukon to Argentina. There are nineteen species of shorebirds with a yearly journey of 8,000 miles to their credit, from the Arctic Circle to Patagonia. The Arctic tern covers 22,000 miles annually, from the close vicinity of the North Pole to the Antarctic, doing the distance in 20 weeks of actual flying, or an average of never less than 150 miles a day. The golden plover is an outstanding flyer, having to make a non-stop flight of 2,000 miles from Alaska to Hawaii over a sea devoid

One of the finest pieces of legislation ever passed was the Treaty recently made between Canada and the United States protecting migratory birds.

Many interesting facts have been learned from banding. Wild ducks are proving one of the most valuable sources of information, for being shot in the various regions from which they pass to and fro, the banded birds killed afford much information continually coming to hand.

The foregoing photographs of duck banding, and a duck trap which has proved very successful, may be of interest to general readers, and to those engaged in bird migration experiments. From many experiments, Mr. Donald Gilligam, an amateur ornithologist of Vancouver, found the following trap most successful with ducks:

It works much on the same principal as a lobster trap. Fifteen by twenty-five feet in size, it is roughly the shape of a deeply indented heart or water-lily leaf, with two long, forty-foot approaches forming the indentation. The approaches, in shape of a V in the centre of the trap, narrow to an opening of about twelve inches. The remarkable thing is that a duck once in, never has sense enough to go out the way it came, just as the wild turkeys in other regions went into a pen with lowered heads, but once in never

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had sense enough to go out again. The sides of the trap are enclosed with ordinary wire netting, the top covered with double layers of fish net. The net is better than wire, being soft so that the ducks do not injure themselves by flying against it. Capturing the birds is very easily accomplished by draping an extra sheet of fish net at one end of the trap in which the birds become entangled when the bander enters. However, the wild ducks in these experiments proved most complacent; during the actual banding of one bird, in several instances, the other prisoners calmly preened their feathers. One old bird slept in one end of the trap while another was being captured at the opposite. Corn is plentifully scattered along the approaches and in the trap, and sometimes a bird is left in as a decoy. A small door is left in one side of trap for bander to gain entrance. When the trap is not in use, the entrance is closed.

The trap is placed in a swamp with about one and a half feet of water, and camouflaged with rushes.

A pin tail duck banded in this trap at Tone Island, B.C., on September 29th, 1923, was shot at Gridley, California, December 16th, the same year. One experiment, of course, does not present sufficient data to draw conclusions from; but from the compilation of a great many of this nature, an approximate can be obtained of distances flown, localities frequented by certain species, and the time of year they arrive or depart, and how long they stay.

The Arctic Patrol

By A. de H. Smith

TO HOLD for Canada that immense empire of the Arctic islands at the top of the map, and to display a prominent "Hands Off!" sign to Americans. Scandinavians and other nationals who have a keen appreciation what the far North is worth in furs, minerals, coal and oil, each year the government sends out the good ship "Arctic" loaded to the gunwales with supplies for the Mounted Police and carrying reliefs for the scattered detachments of the Guardians of the North.

This work is in the hands of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, and as yet the number of Canadians who fail to recognize the value of this undertaking is rather astonishing.

In these lands, which only appear on a few of the more modern geographies, there are mountains of coal which reach from the hill crests to the edge of the water, the amount in sight being beyond computation. Many other minerals are there too; their presence is well known but it is unlikely that anything will be done to develop them until the sources closer to centres are exhausted. Nevertheless the Arctic is Canada's mineral storehouse of the future.

It will be remembered the fanfare of trumpets which sounded when the American naval airship "Shenandoah" was announced as ready to fly to the far north and plant the Stars and Stripes on some of those dim coasts. All the States was agog with this new adventure and prophecies were made of another Alaska for Uncle Sam.

In the meantime the Department of the Interior said nothing; they knew that as the paeans of triumph were arising in the States at the same moment the "Arctic" expedition was quietly at work setting up discovery cairns and tablets, hoisting the Union Jack on hitherto unknown lands, and putting ashore detachments of the Mounted Police at un-named posts. All to hold the Arctic for Canada.

Quietly and without ostentation this work has been going on for the past few years, and now, should American airmen land in the northern islands they will be greeted hospitably by the lonely men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and taken to visit the scenery—embellished by various signs, tokens and portents which announce plainly "This is Canada!" Each year the "Arctic" has fared forth to spend the whole open season in reaching furthest north points, landing her supplies and police, and then returning. The service to the Dominion is expensive, and from it there is no direct return, but for every dollar now spent in the years to come it will return—not an hundredfold, but a millionfold!

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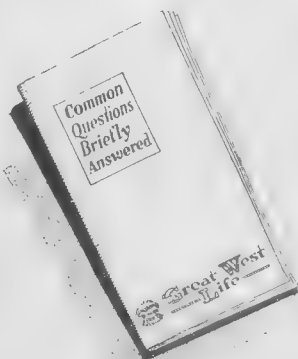
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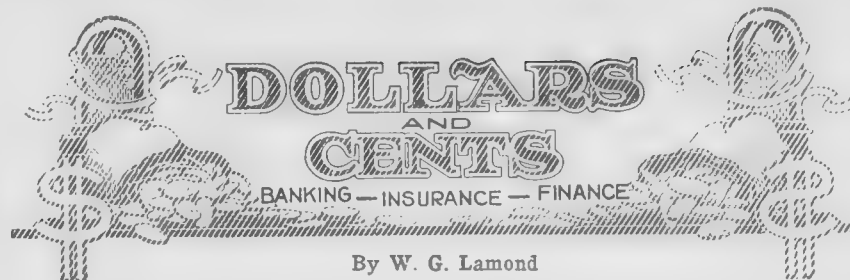
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By W. G. Lamond

Recent Economic Progress

THE future holds prospects of better times not only for Canada, but in Europe and in the world as a whole. It is only slowly that we are coming to the realization of the rapidity of recent economic progress. It is a far cry back to the old economics which functioned only as a means of explaining why there was so much misery in the world and in proving that the necessary shortage of production was an inevitable cause for the starvation of a large proportion of humanity. In the few years just prior to the great war, civilized countries increased production rapidly and the ever-growing momentum of industrial progress outstripped all theory. Prosperity became common rather than exceptional, and the rising standard of living was recognized as the natural product of a capitalistic society in an industrial age. The wholesale destruction of life and property during the war, led many to believe that generations of retrenchment would be required before we would again achieve the pre-war standard of living. During the war, however, productive processes were speeded to a point beyond previous belief, and today we are once more on the verge of a period when our problems will be those of overproduction rather than those of the old days of social deficit. This old fear of overproduction has taken the place of the old fear of deficit, and this new fear will continue to hold sway until the world has solved the problems involved in financing steadily increasing consumption and continuous improvement in standards of living. In a very real sense the resolution of the American Bankers' Association this fall, appropriating funds for economic research with the aim of abolishing poverty and permanently wiping out unemployment, marks the beginning of a new epoch. In this age we must cease to consider such efforts as Utopian, and begin to look forward to the accomplishment of such results as the natural product of the workings of our capitalistic organization of society, and realize that only under an organization which gives large individual rewards for individual initiative could such progress be achieved. These constant improvements in the standard of living throughout society constitute a conclusive answer to socialism and bolshevism. Under no other organization of society has the general standard of living been so high. The improvements which are taking place from within constitute the best proof of the adaptability of our present organization to new conditions.

Canadian Trade Notes

CANADIAN wholesale and retail merchants have concluded the most successful Christmas selling season since pre-war days. Money has been plentiful from coast to coast, particularly among the rural and agricultural communities, whose buying has been noticeably ahead of last year. The year ends with an outlook of confidence in agricultural, industrial and financial circles for the coming year.

Statistics giving the amount of hydro-electric power generated in Canada during the past three years show that during each month of the past year approximately 10 per cent more was generated than during the same month of the previous year and 20 per cent more than during the year before. These figures indicate the extent of Canada's industrial rehabilitation, since industry is largely dependent on the use of hydro-electric energy.

Canada's increasing favorable trade balance is now 230 millions higher than it was three years ago.

The port of Montreal created a new grain-handling record this year, with an aggregate of 165,000,000 bushels, which is 2,000,000 bushels above the total for last year.

Exports of butter from Manitoba to Great Britain for this year are greater than the native production of three years ago. Fifteen years ago the combined butter production of the three prairie provinces was below 6,000,000 pounds, whereas last year it was 47,500,000 pounds, which has been increased by approximately 15 per cent this year, indicating a steady growth of mixed farming instead of exclusive grain growing.

This winter promises to be very busy in the Eastern Canada lumber industry, particularly in pulpwood, owing to large new mills starting production in the near future. After an experimental period of some months' duration, several Canadian mills are starting the production of bleached sulphite pulp for the manufacture of artificial silk, which, through an abundance of raw material, promises to become an important Canadian industry.

Development work at the Chute-a-Caron Falls, on the Saguenay River, Quebec, on which the Aluminium Corporation is spending over \$100,000,000, will be completed by the end of 1926.

Too Much Government

SIR HERBERT HOLT, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, addressing the shareholders of the institution at their annual meeting recently, made the following declarations:

"After several years of business depression, there are beginning to emerge definite indications of general improvement.

"Too large a percentage of our national income is being absorbed in taxation—retarding the growth of national wealth.

"The country is overburdened with government.

"The country simply cannot afford the present rate of expenditures," referring to the Canadian National Railways.

In regard to tariff:

"There is need of scientific study by a properly constituted board to evolve and keep revised an adequate and stable tariff for protection of those industries which it is in the national interest to foster. Increased protection is in many cases unnecessary. Stability is the thing to be desired. There is also the ever-present necessity of revenue, which, if not collected in the form of customs duties, must be raised by burdensome methods of direct taxation. Successive reductions in the Canadian tariff since 1919 have not only been a factor in our industrial depression, but have made it necessary to depend more upon other sources of revenue, such as income tax, the sales tax, in which the cost of collection is imposed upon the manufacturers, and other additional and irksome taxation under the War Revenue Act."

Exchange of Shares

A MEETING of the shareholders of the Western Assurance Company will be held on February 8, for the purpose of considering a rearrangement of the capital structure of the company. At the present time the capital consists of \$1,000,000 preference stock and \$1,500,000 common stock. The preference stock was issued at a premium of 25 per cent and pays a dividend of 7 per cent, which, with the premium added to the cost, yields approximately a 6 per cent return. It is proposed to cancel the existing preference stock and to issue \$300,000 new 12 per cent preference stock at a premium of 100 per cent, which will yield a return of 6 per cent, or approximately the same yield as the present preference stock. It is also proposed to reduce the present common stock to \$600,000, and to issue \$500,000 new common stock at a premium of 50 per cent. The result of these proposals, if carried out, will be to very materially strengthen the balance sheet of the company.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

DURING the past year the newspapers of Western Canada have been flooded with details of the collapse of different companies and financial institutions, the majority of whose shareholders have been farmers. Amazing revelations have shown how by trickery and duplicity of the most flagrant and most fraudulent kind, innocent persons have been inveigled into the purchasing of worthless stock. Today there are many whose life savings have been dissipated like the early dew of the morning. This article is intended primarily to advise intending purchasers of stock as to the best manner of protecting themselves against the wiles of high pressure salesmen and secondly to advise persons, after they have purchased, as to their rights and obligations.

It is amazing how many people have succumbed to the lure of "big dividends." Persons removed from large centres should clearly keep in mind that any company which through its agent promises unheard-of dividends would never incur the expense of sending agents into out-of-the-way places, if the promises of large profits were to be realized. No company is in business purely to bestow philanthropical largesse upon persons unknown to them. It is trite to say so, but remember that if a company has before it undoubted and phenomenal possibilities in the financial world its promoters will not send their emissaries into the highways and byways of rural districts. Very often the intending purchaser has been deluded on the undertaking that he will have the right to have his money returned to him at any time upon demand. It is impossible for any company to undertake to return upon demand money subscribed for shares and even a written undertaking by the company is of no avail, for the very simple reason that a return of this nature involves a reduction in the capital of the company, which is illegal.

Every reader has in his own community a person whom he can approach for advice when the question of purchasing shares is before him. No person is better qualified to advise in this respect than the manager of a bank who has had experience in financial matters, and is usually well qualified to speak on this subject. On a similar plane we would place the local solicitor who, if he has not had the financial experience, is at least acquainted with the requirements of the various Companies Acts and the various provincial Sale of Shares Acts. Some people, however, are not willing to submit financial matters to the judgment of any person other than themselves and to persons of this type we give the warning that no shares should be purchased unless complete investigation has been made into the company. No company which is aboveboard is unwilling to lay before purchasers all facts in connection with its operations and administrations and to court the fullest investigation.

Assuming, however, that you have swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker, and have actually subscribed for shares, what should you do to find that the representations are false? The first thing is to communicate with the company and repudiate the contract and demand a return of all moneys paid in and of any promissory notes or other securities given. If the company fails to accede to your request you should at once consult a lawyer and have an action started for the rescission of the agreement and the return of the documents. It is important to remember that any undue delay in repudiation after the discovery of the fraud will disentitle you to have the agreement rescinded. No contract for the purchase of shares is complete until the shares have been allotted by the company, and for that reason it is always possible to cancel your subscrip-

tion if you do so before the company has allotted them.

Most of the Companies Acts, both provincial and Dominion, provide that the company shall keep books wherein shall be recorded a copy of the Letters Patent, all preliminary agreements, and by-laws, names, addresses, number of shares held by shareholders, the amount paid on each share, all transfers of stock, the names, addresses and callings of the directors, both past and present. These books are to be kept at the head office of the company and are to be open every day except Sundays and holidays for the inspection by shareholders and creditors. Every person entitled to inspect them is also entitled to make extracts. This provision gives ample opportunity to every person whether a shareholder or creditor to know the present standing of the company. In the matter of stock purchasing, as in most cases, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and freedom from financial shipwreck, and if at any time a shareholder feels dubious as to the soundness of his investment, he should at once investigate.

Answers to Inquiries

Dewbury, Alta.—(Q) I would be glad to have an opinion on the following: A railroad company is sinking the right-of-way through my land. They will displace barns, pig pen, chicken house and well. There is free range in this district, a numerous quantity of horses and cattle graze the summer months, and when the railroad company break through my fence the place will be open to these strays. Crops and hay land will be at their mercy, and am dependent upon my crop and hay to pay my way and a mortgage due next fall. The questions I would ask are as follows: (Can I get compensation for buildings, and what, when my fence is broken, are the railroad responsible for damage done to crops, etc. Do they have to provide a fence to protect the crops, or is it my province to fence the same and charge to the company.—Lagel, Alta.

(A) You are entitled to compensation for whatever injury or inconvenience is caused you by the railroad. This would include compensation for the necessary expense of moving your buildings and sinking a well. Similarly, if your fence is broken by the railroad they will be bound to recompense you for any damage to your crops. The damages and compensation due to you may be settled by agreement between yourself and the railroad, or by arbitration. If arbitration is necessary your local judge will appoint the arbitrator or arbitrators who fix the compensation due to you. The railroad company must provide adequate fences at both sides of the right-of-way and must provide you with farm crossings convenient and proper for crossing the railroad for farm purposes. The railroad must provide you with swing gates at farm crossings.

Winnipeg, Man.—(Q) I have a large account that I am having difficulty in collecting. I told the debtor that I would sue him unless I was paid at once, and now I find that he has very little property, and that last year he transferred a house and lot to his wife, though he did not register the transfer for several months. Could I attack that transfer so as to collect my account?—Investor.

(A) To set aside the conveyance it is necessary to examine all the circumstances surrounding the transaction. If they show fraud it may be possible to set aside the conveyance. Under the Bankruptcy Act a conveyance made by the bankrupt within three months prior to the assignment is void as against his trustee except in a case where the transaction is for a fair and reasonable con-

Continued on page 43

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th NOVEMBER, 1925



LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up.....	\$ 24,400,000.00	\$ 24,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 24,400,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	1,249,435.32	
	25,649,435.32	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	12,405.59	
Dividend No. 153 (at 12% per annum), payable 1st December, 1925.....	732,000.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1925.....	488,000.00	
	26,881,840.91	
	\$51,281,840.91	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$198,297,398.90	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement.....	443,380,136.65	
Total Deposits.....	641,677,535.55	
Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	41,496,573.74	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	1,673,149.41	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	14,461,948.86	
Bills Payable.....	7,827,741.29	
Letters of Credit Outstanding.....	30,059,988.67	
	\$788,478,778.43	

ASSETS

Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand.....	\$ 21,897,150.77	
Gold deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	9,400,000.00	
	\$ 31,297,150.77	
Dominion Notes on hand.....	42,567,682.75	
Dominion Notes deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	10,600,000.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....	53,167,682.75	
	29,931,586.05	
Notes of other Canadian Banks.....	\$114,396,419.57	
Cheques on other Banks.....	4,265,518.48	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	51,730,422.17	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	315.81	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value).....	27,921,971.00	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value).....	82,245,403.26	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value).....	28,407,242.28	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	16,630,772.26	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	33,814,538.47	
	38,691,331.97	
	\$398,103,935.27	
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	\$190,854,642.71	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	143,397,982.28	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	2,527,576.72	
	336,780,201.71	
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	15,618,672.99	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	2,558,945.44	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	955,176.89	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra.....	30,059,988.67	
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies.....	2,048,901.00	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	1,440,000.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	913,556.46	
	\$788,478,778.43	

NOTE:—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris. As the entire capital stock of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) is owned by The Royal Bank of Canada, the assets and liabilities of the former are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT,
President

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1925 with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1925, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

W. GARTH THOMSON, C.A.,
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co.
A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.

Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 26th December, 1925.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 29th November, 1924.....	\$1,143,806.90	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	4,081,628.42	
	\$5,225,435.32	
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Dividends Nos. 150, 151, 152 and 153 at 12% per annum.....	2,568,000.00	
Bonus of 2% to Shareholders.....	488,000.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	420,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,249,435.32	
	\$5,225,435.32	
RESERVE FUND		
Balance at credit 29th November, 1924.....	\$20,400,000.00	
Premium on new Capital Stock issued to Union Bank of Canada Shareholders.....	4,000,000.00	
Balance at credit 30th November, 1925.....	\$24,400,000.00	
H. S. HOLT, President		C. E. NEILL, General Manager
Montreal, 26th December, 1925.		

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Everyday Advantages

THERE is some talk of hard times in Canada, but not long ago, Sir Clifford Sifton announced boldly that man for man no country in the world was better off than Canada. There is a tendency sometimes to measure prosperity by an exaggerated ruler and to overlook the spirit of thankfulness for everyday provision. The thought of appreciation was well expressed many years ago by Gillett, who wrote:

"In England a man of small fortune may cast his regards about him, and say, with truth and exultation, —I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which even a king could not command some centuries ago.

"There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, to bring me what is useful from all parts of the earth.

"In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in America they are planting cotton for me; in the West India islands they are preparing my sugar and coffee; in Italy they are feeding silkworms for me; in Saxony they are shearing the sheep to make me clothing.

"At home, powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines that the materials useful to me may be procured.

"My patrimony was small, yet I have post-coaches running day and night, on all the roads, to carry my correspondence.

"I have roads, and canals, and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose.

"Then, I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all those people who serve me.

"And in a corner of my house, I have books, the miracle of all my possessions, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times.

"By my books, I can conjure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of antiquity; and, for my individual satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits.

"The orators declaim for me; the historians recite; the poets sing.

"In a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books, I can be where I please."

The Stamp Collector

THE Scott Stamp and Coin Co., Ltd., 33 West 44th Street, New York, well known for many years as publishers of the standard postage stamp catalogue, have issued the 1926 edition of 1574 pages, with an additional section containing photographed water-marks of important stamps. Western Canadian collectors will be supplied with a descriptive circular upon application to the firm. The present volume gives the date of issue, color, shape, and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, together with illustrations of nearly every type of stamp. The stamps of the many new countries defined under recent boundary changes are listed and illustrated, and among these are: Aegean Islands, Aitutaki, Albania, Arabia, Azerbaijan, Batum, Cilicia, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Georgia, Hejaz, Iraq, Jugoslavia, Latvia, Trieste, Ukraine, and White Russia. The countries are arranged alphabetically, and reference is facilitated by an eight-page index. The monetary system of each country is given according to the most recent currency revisions.

Choosing Your Life Work

Article No. 4.

A SASKATCHEWAN correspondent writes to us as follows:

"I have noted with interest how you have dealt with the problems of other young men, in The Western Home Monthly, and therefore take the liberty of bringing my problem to you.

"I am interested in electrical engineering, and would like to take up this work.

"I am fairly well acquainted with the operation of small steam and internal combustion engines and have some experience with electrical devices, mostly telephones and line work. I am taking a mail course on electrical engineering, so have some idea of the theory of electrical machines.

"I would like to know what possibilities this work would offer to a man of my limited knowledge and experience, and how best to make a start."

A personal letter has been sent to this reader, containing information, suggestions and addresses. Since the subject of electrical work is one of general vocational interest in Western Canada, it is being used as the topic of Article 4.

"The field of electrical engineering," writes William Rosengarten, "is an immense and practically un-

explored one. In spite of all the new uses to which electrical energy has, in the past twenty-five years, been put, we know that electrical engineering is as yet a comparatively undeveloped factor in modern industry.

"Many electrical engineers engage in the design and manufacture of electrical apparatus, and others devote themselves to installing and utilizing this apparatus in lighting, heating and power plants, and in the fields of telegraphy and telephony. Other men devote themselves principally to research work in the laboratory, studying the physics of electricity in an effort to further its usefulness to man.

"In order to become a good electrician, one should be interested in electricity, and have a liking for mechanical work. One should by nature be careful and reliable and accurate in all the work one does. Bodily strength and endurance are necessary for the man who does work in buildings under construction, where he is exposed to the weather; and the lineman, too, must be robust and of a strong constitution.

"If the electrician wishes to become an independent contractor, he must combine with the qualifications mentioned sound business sense.

"Every electrical worker should know something of the theory of electricity, and should have as much general practical knowledge of electricity as possible. In his own field, he should be especially well informed. A good knowledge of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and mechanical drawing will be of great use to him.

"The electrician's work is altogether very satisfactory, since it is steady, offers some variety, good financial returns and numerous opportunities for advancement. It is a very necessary work, contributing directly to the comfort and welfare of the people."

Readers should make a distinction between electrical engineering, and the work of an electrician. Properly speaking, an electrical engineer is one who has been graduated from a recognized institution empowered to confer degrees. An electrician may be a self-taught man or have learned his trade through some form of apprenticeship.

Success at Twenty-Five

IN a letter to an American high school instructor, Clare Briggs, well known in the United States, writes:

"One may as well be a success at twenty-five, as at fifty. The early training does the work."

There is a great thought here for the youth whomay have left school, say, at age sixteen. Nine years of well-directed effort should mean much in the way of solid achievement. Aimless and scattered effort will bring experience, but steady concentration with a definite purpose in view will bring success much closer.

Herbert Spencer wrote:

"We that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage."

A Premier's Message

THE Hon. Mr. Ferguson, Prime Minister of Ontario, recently addressed the following message to a group of high school students. The message, however, contains good advice for young men in all walks of life and deserves a careful reading:

"You are still on the threshold of your life's work, and the door of opportunity awaits you. That door may be opened with the key of knowledge which education enables you to acquire and to apply.

"In the pursuit of knowledge, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. More often, the steady plodder who labours with infinite pains and unflinching purpose achieves success.

"We are not all gifted alike, yet I doubt not that in some measure all are gifted. Whatever may be our natural gifts, they respond to every effort for improvement and development. This is the lesson of human experience through the ages, and it brings encouragement to all who engage in intellectual pursuits. There are generous rewards for every effort honestly made.

The greatest thing to be achieved by education is the power to live better, brighter and more useful lives and thus to promote general happiness and welfare."

Poverty and Riches

POVERTY: Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.—Franklin.

Riches: A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world.—Mohammed.

The Young Man and His Bible

Article No. 4

IS the Bible the inspired Word of God? It is unfortunate, perhaps, that this question must be asked, but so many unsettling statements are to the fore nowadays, that possibly a brief discussion may prove helpful.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, an American surgeon and scientist of note, says:

"The intimate experiences of life have shown me that the Bible is a living word, just as definitely God's Word to me, as a letter received in the morning mail from my mother to me, personally.

Perhaps one of the best short arguments is that of John Wesley. He says:

"The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

"1. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention.

"2. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sins, and condemns their own souls to hell for all eternity.

"3. Therefore, draw the conclusion that the Bible must be given by Divine inspiration."

Young men who may plan to study the Bible more frequently and to greater advantage, will be interested in the publications of Messrs. Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland. This firm publishes readable and inspiring pocket handbooks on many topics of Bible interest. Among its recent publications are:

"From Agnosticism to Christ"—a book of one hundred pages, from which the following specimen paragraph is quoted:

"The supreme question to be applied to Christianity is—Does it work? I have proved that it does. I have worked among many races and have never known the living Christ fail to respond to the call of faith.

"Christ or Socialism"—a ninety-page pamphlet by H. Musgrave Reade, described successively as an atheist, socialist, and Christian.

"Twenty-one Prophetic Papers,"—213 pages, by F. C. Bland, with a colored dispensational diagram; a convincing study of prophetic truth.

"Can a Young Man Trust His Bible?"—by Arthur Cook. "Herbert Spencer, an agnostic," says the author, "writing of what he called the 'manifestations of the unknowable,' said that such a manifestation must, on scientific grounds, take five distinct forms, which he specified thus: Space, Time, Matter, Motion, Force.

"Some one has pointed out that these five elements are found in the first two verses of Genesis when God first manifested His great power on this earth, thus: 'In the beginning'—Time; 'God created the heaven'—Space; 'and the earth'—Matter; 'and the Spirit of God'—Force; 'moved on the face of the waters'—Motion."

The publishers of these books will be pleased, upon request, to mail descriptive circulars.

What is Most Important?

IT is related that a college professor, being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone." Presently the boat tipped over and both fell into the water.

"Can you swim?" asked the boatman.

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

Immeasurably Better, Indeed

The Kaiser is to be given about seven million dollars in cash, one hundred and eighty thousand acres of farm land and a handful of palaces as compensation for losing the throne. Which we should say is immeasurably better than being hanged.—Halifax Herald.

Some Will Sign Anything

It has passed into a sort of a popular platitude that a plausible propagandist can secure almost any number of signatures to almost any kind of public petition. When it comes to signing petitions, persons of high and low degree alike seem to be as "easy marks" as those who figure in the "sucker" lists of get-rich-quick enterprises.—Portland Oregonian.

The Golden Stream Passes By

Continued from page 20

business. In many ways Canada set out to carry United States wheat to Europe, by way of the St. Lawrence waterway. J. R. Booth, then nearly an octogenarian, whose death occurred recently, built a railway from Ottawa to Depot Harbor on Georgian Bay—to carry United States wheat. As long as he owned the railway it carried United States wheat. Scores of freight trains a day lumbered through the fastnesses of Algonquin Park frightening the wolves and bears—carrying United States wheat. Today not a carload is seen on the road. Besides Depot Harbor other Georgian Bay ports sprang into prominence. Elevators were built at Midland, Tiffin and Port McNichol by both Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways. The Canadian Government built a harbor and elevator at Port Colborne on Lake Erie with the same purpose.

All these enterprises used United States wheat. Twenty years ago Canada's total wheat production was only 54,000,000 bushels. In 1925 that production has grown to 422,000,000 bushels. Canada has become the greatest wheat exporter in the world. But the fly in the ointment is that she is not carrying her own exports to market. The profit on that indigenous piece of business is, to a large extent, falling into her neighbor's lap.

Montreal still exports some United States wheat. When the great rush to the seaboard is on in the autumn, before the close of lake navigation, wheat squeezes through to every available port. Last year Montreal handled some 20,000,000 bushels of United States wheat, but the amount is comparatively negligible. While Montreal was getting 20,000,000 bushels of United States wheat, New York alone was handling 63,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat, Philadelphia handled 23,000,000 bushels, Baltimore handled 15,000,000 bushels. Even Norfolk, Virginia, 238 miles beyond Baltimore and far out of any direct route to Europe, handled 12,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat.

What is wrong with Canadian ports when a competitor as far away as Norfolk can take business away from them? What is the explanation of the revolution that is taking place. Why has Canada lost her grip on the wheat export business?

In general terms the reasons can be given briefly. Traffic, like water, seeks the lowest level. The lowest freight rate combined with the greatest expedition gets the business. And United States Atlantic ports are getting Canadian wheat because the freight rates to them, combined with other facilities, are the most advantageous. But to say that only begins to tell the story.

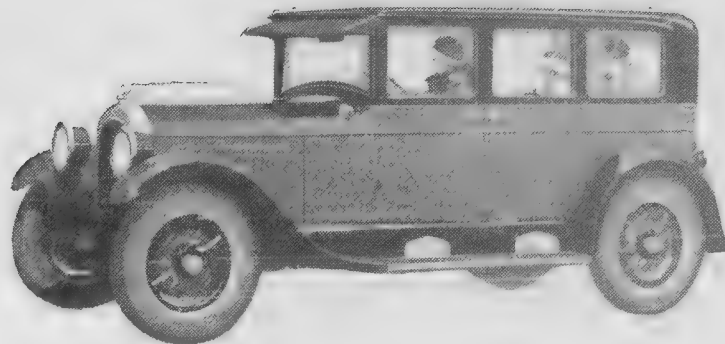
The whole story is intricate, involving many ramifications, no one of which is decisive but which combined cast the die in favor of the United States ports. Ocean rates from Montreal, despite its nearness to Liverpool, are higher than from United States ports owing to the hazards of St. Lawrence navigation and also to the fact that from United States ports Canadian wheat is a convenient return cargo for their vast Atlantic shipping. Herein lies the great handicap that Canadian ports have to overcome.

Moreover, the facilities of Canadian ports have not kept pace with the enormous growth in the Canadian wheat export business. Last year and this year there has been unprecedented congestion at the port of Montreal. On one day forty-five lake boats were laid up waiting to discharge cargoes. Some of these ships had to wait seventeen days, thereby losing two trips to Port Colborne on Lake Erie where a transshipment was made to get through the Welland Canal and St. Lawrence canals. During the hectic rush to get to sea before the lakes close up such delays are intolerable.

Miss Spinks—I did not know profanity was so prevalent until I drove a car.

Mr. Winks—Do you hear much of it on the road?

Miss Spinks—Yes. Nearly everyone I bump into swears dreadfully.—London Tilt-Bits.



Those factors which are the foundation of the most sensational performance in the history of the motor car—performance which, during the past two years, has revolutionized automobile design and manufacture, include—

70 miles, and more, per hour.
5 to 25 miles in 6¼ seconds.
24 miles to the gallon of fuel.
68 horse-power.
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Wide range of striking colors.
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Discriminating men and women are refusing to accept less than Chrysler gives. This extraordinary demand for Chrysler quality and value accounts for the ever-increasing production of the Chrysler "70"—a production which has steadily outgrown expanding factory capacity, and has established for the Chrysler "70" new popularity records for the industry.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to demonstrate each of these outstanding qualities to you. Then, and only then, will you understand why Chrysler performance, Chrysler smoothness, Chrysler riding ease and Chrysler roadability have become the new measure of motor car excellence.

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Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

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70 Miles per Hour—5 to 25 Miles in 6¼ Seconds; 68 Horse-power—Hydraulic Four-wheel Brakes.

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58 Miles per Hour—30 Miles to the Gallon—5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

As fine as money can build—utmost luxury for 2 to 7 Passengers—92 Horse-power—80 Miles per Hour.

CHRYSLER

This New Serial

It has never before been the privilege of The Western Home Monthly to present to its readers a serial so full of action as "The Flame of Courage." The following instalments will have you so keyed up that you will be fairly on edge until the next issue reaches you.

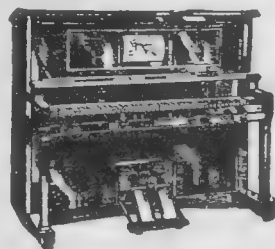
As the Editor said when he was half-way through the story, "I cannot possibly see how the author gets so much action in three instalments and yet has enough left to finish the story." We may state right here that there is plenty left and you will be kept breathless until the finish.

We submit "The Flame of Courage" as the magazine feature of 1926

Rock Bottom Prices and Easy Terms

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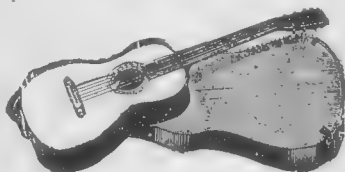


Over ninety different styles from which to choose, cabinet uprights, players and grand pianos, standard makes, all finishes and styles. Small cash payments and balance arranged to suit the buyer's convenience. Upright Pianos from \$365. Player-Pianos from \$695. 6-Octave Organs from \$60.

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In a variety of more popular makes, all latest styles with newest improvements—and any one on terms to make purchasing easy. Console models from \$90 up.



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Saxophones, Violins, Banjos, Ukuleles, Drum Outfits, etc. A wide assortment of best instruments at lowest prices.

RECORDS and PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

Let us send you our monthly list of latest rolls and records—carrying charges prepaid on orders from \$3.00 upwards.

BUY YOUR RADIO SET ON EASY TERMS

We carry in stock various styles of many of the more prominent standard makes. Write us for illustrated folders, lowest prices and terms of easy payment.

SHEET MUSIC We are now prepared to supply Students and Teachers Supplies, Latest Popular Music and Orchestration.

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For catalogues and terms—but state what particular instrument you are interested in.

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Sure Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads: that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

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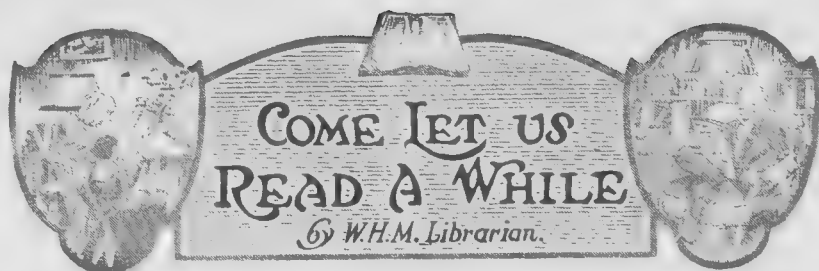
is sufficient in order to have the Western Home Monthly sent to your address for one year.

Many literary treats are in store for our readers during 1926 and it is with considerable confidence that we appeal for a renewal of the support that has been so kindly accorded us in the past.

We thank you!

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for the Western Home Monthly to be sent for one year to



Life's Race

EVEN though Mrs. Harrod is the sister of the silver-voiced Forbes Robertson and the mother of a staid university don, she has nevertheless written a very unpleasant story to which she has given the magnificent title of "The Triumphant Rider" (Jarrolds, Ltd.).

Mrs. Harrod is a brilliant writer. Her style is swift, vivid, provocative. She has wit, cynicism, penetration and power to put into words evasive emotions. What a pity it does seem that she has chosen for her theme the life of a young girl sold by her mother to a strange man and who eventually becomes the idol of a section of society one can only characterize as putrid.

Evil is so convincingly depicted by Mrs. Harrod that the implication of decency triumphant in the end fails to make us happy. It rings so falsely. One feels like exclaiming, "Ha! ha! Mrs. Harrod, so even modern publishers wouldn't permit you any more license. You had to show us one decent fellow." While I was reading this brilliantly written novel I thought that Mrs. Harrod was like Winnipeg's Margaret Bannerman who wasted two years of her beauty and talent depicting a filthy character, ruling a putrid section of society. Such a cruel prostitution of Art's high gift. Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham and Mrs. Harrod have seen to it that we humble folk shall have no false illusions about the morals of English Society with a Big S.

The other baby laughed with glee And shook her curly head at me And did just everything the same And seemed to so enjoy the game And when my daddy yawned and dozed And suddenly his eyelids closed, Wasn't it strange? I couldn't see The baby who looked just like me!

Bliss Carman Steals His Way Into Hearts of Winnipeg Audience

AS a conclusion to two weeks' special lecturing at the University of Manitoba, Bliss Carman gave a public reading of his poems in Theatre "A" of the University on Friday evening, January 22. We quote from a report clipped from the Winnipeg Free Press:

In a classroom that is devoted to science, behind a slate-topped table, as Prof. Chester Martin put it, Bliss Carman stood last night, and, with quietness for his force and all unarmed save for beauty, made his way into the hearts of a large audience. As he read from his newest book, "Far Horizons," and from another better known, the spirit he made manifest was one of gentleness and of fingering after beauty—beauty beyond all horizons, and beauty of the doorstep. Whether he read, in limpid phrases, of little birds or big rivers, or Fundy tides, or flowers, or trees; whether he was down east, or in Saskatchewan, in the snowing north, or in California, he sought for beauty with a tender searching, and found it, and said "all is well."

Blue Beard Triumphant

HUGH WALPOLE enjoyed writing "A Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" (The Macmillan Co.). He says so, in the preface. It is good to know that enjoyment is somewhere connected with this novel. It could not emanate from the reader. A medical man with sadistic tendencies has a son whom he maltreats. This son grows up, becomes a doctor, marries, has a semi-imbecile son, murders his wife by cruel treatment, such as a sadist employs, and is about to murder his daughter-in-law when this charming "romance" opens. Walpole calls it a romance and so it is, viewed as a tale of chivalry born of fantasy. Harkness is certainly chivalrous. By chance he meets our red-haired villain and within six hours is attempting to rescue the daughter-in-law. We are then treated to pages of horror depicting a sadist at the height of his madness. When he is hurled through a window and smashed to pulp, we do not wince. We have become immune to horrors. But Harkness, mind you, finds beauty and freedom and happiness through this adventure. What right have we to complain?



—Photo by Cyril Jessop

Bliss Carman, who has been lecturing recently at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg

FROM Graphic Arts Publishers, Ottawa, comes a gayly-bound little book of delightful children's verses by Arthur S. Bourinot. The excellent printing and attractive arrangement prove that Canada can produce books equal to any. It is illustrated throughout with many interesting sketches by the young Canadian artist, Alan B. Beddoe. There are forty-one poems, each one describing some childhood scene or fancy. We would like very much to quote several of these gems, but must content ourselves with just one—the last poem in the book:

The Baby Just Like Me

Today I looked in Daddy's eyes And got a wonderful surprise, For looking in them I could see A baby who looked just like me, And gazed back from his eyes at mine; And yet my daddy showed no sign Of wonder or the leastest fear, Nor did he even think it queer!

Rev. C. W. Gordon, who introduced the poet after Dr. A. W. Crawford had left the chair, expressed the belief that the poet's work was to interpret for man the best that was in man, to point the way, and he held that Dr. Carman fulfilled his function. As the poet saw it himself, he showed when he rose to speak, the task of the artist was to point out pleasure and delight, to provide a stimulus for the inner life, to build up resources that would give men riches even if they knew no material success in life.

Among the poems he read were: "Lord of the Far Horizons," "The Rivers of Canada," "The Brothers of St. Francis," "Ladyslipper," "David Thompson," "The Spring Call of Wawa," "Shambalah," "The Place of Vision," and such old favorites as "Vestigia," "Marigolds," "Roadside Flowers," and "The Ships of Yule."

St. Valentine's Day Customs

By Evelyn Lewes

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, the 14th of February, now often passes unnoticed, for the old-fashioned Valentine would seem to be dead and buried; and possibly the last nail was knocked into the poor thing's coffin by the advent of the neat, cheap, and ubiquitous picture post-card. Yet in early and mid-Victorian times, thousands of what the booksellers were pleased to call "serious valentines" were yearly distributed by postmen; and it has indeed been recorded that on one St. Valentine's Day no less than 200,000 letters above the average, bearing two-penny stamps passed through the London post-office alone. In fact, the warning to post early that we now receive at Christmas was, in those days, quite as necessary when the second week of February drew near. But, unfortunately, in contrast to the "serious" scented missive, there was another type of valentine, a truly terrible broadsheet which became the delight of vulgar, spiteful folk and the exhibition of those ugly pictures in the windows of small shops, gradually brought what was originally a pretty old custom into disrepute.

Probably the modern maiden, discovering the carefully cherished valentine of her grandmother or her elderly aunt, would laugh scornfully at the "absurd old thing" in its cardboard box, and wonder what there could have been to admire in artificial flowers gummed on a card ornamented with paper-lace and finished with a bow of satin ribbon inscribed "A Beau for my sweet Belle."

And yet, such frail scented valentines no doubt often proved an aid to a bashful swain, who although he might find his tongue tied in the presence of his lady-love, had at length the courage to send her a valentine, shaped perhaps like a ship and bearing the convincing words "Sail through life with me."

We have heard also of a practical little country-girl who dared to encourage a backward wooer by sending him on the 14th of February a dainty card on which was written

"I can bake, and I can brew,
And can make a little home for you."
Children also, found great delight in valentines, and aunts, uncles and friends were thought very careless if they neglected to send a small favourite the expected February packet, accompanied perhaps by such moral lines as

"My dearest little Valentine,
Seek kind and good to be;
And tender love and happiness
Will ever dwell with thee."

The drawing of lots on St. Valentine's Eve was a very favourite amusement formerly in the old country-houses of England, and was practised even as early as the 15th century. An equal number of maids and bachelors would gather together, and each would write his or her name upon a separate billet, which was then rolled up and drawn by way of lots. Every man drew a girl's name and every girl drew a man's name. The result of this drawing was that each person had two Valentines, but the man was supposed to attach himself more firmly to the lady-valentine he had drawn, than to the fair one who had chanced to draw him; and it became his duty on the morrow to give his Valentine a present; while he also displayed her billet proudly on his sleeve. In bygone days in merry old England this custom of drawing for Valentines often involved the gentry and nobility in real expense, for a high-born dame or an acknowledged beauty would require a handsome gift from the beau who had drawn her billet from the urn; and indeed a Royal Duke was once known to give a distinguished maiden a valentine gift worth £800. Attentive husbands also had to satisfy the wishes of their wives on St. Valentine's Day, and tight purse-strings on such an occasion were bitterly resented. We must all remember the entry in the famous diary of Samuel Pepys—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath had made lately as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds."

Country-girls in olden times had many quaint little customs which they practised for luck and diversion on St. Valentine's Eve. They would pin four bay-leaves to the corners of their pillows and a fifth in

the middle in order that they might dream of their sweethearts; and such dreams were of course supposed to indicate marriage before the year was out. They also were wont to write their admirer's names on scraps of paper, and these they rolled up in clay, and then each girl dropped hers into a bowl of water. This was quite a thrilling pastime, for of course it was understood that the first slip of paper that came to the surface of the water would decide the name of the man the enquirer would marry. We have also heard of spinsters who, on St. Valentine's Eve, would boil an egg till it was hard, then take out the yolk, fill up the cavity with salt and eat it before retiring to bed; and this also in the hope of obtaining a dream-vision of a future husband.

The drawing of lots for valentines was a custom of exceedingly ancient origin; for the Romans in the month of February held high carnival in the honour of Pan and Juno, and amongst other diverting ceremonies that they then established was the drawing of maidens names from an urn, by young bachelors who assembled together for that purpose. It is generally believed that the Romans introduced this custom into Great Britain, and later to license the merry-making of sweethearts, a Festival was established in honour of Valentine, a bishop and martyr, whose name happened to be a corruption of the word "Galantin" meaning a lover, a dangler, a gallant.

BUT while the romantic folk of England claimed the favour of St. Valentine, the early Celtic Church had already provided the sweethearts of Wales with a female patron saint who bore the name of Dwynwen. The Emerald Isle also had some claim to the protection of this lady for she was the daughter of an Irish Saint called Brychan, who migrated to Wales, and having settled in Breconshire became famous as the father of twenty-four sons and twenty-six daughters who according to an old historian were all brought up "in learning and the liberal arts."

The name Dwynwen signifies "the bearer off of the palm of beauty," and evidently was most appropriate to this young Cymric saint whose charms completely captivated an unfortunate youth called Maelon Dafodril. Dwynwen also fell deeply in love with him, but deciding that she could never find happiness in a union with one whose character and life were not as exemplary as her own, she put up prayers that she might be cured of her love. This, according to the old legend was effected by the miraculous administration of a delicious potion, and Dwynwen, finding her own heart completely healed naturally desired that the same draught might be given to Maelon. In his case, however, the result was less happy, for the young man immediately became frozen to a lump of ice. Heaven then granted Dwynwen three wishes, and accordingly she wished first that Maelon should be restored to life, secondly that henceforth all her prayers should be granted in favour of true-hearted lovers, and thirdly that she should never wish to be married.

Having obtained all these wishes she presently became a nun and founded the church of Llandwyn in Anglesea, which was situated near the seashore in what is now the parish of Newborough. And thither in olden times went a great concourse of love-sick pilgrims, taking offerings to St. Dwynwen's shrine in order to procure assistance of the saint in the winning of their hearts desires. Every reader of the poems of the old Welsh bards becomes familiar with the name of Dwynwen and from Dafydd ab Gwilym—the famous Welsh poet extolled by George Borrow—we learn that a golden image of Dwynwen stood in her church as late as the 14th century.

Eventually at Llandwyn a large fund was accumulated by the money and gifts successfully extorted from the romantic visitors, and the church became a Benedictine Abbey where the monks continued to drive such profitable bargains with amorous youths and love-sick girls that in the time of Henry IV it was found to be the richest house in North Wales; whilst early in the sixteenth century, prior

Continued on page 47



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If Your Family Likes Chocolate

MANY people are very fond of the flavor of chocolate, and why not, for it is one of our very valuable foods, as well as being easily obtained, cheap and available at all seasons, and readily kept without danger of deterioration. It contains fat, starch, protein and mineral matter. We obtain it from the bean of a tree native to Central America, which can be grown only in tropical regions. As a drink, cocoa or chocolate has been increasingly popular since Cortez and other voyagers took it home to Spain from South America, where it was a welcome change from the wines and other intoxicating beverages of that day. From Spain it spread to France and England where it was much enjoyed by Louis XIV, and his gay court, and the English of the Restoration period. It was very popular in early Colonial days of America.

The tree grows to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, bearing large clusters of flowers, each one producing a single pod, not unlike a cucumber, green at first, then yellow, and when ripe, a rich, deep red; they are about ten inches long, four inches thick and contain from twenty to forty seeds or beans. When mature, they are cut from the tree, split open, and the beans removed, and either dried at once in the sunshine on trays, or, for a better flavor, undergo a fermentation process before being dried. After being dried, the beans are roasted, then coarsely crushed to remove the germs. At this stage the product is known as cocoa nibs. The nibs are thoroughly ground in stone mills, then made into a thin paste which, on cooling, hardens into a cake. This we know as plain unsweetened chocolate. About half of the fat may be pressed out into a soft fat known as cocoa butter, associated in our minds with amateur dramatics.

On the market we find many forms of chocolate products.

Cocoa is chocolate from which part of the fat has been removed, then the product is powdered.

Breakfast cocoa contains at least 22% of the fat, (chocolate has 50% fat).

Sweetened cocoa is mixed with sugar.

Sweet milk cocoa is ground with sugar and whole milk solids.

Bitter chocolate, or bitter chocolate coating are the plain solid cake obtained by grinding the cocoa nibs.

Sweet chocolate or sweet chocolate coating has sugar added, and possibly some spices and flavorings. Milk chocolate, sweet milk chocolate is ground with sugar and the solids of whole milk.

There are innumerable ways of using chocolate or cocoa. Many prefer to use cocoa because of the convenience of its powdered form which makes melting, grating or shaving unnecessary.

Beverages

Cocoa is invaluable for children if made of milk, because it will induce many of them to take milk in this form who will not drink it plain. It is free from the stimulating characteristics which make tea and coffee so very objectionable for children.

Chocolate Malted Milk

For each cup mix together a heaping teaspoon of powdered malted milk, half a teaspoon cocoa, a teaspoon of sugar, and moisten with a little hot milk, till smooth, then fill the cup with hot milk, or moisten with cream and fill the cup with hot water. Add a little more sugar if wished.

Breakfast Cocoa

Cocoa $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 tb.
Sugar 2tb.
Salt, few grains.

Boiling water 2c.
Hot milk 2c.

Heat the milk in a double boiler, mix the cocoa, sugar, salt and boiling water, being careful to add the water slowly enough to prevent lumpiness, boil 4 or 5 minutes, then pour into the hot milk and continue to cook for a minute or two, while beating vigorously with an egg-beater to cover the top with a froth which prevents a scum from forming. A little vanilla or cinnamon may be added if the flavor is desired.

and when ready to serve add to ice cold milk. A small spoon of vanilla ice cream may be put in each glass before pouring in the cocoa.

Vienna Chocolate

Chocolate 3 squares.
Salt, few grains.

Milk 4 c.
Vanilla and Sugar to taste.

Heat the milk in a double boiler, shave or break in pieces the chocolate, and put in the milk, stirring till dissolved. If vanilla chocolate is used, sugar and vanilla will not be required, but should be added to taste with plain chocolate.

Chocolate Cakes

THERE are two or three important points to be remembered in making chocolate cakes. As it burns readily, the oven should not be as hot as for some other cakes. Many women have better results when using sour milk or cream rather than sweet milk. Specially important is the fact of the starch in chocolate, which takes the place of a little of the flour. When adding cocoa or chocolate to one's favorite plain cake recipe, either a little less flour or a little more liquid should be used. Many people's chocolate cakes are a little too dry to be really delicious. Too much chocolate is apt to make the cake bitter. Chocolate frosting on a chocolate cake seems to be too much chocolate. Chocolate frosting would be more appreciated on a white cake, and a soft, moist chocolate cake with thick boiled frosting, fairly melts in one's mouth.

For very special occasions a chocolate cake may be baked in a flat pan, covered with a date filling, on top of that a layer of white boiled frosting, then a very thin coat of chocolate frosting. It is more convenient to serve at a social affair than a layer cake would be.

Plain Chocolate Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Eggs 2.

Flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Chocolate 2 squares or a little less.
Vanilla 1 t.

Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming till well blended, then the beaten egg yolks, and the milk alternately with the flour and baking powder sifted together; add the melted chocolate and vanilla, beat well then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in a shallow pan for about 40 minutes.

Chocolate Marshmallow Cake

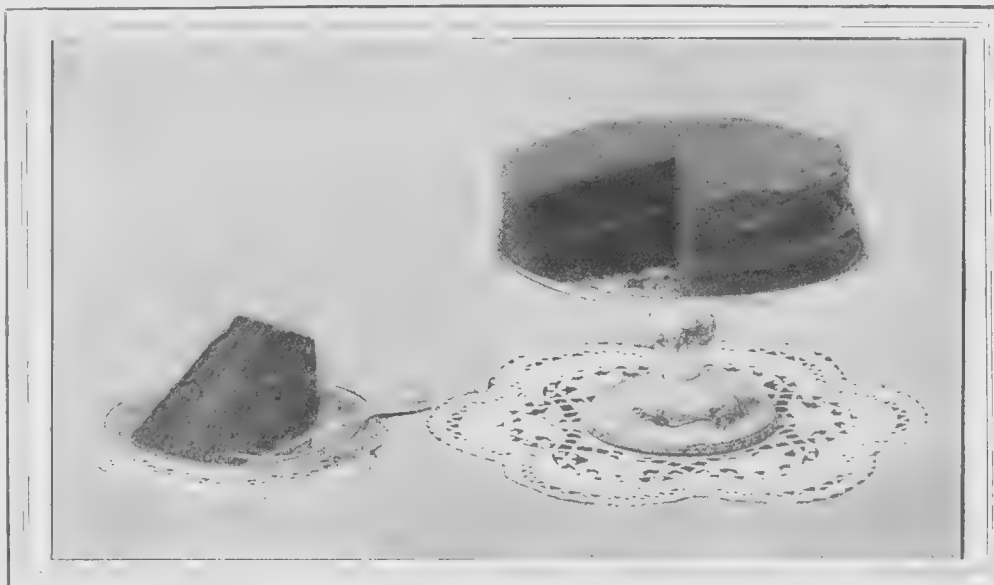
Bake a chocolate cake in a shallow pan, remove at once from the pan, turn upside down, and on the hot soft bottom, put marshmallows torn in pieces with the fingers, they will partially melt and stick to the cake. A good fudge frosting may then be poured over the cake.

Marshmallows may be put between layers of chocolate cake while still warm.

Note:—Recipes for cakes mean pastry flour. If bread flour is used, 2 tb. less for each cup should be used. Some women substitute for each spoonful eliminated, 1 tb. of cornstarch.

Chocolate Marble Cake

Divide a plain cake batter in two equal parts. To one half of it add one square of melted chocolate, and 1 t. of the milk or whatever liquid has been used.



Chocolate Cake

As cocoa contains so much starch, it should be actually boiled not only to improve the flavor but to make it more digestible. An excellent plan is to make a chocolate syrup by boiling together a larger quantity of cocoa, perhaps a half or whole cup, an equal amount of sugar and water enough to make a thick syrup, then bottling till required. A spoonful may be put in each cup of milk, or may be used with cream and boiling water if milk is not desired.

The proportions of milk and water may be varied.

For special occasions, a spoonful of whipped cream or a marshmallow may be put on top of each cup.

Cocoa for Fifty

(For the hot school lunch)

Cocoa $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c or more
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Boiling water } 9 qts.
Hot milk }

2 qts. of water and 7 qts. of milk would be excellent if available.

Chocolate

Much richer than cocoa.

Unsweetened chocolate $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares
Sugar 3 to 4 tb.
Salt, few grains.

Milk 3 c.

Boiling water 1 c.

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Melt the chocolate in a saucepan, add the sugar, salt and boiling water slowly, then boil five minutes, and add to the hot milk and proceed as in making cocoa.

Iced Cocoa or Chocolate

Make the syrup for either cocoa or chocolate, cool



Flavor with vanilla. Put the white and dark batters in alternate spoonfuls in a loaf or angel cake pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Raisin Cake

To a chocolate cake batter add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. raisins floured with part of the flour called for in the recipe. Cinnamon may be used as the flavoring, sifting $\frac{1}{4}$ t. with the flour.

Cocoa Sponge Cake

Eggs 3. Cocoa $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 tb.
Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Flour $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Boiling water 2 tb. Baking powder $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Vanilla 1 t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Beat the egg yolks till thick and yellow, gradually beat in the sugar, add the cocoa mixed with the boiling water; fold in the flour, baking powder and salt sifted at least 3 times; fold in the vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites, mixing as little as possible, that the air beaten in with the egg whites may be retained. Bake in a very moderate oven.

Chocolate Fruit Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Sugar 1 c. Candied cherries $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Cocoa 3 tb. Raisins, cut in pieces
Eggs 3. $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Fruit Juice $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Bread flour $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Walnut meats $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Baking powder 3 t. Vanilla 1 t.
Cinnamon 1 t.

Chocolate Meringue

(A "special" dessert.)

Milk 1 pint. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cornstarch 3 tb. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Chocolate 1 square. Vanilla 1 t.
Eggs 2.

Scald $\frac{3}{4}$ of the milk, melt the chocolate and add to it all but 1 tb. of the sugar. Mix the cornstarch with the remaining milk, pour into the hot liquid, and cook 20 minutes. Pour the hot mixture on the well-beaten egg yolks, add the salt and vanilla, and pour into a buttered baking dish or into custard cups and bake 20 minutes. Beat till stiff, the egg whites, adding the remaining sugar while beating. Pile on the top of the pudding and brown in a slow oven. This is better cold than warm.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding

Butter 3 tb. Flour 2 c.
Sugar $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Baking powder 4 t.
Egg 1. Chocolate 2 squares.
Milk 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Cream the butter, add the sugar and beaten egg, then the milk alternately with the sifted flour, salt and baking powder, then the melted chocolate. Put in a buttered mold, cover and steam 2 hours. Serve with a cream or hard sauce.

Chocolate Cream

Scalded milk 1 pint. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Cold milk $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Chocolate 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$
Cornstarch 5 tb. squares



Chocolate Cookies

Cream the butter and sugar (let the cherries and raisins stand for some time in the fruit juice, which may be orange juice or syrup from any canned fruit); add the cocoa, beaten egg yolks, water alternately with the flour, cinnamon, salt and baking powder sifted together, then the fruit, nut meats, vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven in a deep cake pan.

Chocolate Desserts

Many very simple desserts may be made appetising by adding chocolate flavor and color.

Chocolate Blanc-Mange

Milk 2 c. Chocolate $\frac{1}{2}$ square,
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. (to taste).
Cornstarch 4 tb. Vanilla 1 t.
Salt $\frac{1}{8}$ t.

Heat the milk in a double boiler, add the melted chocolate, sugar, cornstarch moistened with a little cold milk, and salt. Cook for at least half an hour, remove from the fire and add the vanilla. Serve either warm or cold with plain or whipped cream.

Chocolate Junket

Milk 3c. Junket 1 tablet.
Sugar 4 tb. Cold water 1 tb.
Chocolate 1 t. Vanilla 1 t.

Crush the junket tablet, and dissolve it in the cold water. Melt the chocolate, add it, the sugar and vanilla to the milk, heat to body temperature, stir in the junket tablet and pour at once into the strving dish or individual dishes, and let stand without disturbing in a warm room till set. Then move to a cool place to chill. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Hot water 2 tb. or a
Vanilla 1 t. little more
Egg whites 3.

Mix the cornstarch, sugar, salt and cold milk, add to the scalded milk and cook in a double boiler, adding the chocolate dissolved in the boiling water. When cooked, add the vanilla and fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold, chill and serve with cream.

Chocolate Tapioca

Pearl Tapioca $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ c. or a
Scalded milk 1 pt. little more
Eggs 2. Chocolate 1 square
Vanilla 1 t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Soak the tapioca for an hour or more in cold water to cover, drain and cook in the hot milk in a double boiler till transparent. Add the sugar and melted chocolate, then pour on the beaten egg yolks. Add salt and return to the double boiler, cook for a minute or two, till it coats a silver spoon. Remove from the fire, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, cool and add the vanilla.

Chocolate Mould

Milk 1 qt. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Chocolate 1 to 2 Gelatine 2 tb.
squares Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Cold water 3 tb.

Scald the milk, melt the chocolate in it, beat till smooth, add the sugar, salt, and gelatine dissolved in the cold water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of vanilla if desired, and strain into a mold wet with cold water. Serve with whipped cream or marshmallow sauce.

Chocolate Cream Pie

Bake pastry shells, either individual or large and fill with the following:—

Sugar 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Flour 3 tb. Vanilla 1 t.
Milk 1 pt. Chocolate 2 squares
Eggs 2. Continued on page 32

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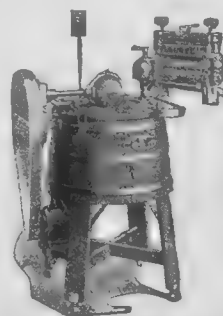
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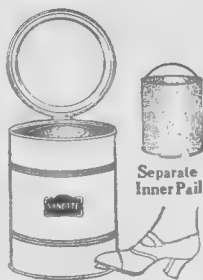
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Better Cookery

Continued from page 31

Cook together with milk, flour and sugar, add the melted chocolate, and pour on the beaten eggs. Return to the double boiler and cook until it coats a spoon, add salt, cool, flavor, pour in the pie shell, and cover with whipped cream, or the yolks of three eggs may be used in the filling, and a meringue of the whites put on top.

Chocolate Cake Filling

(For Cakes)

Sugar 1 c. Eggs 2
 Flour $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk 2 c.
 Salt, few grains Vanilla 1 t.
 Chocolate, 1 to 2 squares

Mix the sugar, flour, salt and add to the scalded milk, pour on the beaten eggs, return to the double boiler, and cook about 15 minutes, stirring in the melted chocolate. Cool and flavor.

Chocolate Frosting I

Chocolate, 2 squares Hot water 4 tb.
 Butter 1 t. Powdered sugar
 Vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Melt the chocolate, add the butter and hot water, cool, flavor, and add enough powdered sugar to make of the right consistency to spread.

Boiled Frosting

In a double boiler put an unbeaten egg white, 1 c. granulated sugar, 1 square melted chocolate, 3 tb. water. Beat with a Dover egg beater while cooking over the hot water, till thick enough to spread, flavor with vanilla.

Chocolate Frosting II

Melt enough chocolate creams with soft centres, to cover the cake. It does not matter if they are mixed, as the blending of flavors is good. If melted too much, beat till thick enough to spread. Stale chocolates are just as good and may be purchased for less than fresh ones. This makes a particularly mild, good frosting, of an excellent texture.

Chocolate Sauce

Milk 2 c. Hot water 2 tb.
 Corn starch $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Eggs 2
 Chocolate 2 squares Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Vanilla 1 t.

Make as any custard. Cool and serve with corn starch puddings, etc.

Hot Chocolate Sauce

Boiling water 1 c. Chocolate 1 square
 Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
 Vanilla 1 t.

Boil the sugar, water, salt and chocolate to a fairly thick syrup, add the vanilla.

Hot Chocolate Sauce

(For Ice Cream)

Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cocoa 2 tb.
 Boiling water 1 c. Butter 1 tb.

Boil the sugar and water to the soft ball stage, add the butter and the cocoa dissolved in a little hot water, boil up, and beat, pour over vanilla ice cream.

Small Chocolate Cake

3 eggs $\frac{1}{4}$ c. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar 3 squares unsweet-
 1 c. stale bread ened chocolate
 crumbs 3 tb. flour

Beat eggs until light. Cream the butter, add sugar, combine mixture, then add chocolate melted, bread crumbs, and flour. Spread mixture in a shallow buttered pan and bake in a slow oven. Shape with a tiny biscuit-cutter and put together in pairs with boiled frosting or chocolate frosting between and on top.

Chocolate Cookies

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg, 1
 Sugar, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
 Unsweetened Chocolate, 2 squares
 Flour (scent), $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.
 Baking Powder, 2 t.
 Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, egg well beaten, salt, and chocolate melted. Beat well, and add flour mixed and sifted with baking powder alternately with milk. Chill, roll very thin, then shape with a small cutter, first dipped in flour, and bake in a moderate oven.

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Lemon Mist (6 servings)

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
 2 tablespoonfuls sugar Few grains salt
 Grated rind of one lemon 2 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water

TOTAL CALORIES: 42 (1 serving)

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Boil water and rind of lemon for two minutes, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Separate eggs and beat yolks until lemon colored. Stir hot mixture slowly into egg yolks, return to stove and heat over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly, stirring constantly. Remove from stove, add lemon juice, sugar and salt, and chill. Beat egg whites until stiff and when jelly is nearly set, fold whites into it. Mold, and chill until set.

There are many tempting and non-fattening recipes in our recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy". Both will be sent free—if you mention your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
 Dept. K, 180 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal



Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.

The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada

SUN - HEALING

By Alice Ravenhill

CANADA has many rich assets, and not least among them is her magnificent endowment of sunshine. There is much talk, and rightly, about her harvests and her fisheries, her lumber and her minerals; all of them, by the way, the products of the energy, light and warmth derived from her sunshine, but it has remained for the Women's Institutes of British Columbia to realize that in this same sunshine has existed, all unrecognized, the means of restoration to health of that pathetic group in her midst, her hundreds, nay thousands of children crippled from preventable causes.

With the practical energy characteristic of Canadians, once the women of the Institutes grasped the powerful agency for cure which had so long lain unheeded at their doors, they decided to go forward with this work. A representative committee was formed, and so encouraging have been the results of several months of quiet but productive work that it is now possible, given some further necessary financial assistance, to anticipate opening a Solarium on a small scale, to receive the first group of little invalids early next spring.

of self-support, to restore self respect and to permit of productive independence throughout life.

The next question will be: where is this Solarium to be located and what will all this cost? After most careful consultation with experts, medical and meteorological, the ideal site has been bought on Vancouver Island, about twenty miles from Victoria, at a place known as Malahat Beach. It is easy of access from the mainland as well as from all points on the Island. It lies on a gentle slope, facing the south-east (for it is the rays of the early morning sun which possess most healing value). It is sheltered from the north by the Malahat mountain, and by the Saanich peninsula from the prevailing winds. The beach is suitable for the bathing of partially helpless children; and the sunshine record for this locality is well nigh unrivalled in the world.

The buildings to be shortly erected are to be of the simplest bungalow type, with wide verandahs; and so planned that as funds come in and the demand for more beds increases, additions can be made, until at least one hundred cases can be



Amongst the wild flowers at the Treloar Cripples' Hospital England. Ambulant patients receiving treatment

There is no idea of confining the support of this project or the benefits it will confer on the crippled children in our midst to one part of Canada; and, for this reason, if for no other, it is felt the time is ripe to acquaint every woman in the country with the scheme, its present stage of development, and what it offers.

In the first place, there are many people who are sceptical as to the possibilities of cure for these suffering children. Were it but possible to sweep them across the ocean on a magic carpet, there could be shown in England, Switzerland and elsewhere in Europe, hundreds of useful, healthy young people, who, but for this treatment, would have been still maimed and dependent upon others for care and support. Experience has conclusively proved in the majority of cases of surgical tuberculosis or of serious debility that substantial benefit is assured if these means be employed at the right time, in the right way, under the right conditions. Even in the worst cases considerable improvement takes place, which includes great relief from wearing pain.

The means consist of Nature's free gifts of sunshine, cool, moving air and sea water, supplemented by judiciously guided activity of both mind and body; for all authorities on this method of treatment emphasize the equal importance to the little patients of mental as well as physical exercise, carefully adjusted to each individual child. In their opinion, the services of a suitably trained teacher are essential to a successful cure as are those of an equally specially trained nurse. At the same time, as the cure proceeds, each child receives training in some form

accommodated. (Alas! in Canada these cases are numbered by the thousand). The whole object is to create a home atmosphere, such as is natural in childhood, and to avoid all suggestion of a hospital environment, with all its disadvantages, where treatment has to be prolonged. The equipment will be simple, and it is estimated that the cost per head will be most reasonable, somewhere in the neighbourhood of two dollars a day, of which the grant of the Provincial Government in aid of tuberculous cases will defray one-half.

Where relatives are unable to meet the charges, whatever they prove to be, the Committee are hopeful that the many women's organizations of Canada will range themselves behind the movement, and "adopt" each of them a small sufferer, for whose expenses they would hold themselves responsible. For this reason, it is desired to make this splendid undertaking as widely known as possible, in order that all the tender-hearted women of the nation may at once begin to organize in its support.

The Women's Institutes of British Columbia, especially those on Vancouver Island, have been working steadily in the collection of funds for many months past, and the citizens of Victoria have testified to their faith in the movement with no uncertain voice in the course of a recent "drive" for funds. But, more money is needed if a start is to be made next spring, and as the Solarium will open its doors to little sufferers from the far east right across to the distant west, it is but fair

Continued on page 34

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IN THE morning when vitality should be at its peak, she was listless, tired, aching in head and heart. She was young, yet she was defeated. The cold, vile hand of constipation was dragging her down, destroying her health, thieving her beauty and charm. Women! be rid of constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is the sure, safe, pleasant way.

When Kellogg's ALL-BRAN travels through the system, its fibre remains unchanged. It can absorb and carry moisture through the intestinal tract and stimulate it to natural, healthy action. ALL-BRAN is what doctors call a bulk food.

Its delightful nutty flavor makes it good as a cereal. Serve with milk or cream or with fresh or preserved fruit; sprinkle over other cereals or cook with hot cereals; use in soups or make into the many recipes given on every package. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief or the grocer returns the purchase price. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

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Kellogg's is the original and only ALL-BRAN. It is the bran which doctors recommend. Accept no other if you would be sure. All grocers sell it. Leading Hotels and Restaurants serve it. Buy a package of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN today.



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Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

The original ALL-BRAN—ready-to-eat

Sun-Healing

Continued from page 33

to look for sympathetic contributions from the whole country.

The position at present is as follows: The site has been purchased at a cost of about \$5,000, and the \$12,000 now in hand will be expended upon the necessary clearing of the site, and the erection of the first section of the building, designed to house twenty cases with the staff of three nurses, a teacher and that most essential item in the cure, a good cook. But a road has to be made into the ground, which must be fenced, a well must be dug, an electric plant and heating apparatus must be installed, furniture and equipment must be bought, all the incidentals to a start have to be provided, for which purposes funds are urgently needed. That they will be forthcoming, those concerned with the practical details of the undertaking have no doubt, especially because it cannot be too often repeated that, once this capital investment is made, there is the assurance that the institution will be self supporting, in respect of its running expenses, and will not be constantly appealing to the public for help in this regard.

It may be well in conclusion to say a few words as to the method of treatment employed. It consists in the gradual exposure of the whole body to the air and sunshine; at first very partially, and

for a few minutes only. Then, under skilled supervision and by carefully graduated extensions of time, the body is slowly uncovered until the little patients spend their whole days, clad only in hats and "shorts" out in the open air, while wounds heal, limbs straighten, muscles become supple, skins tan to a deep brown, while minds regain activity, and happy laughter testifies to good spirits. With this exposure to sun and air is combined sea bathing, suitable exercise, careful diet, abundant sleep and rest, and constantly adapted varying forms of occupation. The children constitute a large family, living as far as may be under normal home conditions. The time required varies according to the nature and severity of the case, from a few months to two or three years. But again be it said, there is no doubt as to the results. This is no hole and corner fad, no quack cure. It has been tried out for a quarter of a century with ever increasing success, as experience in its utilization is gained.

Its initiation in Canada is long overdue; all praise to the Women's Institutes of British Columbia that they should have initiated the movement. It only remains for the women of the whole nation to stand behind them, in order to extend its benefits to every crippled and debilitated child in the country.

Reports of Homemakers' Clubs Saskatchewan

Consul H.M.C. sends a 'yearly programme which shows interest in the following subjects: Egg and Poultry Pools, Canning, Reading, Debating. They are going to hold a debate on the following subject: "Resolved that further restriction of immigration is desirable." Also they are going to stage a Home Economics play for children—"An Argument in the Kitchen."

Davidson District held their District Convention at Bladworth, October 22nd. The outstanding features of the Convention were good music, and addresses. Among the latter were addresses on Child Nutrition, Child Welfare and League of Nations. The reports of individual Clubs showed a vast amount of work accomplished and much enthusiasm. After the afternoon session supper was served in the hall.

The public were invited to the evening session. The programme was both of an entertaining and utilitarian character. The mayor of the town welcomed the delegates in an address which showed much understanding and appreciation of the work of the Homemakers' Clubs.

Govan District held their District Convention at Nokomis, October 20th and 21st. In spite of bad weather and bad roads the attendance was large. The programme was of a very high quality. Most prominence was given to the subjects of Health and the League of Nations. The former subject was dealt with from the standpoints of malnutrition and proper nutrition, play, exercise.

Alma Homemakers' Club, Forget, is preparing a play "Kitchen Cabinet Orchestra." Relief work is a prominent activity of this Club.

Andewanda Club, Madison, recently contributed twenty-five dollars to the Everywoman Fund.

Belton Club, Unity, has just held a baby clinic where a large number of children were examined. They also had a two-day course in Home Nursing from the Department of Health. Twenty-two children in the neighbourhood have been given toxin anti-toxin treatment under the auspices of the Club.

Briar Mound, Foam Lake, is preparing to present dialogues and plays during the winter.

Colleston Club, Prince Albert, arranged for toxin anti-toxin treatment for nearly fifty children. One of their members gave a paper on Hygiene.

Devon, Fort Qu'Appelle arranged for a Christmas tree for the children. This Club made arrangements for toxin anti-toxin treatments. Nearly every family in the neighbourhood took advantage of it and the School Board gave financial assistance.

Dubuc Club has placed Mary Matthews' Text Book on Elementary Home Economics in their library. This is a step in the right direction. Their reports show that the sick and needy in the neighbourhood are being well looked after.

Kuruki Club arranged for vaccination at which 110 people, grown-ups and children, were vaccinated.

Midale has been having papers and discussions on health topics, bulbs and club work. Help and cheer are extended to those in the neighbourhood who require it.

Mount Hope Club, Nokomis, has arranged its members into groups, each group to take charge of the entertainment part of the Club's activities during the winter months.

Macoun Club sent a Christmas gift to each child at the Sanatorium. They also gave Christmas gifts of money to the different churches in the neighbourhood. This Club keeps up the monthly talk on the League of Nations.

Pleasantville Club, Shellbrook, gave a Christmas entertainment for the children in the neighbourhood. They had a report of their District Convention at last meeting and sent it on to the neighbouring club which was unable to send a delegate.

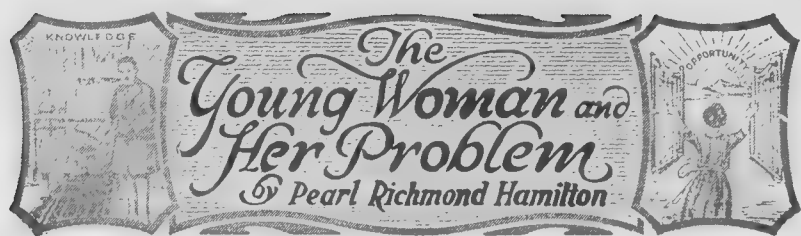
Prince Albert District Convention was held November 5th at Prince Albert. The day was extremely cold, but in spite of that nearly seventy delegates were in attendance. Club reports and reports of district convenors were helpful and interesting. The district adopted a set of by-laws for their future guidance. Miss Isabel Shaw of the Education Department, Home Economics Branch, gave a talk on Child Nutrition. The Prince Albert ladies entertained the delegates at lunch and at tea.

The evening meeting was open to the public. Addresses were delivered by Judge Ethel MacLachlan of the Juvenile Court, by a representative from the Public Health Department at Ottawa and by Mr. Andrew Knox, M.P. There was also good music provided by local talent.

Warrior Club, Eatonia, holds along with regular meetings, social evenings in which the members of their families can have a share.

Wreford Club, Nokomis, is making quilts and other necessities for burnt-out families. They are increasing their funds by putting on radio teas and food sales.

Aylesbury Club donated \$5.00 to their Young People's Club and \$5.00 to the Star Christmas Fund. Their delegates gave reports of the District Convention at their last meeting.



Individuality

WHEN one is living in the environment of a large university, where several hundred girls with note-books under their arms cross the campus to various class rooms, or walk down the streets to the shopping district or gather at the cafeterias, there is an interesting study of types that is of value to the writer of a page for young women.

There is the girl who is similar in dress to hundreds of others. She takes the same course in the classes that are the largest; her hat is at the popular angle, and she cuts a class, like her friends, when she can run the bluff.

She is the average, perhaps, with the average ambition, the average interest, the average appearance.

Then there is the other type—the girl with individuality. She is different. Her dress is in good style, but there is a touch here and there that suggests originality. Her manner is pleasing. She has a charm all her own—individuality—that indefinable something that distinguishes her from others. She does not invoke criticism if she refuses the cigarette or the invitation that her better judgment does not sanction. The strength of her personality makes her popular. I have in mind a young woman who is working her way through school—her determination and ambition carry her through the hard places and the other girls admire her and like her. I know of a sorority that chooses distinct types for its members. Every girl must have individuality to be eligible—she must be different from other girls, but fascinating, interesting and capable.

As we study the lives of women who have made distinct progress we learn of their outstanding individuality. Many girls in Indiana lived in the same environment that Gene Stratton Porter made famous. But she was different. She loved the trees and birds that nested in them and with her keen power of observation she studied the woods and birds and became one of our most interesting naturalists. This led her to the study of people in all walks of life. It is not surprising, then, that the Indiana Federation of Clubs has inaugurated a

movement to purchase the forest of the Lumberlost which she made famous in her books, *The Girl of the Lumberlost* and *Homing With the Birds*. The Lumberlost is to be a State Park—a national memorial to Gene Stratton Porter. This is a tract of one hundred and twenty acres of woodland, swamp and meadow, and will be a home for birds and wild flowers, which she loved so well. What was the secret of Gene Stratton Porter's personal magnetism that made her a most beloved woman writer? I quote the following from her article entitled: "Religion as a Stimulus to Success":

"I never made it my business to preach either Nature or God in any book I ever have written, but because I have myself been literally steeped both in Nature and God, it has not been necessary. I put much Nature into my work because Nature interests me in God; studying Nature, and the miracles among the birds, flowers, trees and insects, makes one study God. There is no line I could write naturally which would not be steeped in a spirit of reverence. There is no line I could write spontaneously that would not glorify God through Nature. The further I advance in the study of the evolution of Nature, the more I see a guiding hand, a controlling power. One could take the Bible and outline the duties of women as they are set forth. I take women, because women are the mothers, and are primarily responsible for the atmosphere of our homes, and the religious training of our families. The things that are happening today that educate women, that give them breadth of view and bigness of heart, interest in mechanical affairs are highly commendable. The things that make them shirk motherhood, that make them narrow and selfish, that set them drinking and smoking are deplorable.

"I cannot think of the immensity of this subject without my mind falling into an attitude of worship, and my belief in a living God is exactly as strong as my belief in day, night, revolution, and rotation. And the direct result of this has been anything that I have been able to do with my brain or with my pen."

Journalism

DURING the past week nearly a thousand delegates from high schools and academies from twenty-one states met recently at a convention in this city. It was the interscholastic Press Association and the young people were interested in school publications. Prominent journalists gave addresses on the training for the profession of journalism. Since some of our readers write me for information on the subject, I believe a few extracts from these addresses may be helpful.

Dr. Glen Frank, who for several years has been editor of *The Century Magazine*, said:

"Journalism is a sort of secular priesthood, in which one may deal directly with the mind and spirit of his time. It calls for the best a man may have of mind, morals and creativeness. While the ordinary journalist may expect little, those who rise above the rank and file may pluck handsome rewards. Would-be writers must give the public credit for intelligence. Do not make the mistake of ironing the whole reading public into a mythical average reader, who does not exist."

Dr. Frank quoted George Bernard Shaw, English dramatist, as saying: "Journalism is the highest form of literature, for all the highest literature is journalism. The writer who aims at producing platitudes, which are not for an age, but for all time, has his reward in being readable in all ages."

Dr. Frank, in discussing literary style, stated: "In regard to the prevalent idea

of journalism being cheap and shoddy, there is nothing shoddy about making intelligence intelligible. Much that passes for 'deep' thought is only 'muddy' writing. There is no reason why culture should speak a private language that none save the initiated can understand. There is no reason why accuracy should be unreadable. There is no reason why beauty should be walled about by an absurd vocabulary that ordinary mortals cannot penetrate. An idea that cannot be written clearly has not been thought out clearly.

"The journalist deeply influences the thinking of his age.

"The success of a country depends on sound public opinion and the news that is being gathered and written by reporters and correspondents is the food of public opinion. The greatest single cause of the inaccuracies that mar well-edited publications is the ignorance of the writers. Society cannot afford to be the victim of the immature, half-educated newspaper reporter or correspondent, any more than it can afford to be the victim of immature, half-educated physician, surgeon or lawyer. The complexity of the problems of life today demands that publications have the best trained writers and editors that are available. The same change has taken place with reference to preparation for journalism as has occurred in regard to training for medicine and law a generation earlier. Twenty years ago instruction in journalism was

Continued on page 37

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This new way solves women's oldest hygienic problem... by ending the uncertainty of makeshift ways and by providing an all-important easy-disposal feature unknown before

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

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60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

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Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it provides. "Personal Hygiene" booklet and sample of Kotex will be mailed you without charge on receipt of coupon.

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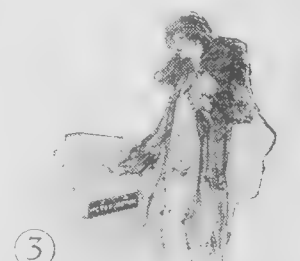
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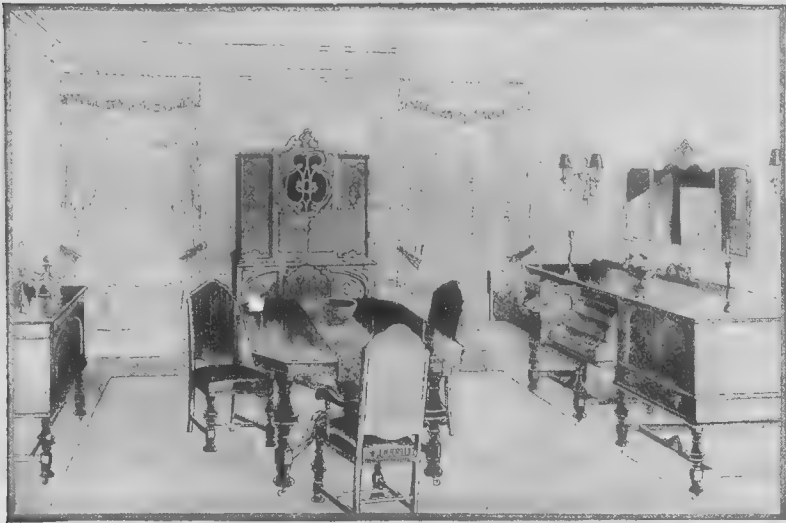


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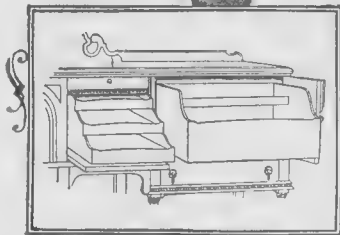
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the highest grades.

They save you many a weary stoop and prevent many a lamentable crash of prized china. It is to your dining room what modern office equipment is to business—an absolute necessity. When china, linen or silver is required, just open the buffet door and draw out the carriage into the open—everything right in sight. Then take up—not out—the pieces you need. Your dealer will demonstrate gladly. This is the best way to familiarize yourself with Reitzels Easy-Access Dining Suites and their outstanding advantages.

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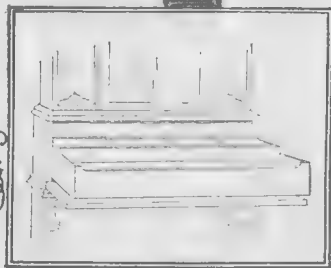
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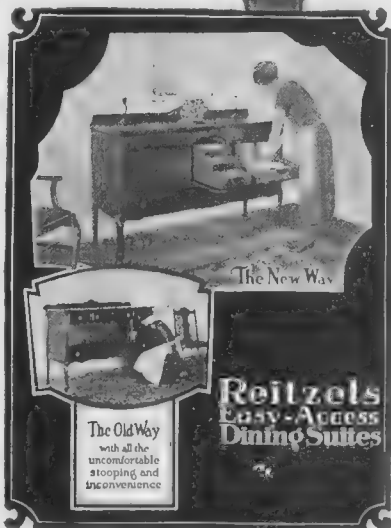


The detail of the above suite shows how the Easy-Access Cupboard Carriage brings all china into the open—right in sight. Every piece where you can see and move it without fear of harm. The three-deck carriage contains your silverware.

Like
a
filing
cabinet



In the more elaborate Reitzels Easy-Access Dining Suites the china cabinets and serving tables are fitted with the same device, but arranged to contain table linen and other dining necessities.



Interest the Children

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"I WON'T do it," says baby boy. "I won't do it," repeats baby girl. For some reason or other both are feeling out of sorts. They are too young to know why this is. Maybe it is caused by too much pudding, maybe it comes from being kept up late the night before. Whatever the cause, there are days when our little ones talk seems to be a succession of "won'ts" and "shan'ts."

At this state of affairs I have known mothers slap the children.

Slapping does no good whatever. The only thing to do is to find something to interest the troublesome children. It is the mother who should find something for idle hands to do. A busy child is seldom a naughty one.

You may think it rather hard to waste your time finding something to interest the children, but I can tell you, from experience, that you will waste much more time if you do not put an end to naughtiness from the start.

Forget your interests for a moment. Be a child again. Say to the children such things as: "I've thought of a real nice game." "I know a game you've never played before." "I read of a lovely game; do you want me to tell you about it?"

A few words like this, a few moments spent explaining a game and you have a long morning or afternoon of peace.

Find a book that has never been looked at before. Allow the children to see the pictures. Give a magazine. This is better than a book because the children can have endless joy cutting out the bright pages of advertising matter. They can make things stand up, by putting

a little stiff paper or cardboard at the back. Their imagination can arrange the rooms to their liking. They can make the dogs stand and have outside scenes. They can make the typewriters stand and have inside scenes.

Children like cutting out until they are at least fourteen. First they cut out for themselves, then they cut out for their little friends they know. An elder child can be trusted to paint without getting all over paint. Even a rather young child can be taught that paints are not good to eat. A tiny child may be training as a future artist, given a box of paints and a few lessons from mother how to use the paints.

Some people find it hard to manage children. Really it is very easy to interest them. Everything is new to a child. An older woman must be very stupid if she cannot find a way to interest her own child.

A work basket is a source of endless amusement to the child who has grown beyond the danger of pricking herself. Little daughter can be allowed to tidy mother's work basket as a treat.

Think of the fascination of having a grown-up person's work basket all to herself. Think of the honor of being allowed to tidy it! See the lovely colored silks, the spools, the pretty buttons. A well-filled work basket is a real find when a child is given it only on occasions.

When a child continues to be naughty, I feel sure that the mother is lacking in imagination, or else will not take the few minutes required to interest her child.

Seeing the Child's View Point

By Ruth Valerie

THE most successful parents are those who are true comrades to their children, and this is only possible when they understand the child-mind.

St. Paul says—"When I was a child I spake as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." This is of course exactly as it should be, but unfortunately when we put away childish things we often lose the ability to see things from the child's point of view, and this is the cause of much trouble between parents and their children.

The mistake so many make is trying to bring the child up to their level of thought, forgetting that children have no past experience or knowledge of value to compare with as we have, and are therefore totally unable to reason from the adult standpoint.

Having all been children ourselves and knowing their limitations, it is obvious we should try to see things through their eyes, then with our years of experience behind us try to help them; not by the dictatorial method of "Thou shalt not," but in a friendly, sympathetic way, as one pal to another, and teach them to make the best of their lives.

There is rarely a day passes that mother is not called upon to see things from the baby's view-point, and wise is the mother who never fails her child. The baby sees mother given some flowers; notices her pleased exclamations, her evident pleasure as she carefully places them in water. Later he goes and picks some special flowers from the garden and with short stems clutched in his little hot hand runs excitedly in to give flowers to mother too. To his surprise and disappointment mother is not pleased. He is scolded; told never to pick the flowers again, and they are left neglected on the table. He goes away hurt and resentful. Only a little thing—but baby's confidence in mother has been rudely shaken—she did not understand.

The other day a mother had carefully prepared her two-year-old's special dinner,

then to keep him quiet while she was busy talked to him from the next room.

"Poor Captain's so hungry, he wants his dinner too, we must give him some, mustn't we baby?" When she returned, to her dismay, baby had attended to the dog by giving him his own untouched dinner, and was watching him devour it with evident enjoyment.

For a moment the exasperated mother was inclined to slap the child, but fortunately could see the child's point of view. He had taken her idle chatter literally, had simply done exactly as she had suggested and it was entirely her own fault and not his.

One could quote endless instances where parents were unjust to the children, not because they meant to be but because they did not take the time or trouble to view the matter dispassionately through the eyes of the child. It is just a trifling matter to them, soon forgotten, but children have a very keen sense of justice, and it will often leave an indelible impression on the childish mind.

"How dare you speak to me in that insolent way?" an angry mother asked her daughter.

"But mother, you spoke rudely to me," the child replied gravely.

The mother was completely taken aback by the unexpected reply, but fortunately possessed imagination and could see the child's point of view, and talking the matter over quietly established a bond of sympathy and understanding that no amount of punishment could ever have done.

Every day new problems confront the mother of a growing family that require infinite patience, tact, sympathy and understanding to deal with successfully. If the children always know they can tell mother and dad everything, there will be little to fear for them. Before condemning a child try to see his point of view. It will often surprise you and there will be less misunderstanding and more love and sympathy.

A short while ago the four children of a family were late for school. Not wishing to lower the percentage of punctuality for their rooms, they decided it would be better not to go in but went to a gully near by and studied all the morning.

When they got home they related their wonderful morning. With glowing faces they told of the beauty of the wild flowers, the sunshine, the music of the brook, the singing of the birds and their lunch together under the trees. "And we didn't waste our time, we studied hard all the morning, and we kept wishing so much you could have been with us, mother, you would have loved it so," they said.

There was no thought of hiding what they had done from her, they were so sure of her understanding and sympathy. As the mother listened her heart went out to them, she saw their point of view. "Of course it must have been lovely," she agreed, "and I quite understand why you did it, but you must be sure to be in time for school after this, and never do such a thing again."

"Of course not," they readily agreed, "but we knew you would understand."

"Mother," the older girl confided later, "I can't tell you how glad I am we can always tell you everything, so many of the girls at school never tell their people anything, because they always seem to look at things differently."

It is useless to continually find fault with the children of this generation, and quote how different things were in our day. Those times appear as remote and unreal to them as the early Victorian days do to us, and the customs of times as ridiculous. It is obvious we cannot turn time back. It is we that must advance and move with the times. It is not the children that have changed, but the environment. The world never stands still. Each age brings new ideals, new standards of conduct, and it is the parents that must adjust their viewpoints, not condemning the young generation but instilling into them such high ideals of conduct in the early impressionable years that they will instinctively choose the right.

From the very earliest years mother and father should make the child feel that they always "understand"; that they know just how their children feel about everything in this great adventure of life, remembering that what may appear trivial to us are often great and important matters to them. They should enter wholeheartedly into their joys and sorrows, their hopes and ambitions. If they will only try to see things from the child's point of view, there will be fewer misunderstandings, and the bonds of love and sympathy between parents and children will be strengthened as the years pass.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 35

offered in only two or three universities; now over 200 colleges and universities are giving some instruction in journalistic technique and some 20 universities have well organized schools or courses in journalism. The number of students has increased proportionately."

These schools of journalism have a good enrolment of young women. Unless they are keenly alert in observation and catch the important thoughts in lectures and assignments, they drop out and go into other professions. They must be well informed in English political economy, history, sociology, psychology, the classics, a foreign language, science, and the laws and principles of journalism. That young women have a big field ahead of them in journalism is an assured fact, but the positions will demand young women who are resourceful, original, and well trained.

A Girl and Her Pocketbook

PARENTS are often bitterly criticized by their daughters for refusing to give them money when they request it. They say: "Father is close—he can afford it—why can't I have it?"

I once knew a girl who was cross because her father bought a piece of land. She told him he should spend that money on his family. He replied:

"I am planning for your future. Some day you may need the share I am buying." No argument, however, could convince her that her father was not mean and penurious. She wanted furniture for her room, a trip and some new dresses.

Later she married and after several years her husband experienced the terrible sting of financial failure. There was absolutely nothing left to support the family.

The money from this particular piece of land came to the distressed woman and tided her family over a two years' period of time when very little was coming in.

Her father had passed into the Great Beyond several years previous, and this inheritance of paternal forethought proved a blessing that held the family together.

Girls do not half appreciate their fathers.

A girl's father carries heavy responsibility, and an appreciative disposition may tide him over many hard places.

Unkind criticism stings and hurts him. He is sensitive. Be considerate of him.

But one word about a girl's pocket-book:

How many girls are starting a savings account?

How many are buying a new dress or a new coat on the instalment plan?

These are two important problems to

consider at the beginning of the New Year.

I know of a girl who buys her dresses on the instalment plan. She is never out of debt and she always has to buy at the same store, where dresses are expensive. She will be in a financial tangle all her life.

Try taking the first payment for a dress to the bank and open up a savings account. Make this deposit regularly.

At the end of five years, count the investment.

When the dresses bought on the instalment plan would have been worn out, which investment shall insure greater happiness?

A bank book, a filing cabinet, and a daily record of expenses, are New Year's equipment guaranteed to bring success to a girl or young woman.

Exceptions

THE Canadian Women's Hostel has recently entertained a prominent English woman worker among girls—Miss Jessie Varley. Miss Varley has come to Canada to study conditions for the Old Country immigrant.

She states that some complaints have been made from the girls in domestic service in Canada, and this must be averted. Employers must show them consideration and aid them to get their feet on the ground.

When a member of the Hostel Board I was impressed with the average immigrant girl's appreciation of her treatment from Canadian employers. On the whole they felt their positions here were satisfactory.

There are always exceptions and when these exceptions are carefully considered as a rule the fault is not with the employer.

I remember one group of girls that were happy and enthusiastic in their work and their new environment. They liked their employers, were interested in their work and determined to make good. One girl, however, could not get along. She stayed only a few days in each place. We learned that she knew nothing about housework, did the most absurd things—in fact she had been a factory girl in the Old Country. Her complaints of her employers were not fair.

On the whole I believe a superior type of girl comes as immigrant, and Canadian employers try to protect and help them in a most kindly way.

Perhaps ten or fifteen years ago there was reason for complaint, but conditions have made splendid progress, and women everywhere are organized and are united in definite effort to assist kindly and helpfully all immigrant girls who come to Canada.



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After the bath or after the dance or when you're tired, a dash of ED. PINAUD'S Lilac Vegetal Toilet Water, here and there, refreshes and invigorates surprisingly.

It tingles delightfully when applied—and leaves behind just the whispering fragrance of fresh lilac—like the flowery breath of a lovely June garden.

For 140 years, smart, beautiful women have used this famous toilet water.

Get a shaker-top bottle today—at your Druggist's—\$1.00.

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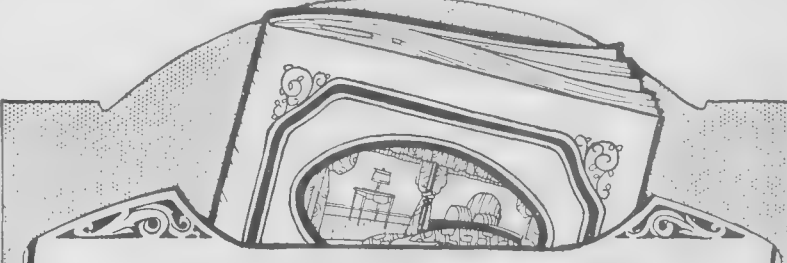
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57

MINARD'S

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LINIMENT

What Can I Get?

By Brainard Foote

(Courtesy Radio in the Home)

ARE you new in this radio game? Have you just bought your set and installed it? What did you expect to get out of the set, once you had it?

Most folks are led into radio by a combination of urges — among which might be mentioned hearing some one else's receiver, listening to a conversation among those already having sets, reading articles and advertisements in publications or viewing dealers' windows.

Some folks hope for education extension, but I believe most of us want entertainment—novelty—thrills—surprises. And although many claim to feel entirely satisfied to receive nearby stations altogether, few there are who do not some time experience the impulse to reach out beyond their own sphere of acquaintance. Even to hear the bare call letters from some far-off city tickles one's fancy, especially if there's a friend around to hear it too. It is not so much the actual enjoyment of long-distance receiving, but the mere potentiality of the thing.

I know a man who cared little about really tuning for weak stations, but who wanted to know and be able to tell his friends that he could hear St. Louis, Cuba, and so on, with his machine. The salesman had to go to this man's home and let him hear the announcements from three or four "DX" stations before he felt assured. And I doubt whether he ever bothered to get them again. He'd say, "Sure, this set will bring in anything this side of the Rockies, but what's the use? The best entertainment comes from New York anyway!"

But to others the "itch for distance" is more compelling. We want to listen to the local stations for our chief entertainment, but we do wish at times to set our dials for some unfamiliar station.

Now, it is impossible for anyone to predict just what one can get with any given radio set, regardless of its supposed sensitivity. "Coast-to-coast reception on a loud-speaker" cannot truthfully be claimed for ANY type of equipment unless we know in addition certain other facts upon which the receiving power of a set depends.

The chief factors controlling this receiver power are:

1. Location (in relation to cities, buildings, etc.)
2. Installation (aerial, tubes, batteries, etc.)
3. Type of set (sensitivity and selectivity.)
4. Skill of operation (time and dial settings for listening.)

In consideration of these factors it is not possible to state which is uppermost. Indeed, a skilled operator will often take the simplest sort of one-tube outfit and "log" or list sixty stations in an evening, whereas an unskilled operator may have a superheterodyne or five-tube receiver and get only two or three stations that are not classed as "locals" in the same night. Then again, the same man might use the same set erected in different locations and installed more or less efficiently and get widely varying results.

Therefore, we must think of all these things when we use the receiver. Seldom can we have everything perfect. The country lad, with ideal conditions so far as location is concerned, may not be able to afford the most sensitive outfit, while the city man with means can have a very sensitive receiver, but may have to get along with only an indoor aerial. However, it does surely pay to make all such conditions governing reception as favorable as possible. Of course, if you care nothing for distance reception, the requirements for good local results are far less rigid. But just now we are thinking of those who do care about longer range—and few of us don't!

This factor, of course, is usually beyond our control. The set goes where we happen to dwell, naturally. But it may be well to know what to expect. In cities, especially close to big steel buildings, bridges, power houses, gas tanks and other metallic structures, the radio set is at a disadvantage. Iron and steel structures that are higher and more extensive than one's aerial absorb a great deal of radio wave energy.

Such structures as are in a direct line with the distant station cause the most trouble; those in an opposite direction having little effect. Indeed, it has often been observed that large buildings have the power of reflecting radio waves somewhat.

Dwellers in suburbs have good locations, especially where there are not too many electric light and telephone wires overhead. If possible, the aerial should be higher than these wires. Where the buildings are largely of wood, brick or stone-and-stucco construction, conditions are good.

In the country conditions are even better, because of fewer metallic objects sticking up from the surrounding landscape. A loop receiver, which is supposed to function anywhere, may fail to operate well in a steel building because of the absorption of the waves by the building. It is often necessary to place the loop near a window in order that a location of least absorption may be found. In the cities, the loop does not always indicate the true direction of the station, on account of reflection and absorption.

In installation, we consider the aerial and accessory equipment like tubes and batteries. The ideal aerial is not too long, but fairly high. A good separation from nearby building walls and roofs is important. If possible, the aerial should all be one and the same piece of wire, from the end of the aerial all the way to the antenna binding post. The lead-in wire should preferably not come down alongside the building wall on porcelain insulators like a phone line, but be suspended about five or six feet out from the wall.

The ground connections should be good. Poor connections resist the passage of the currents set up by the passing waves and decrease the receiving range. They cause interference, too. The ground wire is attached, by a ground clamp, to the cold water pipe or radiator. It is a good idea to make connection with both. The galvanizing must be scraped cleanly off the pipe and the shiny wrought iron exposed before the clamp is screwed in place.

In locating a set in the house, it is best to put it in a direct line between the window at which the lead-in wire enters and the point where the ground wire is fastened. And the wires to the aerial and ground should be as short and direct as can be. While the ground wire may be a bare wire, nailed to the floor to hold it in place, the aerial wire should not be so fastened. It should not follow a devious route over the picture moldings and doorways, but should come to the set away from contact with the wall—a foot or so out if possible.

Tubes do vary a lot, and the purchaser should have them tested—not only by the "squeal" method which many dealers employ on their counters, but by actually being put in a receiving set where they will be tried as the detector and also as the radio frequency amplifier.

As to batteries, so long as the storage battery is made by a reputable concern and is new, the buyer is safe. "B" batteries should be tested with a voltmeter—the usual kind measuring 45 volts or slightly over. One makes a serious mistake in buying "B" batteries from some hardware dealer or druggist who keeps a few odds and ends of radio equipment on hand. The "B" batteries usually are pretty badly shelf-worn.

As to the type of set, the writer is treading on rather dangerous ground. It is impossible to state with truth that any particular model excels in receptive ability. Sets having no radio-frequency amplification, but using simply a detector and an audio-frequency amplifier—three tubes—have fair sensitivity under good conditions. As a rule, there is only one tuning dial, and consequently, it is comparatively easy to "tune in." Usually, it is possible to tune in stations more quickly on a set of this kind than any other where the dial adjustments are not known beforehand. It suffers from the fact that the selectivity is not especially

good—that is, stations interfere with each other to some extent except for strictly local receiving.

Sets having radio-frequency are more sensitive and selective, but somewhat harder to tune, as there are more dials. Lately, these multi-dial sets have been fitted with various types of connections which enable several units to be tuned by a single control.

There is the item of expense to be thought of, for sets having the most tubes naturally require the most current from the storage and "B" batteries. Battery eliminators are appearing to solve this problem. "B" eliminators are well worked out and reliable, but eliminators for the storage battery are more of a problem and should receive careful trials before a purchase. Suffice it to sum up this part of our talk by stating that most sets, fitted with good accessories and attached to a fairly good aerial, will respond to distant stations.

Here we come to a factor that is highly important—skill of operation. Few radio sets are so absurdly simple that "a child can operate" them, except for nearby stations. Only practice in tuning radio sets can bring that sense of touch and control that is so essential to setting the dial at the exact spot. For nearby stations it is easy. If dials are two or three degrees out of the way, it doesn't matter, the station is heard anyway.

The skill in dial "touch" acquired from practice is most essential to "DX" reception. The delicate control of the regeneration or "sensitivity" knob comes with use and not with printed explanations. And when one has mastered the control of his set, knows where and when to pick up new stations and tune for old ones again, has installed his set in as efficient a manner as he is able, the answers to the question "What'll I get?" become daily more numerous.

Amateur Wave Lengths Changed

FOLLOWING the request made by the assembled amateur radio enthusiasts at the American Radio Relay League convention, held some time ago at Montreal, the radio branch of the department of marine and fisheries have made a change in the wave lengths allotted to amateur experimental work. The wave length of 120 metres, used solely for trans-Canada relay operating, has been changed to 52.51. This may now be used for inter-empire relay work, as well. The very first night that this new assignment was in force, and with only brief preparatory changes, three Toronto amateurs were able to communicate on the new wave length direct with another amateur in Vancouver, an event heretofore impossible. Toronto and Vancouver have previously been in touch, but never have three experimenters got through on the same night. Messrs. E. Thompson, 3FC; A. H. K. Russell, 9AL, and Canadian manager of the American Radio Relay League; and L. Mitchell, 3AZ, were the Toronto participants, while Mr. W. J. Rowan, 5GIF, held up the Vancouver end.

Growth of the Radio Club of Argentina is indicative of the advance made by the science in that country. Formed in 1921, with a membership of 100, it now occupies a floor in one of the principal buildings of Buenos Ayres, where it has a library, laboratory, broadcasting studio, lecture hall and offices, and the membership totals well over 1,000. It enjoys the sanction of the government to act in the name of its members and fulfill all operations permitted by law. The only organization of this type in the country to have this authority, it is highly respected and an important institution. At present it is busy preparing for a round-the-world relay of the southern hemisphere. Joint co-operation between the club and the leading newspaper of Buenos Ayres, "La Nacion," is arresting wide interest in this test, and since the relay will be radio-telegraphic, and not radio-telephonic, many members are at present engaged in learning the international Morse code. Radio telephony is more widely used in Argentina than in any other country for station-to-station messages, it being but recently that radio-telegraphy has taken hold.

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WHEN you ask for a "Hot Shot" Battery it will pay you to make sure you get one. Any group of dry cells connected in a package is not a Hot Shot. "Hot Shot" is a trade-marked name and is only genuine when coupled with Eveready Columbia. Hot Shots come in three sizes, containing 4, 5 or 6 cells, giving 6, 7½ or 9 volts, in a neat, durable, water-proof, steel case with convenient carrying handle. Every one is labelled "Eveready Columbia Hot Shot." Experienced battery men prefer these batteries because of their superior service—they last longer. It will pay every dry battery user who needs 6, 7½ or 9 volts to ask for "Hot Shots" and to make sure of getting them. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

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Wherever one cell power or two or more are required the user will find this dry battery the longest-lived, most dependable and economical under constant or intermittent use. There is an Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dealer within easy reach of every user.



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Test for yourself the merits of "Ovaltine". We will gladly send you a generous sample on receipt of 5c to cover postage and packing. Write to Dept. 3 A. Wander Limited, 455 King St. West, Toronto.

101

February Ushers in Early Spring Fashions

RICH materials and variety in decorative effects are features of many new frocks. Long bodice lines are shown in both one piece and jumper dresses. For afternoon wear the two-piece jumper suit is effectively developed in checked light-weight woollens, satin, crepe and taffeta.

Pin tucks are much in evidence as trimming.

Metal cloth is used extensively for daytime dresses, and blouses.

Plaid and plain material combines well for jumper styles. One may have the blouse of plain material with collar, cuffs and vestee of the plaid, and plaid for the skirt also.

As the season advances the princess styles fitted to the figure are becoming more popular. A dress of this style requires little trimming. In satin or taffeta a lingerie collar and cuffs will form a becoming decoration.

The silhouette with long waist lines and ample lower flare is youthful and becoming to slender figures. A very smart model on this order was made of crepe back satin and with a panel and collar and cuffs of metal cloth.

Velvet is used for wraps of all kinds. It is elegant when combined with brocade and fur.

Wool rep will make an interesting utility coat. Krimmer fur is good for trimming such a model.

Velvet and chiffon combine to make a charming evening dress. The skirt is in petal effect in alternate chiffon and velvet petals.

Changeable moire was used for an afternoon coat, cut on straight lines with flares below the hips, effected by inserts of velvet. The inserts are repeated on the sleeves. A high collar and broken bands of fur on sleeves and hem form the decoration.

Chiffon and georgette in all-over beaded effects are shown for evening dresses. Bands of ostrich and a chiffon scarf supply the trimming.

Lace is used lavishly in every conceivable way on blouses and frocks.

One-piece dresses are still in great favor. They are the best for traveling, for business and shopping. Some new models are shown in broad cloth, taffeta and moire.

Soulache braid forms a very becoming trimming on a simple jumper dress of wool jersey. This model has a tie collar and coat closing on the blouse, and a skirt cut with circular lines. Cashmere with border effects is also pleasing for jumper models.

Printed silk, combined with plain silk or satin, is in vogue for frocks for Southern wear.

Detachable collar and cuff sets are shown in washable faille; they are decorated with stitching. A pretty jabot with matched collar and cuffs maybe developed in chiffon with hem stitching or faggot stitching for a finish.

Pointed outlines are seen on many new frocks. The uneven hem line so much in evidence portends the lengthening of skirts in the near or distant future. Scallops are in evidence in many ways; as hem edges, on collar and sleeves.

Never were sleeves more attractive. We have the long fitted tailored sleeve with or without its small cuff, or finished with a plaited wrist frill. This style is good for woollens and crepe back satin.

The sleeve showing fullness below the elbow is new and modish. It may be braided or embroidered in contrasting colors. The sleeve in pouch style is graceful and attractive for afternoon dresses. It may have insets of lace and ornamental stitching. A long slim fitted sleeve, good for faille silk or velvet, may be trimmed with a decorative band and fancy buttons.

Lace and velvet may be combined in an afternoon dress for a miss of 14 years. The lace may be used for the sleeves, and to edge a flaring capelet.

New novelty striped silks are used for daytime frocks.

Frocks for little girls of 8 to 12 years are pleasingly developed in velvet. Appliqued flowers of velvet and a sash of the material are effective trimmings.

5192. Charmeen, kasha, taffeta, crepe or linen would be appropriate for this model. The closing is at the centre front, under the jabot which may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 yards of 54 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5330. Broadcloth with moire for trimming is here shown. This style is also attractive in faille, satin, kasha or fine serge. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 44 inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require 4 yards of 40 inch material and ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar facing and for overlap. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5349. Serge, wool mixtures and corduroy may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 2½ yards of 54 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5350. The jumper or two piece blouse dress is most popular and is shown here attractively in velveteen. It may also be developed in jersey, wool rep, balbriggan or faille. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 2¾ yards of 54 inch material and ¾ yard of contrasting material for the tie, and for facings on collar and turnover. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5096. This jaunty sailor model may be made of linen, pongee, rep or flannel. Braid trimming or stitching will be a suitable finish. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5333. Flannel, quilted satin, eiderdown or blanket cloth could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material and ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and pockets. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



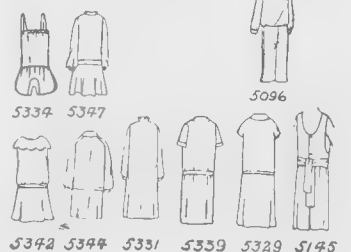
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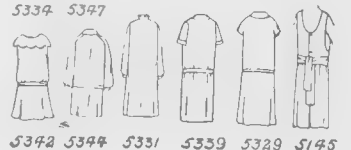
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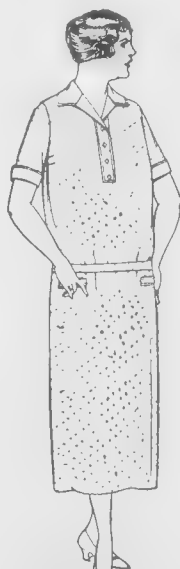
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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.



4714. This style may be finished with shaped shoulders or a camisole top, and straight or knicker leg portions. Muslin, cambric, crepe, sateen, flannelette or crepe de chine may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5342. Crepe de chine, voile or chiffon would be appropriate for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2 yards of 32 inch material. Val lace or tiny frills of self material would form a pleasing trimming. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5352. Striped flannel and plain flannel are here combined. This is a good style for balbriggan, satin or linen. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40 inch striped material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plain material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5344. One could use wool rep for this style or velveteen, balbriggan or jersey. The blouse has the new epaulette sleeve. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Braid or binding in a contrasting color will form an effective trimming. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5343. Percalé, gingham, wool crepe or flannel could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch material, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for band cuffs, and facings on collar and belt portions. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5329. Satin and crepe or serge and satin will combine attractive for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this design for a 38 inch size as shown in the large view will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch crepe or serge, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of satin for panel and collar facing cut crosswise. If made without: the long sleeve portions $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the crepe or serge are required. The width of the dress at the foot is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5334. This model is a combination of vest and drawers. The drawers portions are reinforced at the inner leg seams. Nainsook, cambric, crepe or crepe de chine could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5340. Here is practical model in "slip on" style. It will not shift out of place or slip from the shoulders. Gingham, chambray, linen or unbleached muslin may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5347. Crepe de chine with embroidery is here shown. This is a good model for velveteen, wool rep or jersey. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5331. Wool jersey, flannel, plaid suiting, kasha and faille could be used for this design. The closing is at the left shoulder. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5145. This style is good in lawn, gingham, percale or cretonne. It may be trimmed with bias banding, rick rack braid or edging and finished with or without a sash. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5339. Percalé, gingham or linen also tub silk or rep could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42 inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide if made of one material. If made as illustrated, in the large view, it will require 4 yards of one material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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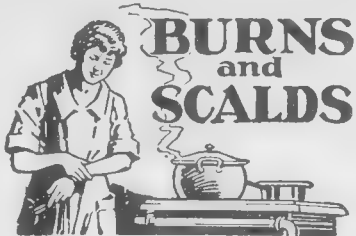
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The Shadow of Woodchuck Hill

Continued from page 12

community at large; to her self-sacrificing efforts for her country when North and South locked in their terrible struggle. He recalled days when the "spotted fever" raged, and she, without thought of personal peril, went from home to home, caring for the dead and dying. He referred the editor to the old files of his own paper for accounts of her generous hospitality; for the lavish hand with which her means had been spent to bring joy to little children, to orphans and cripples, and to the aged. He touched lightly upon the charm and lovability of Sam Strong and the misfortunes that claimed him for their own.

Then lastly he described the gold watch with its long, yellow chain of heavy links. The hunting case watch with its yellow-white dial with the inlaid wreath upon it, was the one that Sam had brought to her when their first child was born—the little daughter the brightness of whose life was snuffed out in the miniature lake in their own small sunken garden. Wealth was theirs now, and Sam had been bound up in the second child—a son, who had been given every advantage, and whose pampered years scarcely prepared him for the sudden exit from a too-rapid life.

It hurt Grandad Matthews to tell about the cameos with the bordering pearls, but the old man blew his nose lustily, called himself an old fool for having any sentiment about mere gewgaws, and wrote on.

The letter was finished, the envelope addressed, and the last stamp that Grandad had, fastened meticulously and squarely in the proper spot.

He hobbled back out into the ward and the odor of Irish stew met him, but now he didn't notice it. He must find someone who would mail the letter right away. When hearts began to flutter, and old eyes to be persistently sleepless, one could never tell . . .

GRANDAD didn't expect an answer to his letter, and he was not disappointed, but a week later, he had a visitor. It was the editor of the Birdville Clarion, and with him was a lovely young girl. It was the editor's daughter just home from college for her Christmas vacation.

"I read the letter you wrote my father," she exclaimed with gentle eagerness, "and I have made up my mind that old Mrs. Strong shall not be buried on Woodchuck Hill. Why, it is unthinkable, and—and if she'll let me see the jewelry, and trust me to take it with me, I'll see what I can do."

Grandad thought he had never seen anyone except Alameda in her youth who was lovelier than the vision of youth before him. He bowed with the courtliness typical of a gentleman of the old school.

"You are as good," he remarked gravely, "as you are charming. Pardon me and I will ask Mrs. Strong to come herself and to bring her treasures."

At first, Alameda couldn't understand, for suddenly Grandad Matthews became incoherent. He was almost shamefaced to confess that he had written to a stranger about her and Woodchuck Hill. But at last he made it all clear, and then she nodded soberly. With her face just a little paler than usual, but with a brave little smile on her lips, she went to her bare, rather cold, but clean, little bedroom, and drew a small, shabby leather jewel case from underneath her mattress. She pressed the tiny spring, and for a moment gazed upon the warm gleams within. A quiver, as of pain, shook her slight little body, as delicately fine even in age, as the cameos themselves. Then she turned bravely away, and the color

came back slowly to her lips as she went down the bare, freshly scrubbed steps.

She was face to face with the editor's daughter.

"You are just such a girl," she murmured tenderly, "as I think my own little one might have been, had—had she been permitted to remain with us. Here are the only jewels I have left to show you."

Once more she touched the spring of the shabby jewel case, and looked brightly into the face of the editor's daughter.

Half an hour later, the young lady was tucked into the luxurious car by her doting father, and in the pocket of her fur coat she carried the shabby jewel case.

"Father," she said firmly, "that wonderful, little old lady shall never be buried on Woodchuck Hill if I have to stand on the street corner and peddle peanuts—and I've another scheme in my head, too, but I'll not tell you what it is."

"If you've a scheme there," her father retorted, "you'll put it across—never knew you to fail, you minx, but you better tell me what it is and let me help you out."

For the next week the editor's daughter was very, very busy. She had to be to sell her idea, for the time was coming quickly at the end of the week when she must go back to classroom and preceptors. So it came about that on the very last day before she left, the big car stopped once more in front of the County House, and the editor's daughter, clad in her warm, squirrel coat, ran blithely up the "Poor House" steps.

The superintendent of the institution greeted her courteously. Yes, indeed, he was sure Mrs. Strong and Grandad Matthews would be glad to see her. Her coming before had been an event in their lives.

The editor's daughter greeted the dainty, little old lady whose queenly poise charmed her anew. Grandad stood just behind, frowning but anxious. He was quite dignified and prepared to defend his original stand that the people of Birdville should not allow Alameda Strong to suffer ignominy in the matter of her last resting place. The editor stood back by the door, seemingly not taking any part in the transaction, but his eyes belied such an assumption. His daughter frankly took Alameda's hands in her own.

"Mrs. Strong," she said with a smiling deference that somehow softened Grandad's armor, "I'm the fortunate bearer of a sum of money for you, and I may explain," she added, turning to Grandad, "for Mr. Matthews also. Good friends in Birdville were simply wild over that wonderful watch and chain of yours and your beautiful cameo set. They brought a substantial sum of money."

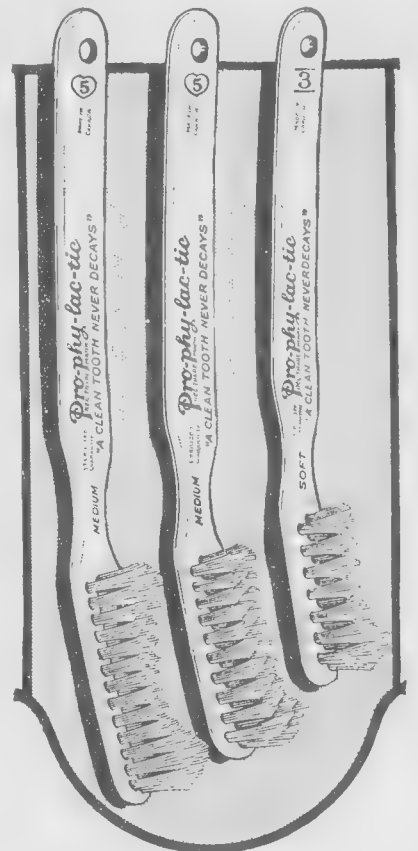
"Then these good friends told their friends, they wanted a share in it too, and—and—well," beamed the editor's daughter, "to make a long story short, a lot in beautiful Mount Eden has been deeded to you both, and I have money enough here to provide for the removal of Mr. Strong to this plot. It is the wish of your Birdville friends that Mr. Matthews will rest here also. The money will be sufficient for a slender shaft of granite which is to bear the three names."

Alameda Strong's face was shining, and tears of happiness were rolling down her cheeks. Back of her stood Grandad Matthews, and in his eyes was the light of a great joy.

Never again would bare, clean floor and Irish stew matter in the least! They were only incidents on the way.

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**Dr. CHASE'S
OINTMENT**

Legal Information

Continued from page 25

sideration and without notice of insolvency. If the conveyance was made more than three months ago it may be attacked if you can establish that it was made with the intent to defraud or delay creditors. Any transfer of property to the wife or near relatives of the debtor will be closely scrutinized. If, however, the conveyance is made some time before the debt was incurred it would be almost impossible to attack the transaction.

Regina, Sask.—(Q) I supplied uniforms to a baseball team near here last summer. They only made me a small payment. The secretary says that they cannot pay me any more until next summer. He says that I cannot collect as they have no money. Can they do that?—Merchant.

(A) Every member of a club is liable for the full amount of all debts contracted on behalf of the club by its duly authorized agents. If any member of the club was authorized by the club or its executive to purchase uniforms from you, then you can sue every member of the club for your account. You can issue a writ immediately and without waiting until the club is in funds of its own.

Minnedosa, Man.—(Q). How long would it take me to foreclose a mortgage and get title in my name? Could I get it in time to start farming this spring? Anxious.

(A). It will take from four to six months to foreclose the title. The length of time depends on the difficulty of making service on interested parties and also whether the title is Old System or Torrens Title. You can take possession of the land as soon as you like if the mortgagor and those claiming under him have abandoned the farm.

Cleaning the Street Lights

A SPECIAL peace correspondent of the Sunset Magazine relates in that periodical an amusing experience that he had while in Paris. He was walking through an unfamiliar part of the city one day and had stopped to rest beside a lamp-post when a little man who carried a pail of water and a scrubbing brush came along. He set down the pail and touched his hat to me, writes the correspondent. "Pardon, monsieur!" he said.

"Bon jour, monsieur!" I replied.

"Pardon, monsieur!" he repeated. "I must be about my work."

"Well, go ahead!" I said, laughing. "Who's stopping you?"

"If monsieur insists—" he said with a shrug of the shoulders that ought to have led me to believe that he had an unpleasant duty to perform. Then he dipped the scrubbing brush into the pail of soapy water and began to wash off the bottom of the lamp-post. It was perfectly obvious to any thinking person that he had been sent out to clean the street lights, but he was washing them at the bottom instead of at the top!

He scrubbed the post thoroughly for about three feet from the ground, and then he picked up his bucket and started on.

"Hey, monsieur!" I called feebly, for I was almost helpless from laughter. "Wait a minute!"

"Monsieur?" he said as he stopped and waited with great respect.

"How long have you been on this job?" I asked.

"Job? What is job?"

"Work," I explained; "washing these lamp-posts. You're a new man, aren't you?"

"New man? What is that?"

"I mean you're new on the job," I began, and then when I saw he was not catching my meaning I asked, "How long have you been doing this work?"

"Six years, monsieur."

"And have you been washing the bottoms of the lamp-posts for six years and never once cleaned the glass at the top?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And in all that time has nobody ever told you that you were doing the thing all wrong?"

"No, monsieur."

And with that he picked up his bucket and trudged off down the street to the next lamp-post.



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HOW IT HAPPENED

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid,' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT

These statements may seem strange to some folk, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned the true cause and how to get rid of his rheumatism, neuritis and other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of the Western Home Monthly wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, Ph.D., 40-D Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now! You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

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Most people who suffer, either occasionally or chronically from gas, sourness and indigestion, have now discontinued disagreeable diets, patent foods and the use of harmful drugs, stomach tonics, medicines and artificial digestents, and instead, following the advice so often given in these columns, take a teaspoonful or two tablets of Bisurated Magnesia in a little water after meals with the result that their stomach no longer troubles them, they are able to eat as they please and they enjoy much better health. Those who use Bisurated Magnesia never dread the approach of meal time because they know this wonderful anti-acid and food corrective, which can be obtained from any good drug store, will instantly neutralize the stomach acidity, sweeten the stomach, prevent food fermentation, and without the slightest pain or discomfort. Try this plan yourself, but be certain to get pure Bisurated Magnesia especially prepared for stomach use.

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That Rugged Island Province, Cape Breton

Continued from page 19

the night we have lain and heard the cars of inquisitive travellers stop or slow down and have had them search us with their lights. Only a threat could move me out of my comfortable couch, and "Laddie"—say! he is the Seven Sleepers rolled into one. Once, when a drunken man stopped and said "I been fined three times for selling booze—what's you fellers doin' here? Themuggers are coming up to see you tonight,"—and off he clattered in his old creaking buggy. I awoke Laddie—for it did give me cause to think. The night was dark, we were then parked right on the top of a cliff overlooking the Gulf of St. Lawrence—a shove and "The Wandering Naturalist's" work was over. Did Laddie keep awake? He did not. I'll wager if those rum-runners had come within hearing of that awful rumble and groan and gurgle which he calls sleeping, they would have driven back in alarm. Morning broke over the blue glittering gulf, over the sandy road and the long green coach—and I fell asleep—tired with my vigil.

four miles off shore. Other wee looking white fishing boats careened over the sparkling waters, "put-putting" away for dear life to the distant nets.

Below us, right out from the shore, like the strands of a mighty web, went the shore anchor lines of the salmon nets, which ran from the shallow water of the shoreline out into ten fathoms. The net, a six inch mesh, hung down into ten fathoms at the outer end where the "snare" or "parlour" was. The salmon, coming in from the sea, strike the shore and swim out along "the lead" until they meet the snare. This they enter and cannot back out.

A fisherman called for Laddie, and I watched them push the big fishing boat into the water and row out to a net that lay right in front of me in the sparkle of the sun's rays. I watched the fisherman as he crawled up and lay out over the bow and caught the lead line and passed the boat along to the snare. Through the glasses I could see the salmon plunging about beneath him. Down went his arms



A three-master off Arichat, Cape Breton

If any tourist takes the Cape Breton trip I advise him to come to the Margaree in August and to fish for salmon at The Forks. We lived in a happy French hotel—Chiasson's near the Forks, and the scenes of the blue Margaree glittering in its ribbonlike path through the lush green savannahs with many a dark figure casting from its low banks and the struggling, straining salmon breaking on the end of the long line. The "seatrout" (brook trout coming back from the sea) run in June and July best. Some excellent sport was ours along the banks of both branches of the Sou'west and the Nor'east Margaree and there is a fine Hatchery far up towards the "Great Intervale" where the Caribou Barrens are.

I am a long while getting to the scenes that really brought us here. The salmon in the Gulf and the men taking them.

It was nightfall over the great Gulf as we made our campfire far up on the top of the giant cliffs above where the seas burrow in and roar as they tear away the friable rock. Far out over the rolling, tossing masses, just blurring on the skyline like a black ribbon, lay the smoke from some great passenger steamer going up "The Gulf." Far distant Prince Edward Island and the little busy fishing islands, the Magdalens, were lost below the horizon line. The lights gleamed on Grand Etang, Margaree Island and far off Cheticamp. From the next wee bay eastward, Pleasant Cove, the dog-teams in winter start off for Cape North and its straggling settlers' homes. There are no roads there, only dog-team trails, in this land of the barrens and the caribou. 1927 may see a road up about Cape North but until it does the dog-team is the only connection in the fall and winter months those lonely settlers have.

When we awoke in the morning the rising sun was playing its beams over the Gulf. A spattering light came from a gleaming white sail of a trawler which was bound out to "haul his trawls" some

he was not emitting those fearsome yells of "Free Press—Tri—bune," he was eating. Girls and men passing in motors are nibbling; children eat on the street-cars; and persons leaving Eaton's candy counters as a rule sample the candy as they go.

The matron in the home is not exempt: after lunch she arrays the kiddies in their best and they depart for a friendly visit where they are served afternoon tea. Afternoon tea! Humph! An afternoon meal! Cheese filled sandwiches, olives, brown bread and butter, devil's food cake, coconut macaroons, ice cream, or jelly and whipped cream, chocolates, and even salted almonds. All this while the medical men patiently write columns in the newspapers and magazines cautioning us against eating between meals. After this repast, mother hurries home and cooks dinner for daddy (sometimes it is a very late dinner, also) and, though only a woman, she can often eat the meal with him, yet it is a well known fact that when you try to get three quarts of food or liquid into a container which only holds two quarts, something has to go.

Is it small wonder that in the evening when the mother could do some brain work after the dishes are done, she feels a drowsiness stealing over her which lures her to bed too early with good books unread, and music neglected? Our dominion has a great many young people who do not understand religion or try to, and they don't realize wrong eating and too much eating deadens and dulls the soul so it cannot perceive the truths of religion. There is a direct connection between the old time monks' fasting and their spiritual life. We need more of the same in our Canada. To be hospitable we feel we must put on the kettle and drink and be merry and the custom has come to be, "Put on the kettle and be gorged." It is such a common custom that we don't realize how seriously it affects us. One hates to turn down the hostess's attempt to be hospitable, and yet one's spirits are correspondingly lighter when we do and our conversation of weightier import.

Some of the finest moments in our lives come when our stomachs are empty and we rise to noble heights often when we haven't had time for food for hours. At such moments of entire satisfaction with our inner souls we wish we could enjoy many such noble attainments, then we are invited out to dinner and we gorge and the dreams fly away and we wonder how we got that way the other day.

All that we need to do is to quietly refrain from the dainties when they are passed, such a small action and yet so hard when one loves these dainties. And we could serve less at our own repasts and give our finer sensibilities a chance to appear; then our stomachs would not crowd out our souls, our bodies would be controlled and power would be ours for many activities.

The Good Book says: "The Kingdom of God is Within You," why smother it then with food?

THE GOLDEN CARNIVAL

By Evelyn Gowan Murphy.

There is no sight more fair to see

Than poplars in the fall.
Standing in slender, white-limbed ranks,
They grow so straight and tall,
With a glory of glowing, minted gold,
Crowning them, one and all.

So proudly they toss their tawny heads.

As they bask in their place in the sun.
'Tis as though King Midas, himself, had touched

Their foliage, missing none,
Till the vistas unfold like a cloth of gold,
And the wizard's work is done.

But soon the golden spell is rent,

For the winds sweep up in play,
And loosen each quivering amber flake,
That in falling, a minted mosaic make;
A shroud that is fashioned on Nature's loom

To cover the traces of summer's bloom,
That now has passed away.

No matter how good the book, it can't do all the work. To reap from its sowing you must do more than merely read it.

If we really could see ourselves as others see us—well, we should not believe our own eyes!

Food for the Stomach

vs

Food for the Soul!

IT is as impossible for a gorged man or woman to enter into and appreciate the Kingdom of God, yea, and all the finer elements of the Spirit, as it is for an infant to enjoy a newspaper. We eat too much as a nation and we eat when we do not need to. Who can enjoy a sermon to its uttermost spiritual zenith when a heavy meal is fighting to be digested.

Everywhere in the city one sees people eating! Did you ever notice the boys hanging around drug stores—they drink sodas, eat ice cream, nut bars, nuts, etc. The paper boys eat chocolate bars between yells (I watched one for ten minutes one day outside of Eaton's, and every minute

The Tightwad

Continued from page 13

into Revelstoke at four in the afternoon, and turning Five-forty-three over to the roundhouse hostler, strolled across to the yard office to see his one intimate friend in Revelstoke, Dick Glenn, the clerk in charge. Glenn did not share the popular dislike of Lane, and they spent much of their spare time together.

They talked briefly, then Lane went on to McCarty's to wash and change his clothes. When he returned, Glenn was putting on his coat.

"I'm going after the mail," he said. "Better come along, Jim. Ought to be sorted by now."

At the post office Glenn got his letters.

"Anything for me, Harry?" It was the engineer's little joke. Lane had no living relatives so far as was known and he never got any mail—at least in Revelstoke.

"Why yes, there is mail for you, Jim," said the postmaster. "I'd almost forgotten it. Came several days ago."

He reached over the delivery wicket for a sheaf of letters, shuffled it and handed one to Lane. The engineer glanced at the superscription.

"Can't be for me, Harry," he said. "I don't know anybody in Texas." He handed it back.

The postmaster looked at it again.

"It must be," he said. "Address is plain enough. There's no other engineer name of Lane running out of Revelstoke. Open it and see, anyhow."

Lane took the letter. On the upper left-hand corner was printed the name of a law firm and the town in Texas from which it had been sent. He opened it, ran his eye down a paragraph or two, replaced it in the envelope and put it in his pocket.

"It's for me, all right," he said.

Supertime was still some way off when they returned to the yard office and Lane sat down, pulled the letter out of his pocket and read it slowly. Then he tossed it over to Glenn.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

Glenn picked it up and read:

"Carroll, Texas, July 25, 1921.

"Mr. James Lane,
Locomotive Engineer,
Revelstoke, B.C., Canada.

"Dear Sir:

"The undersigned are the legal representatives of the late Mr. Charles Dugal, who was killed in a railway accident at Pineknott, east of here, on the 15th instant, and are now engaged in settling the estate.

"You may not be acquainted with the facts, and as a friend of the deceased gentleman you will be pained to learn that this unfortunate occurrence may be laid at the door of the treasurer of the company of which Mr. Dugal and his wife, Miss Carruthers, were the leading members. The said treasurer had absconded with the funds of the company, leaving the troupe stranded, and Mr. Dugal was making his way west to rejoin his wife, who had gone on to Houston with their infant son, when the freight on which he was riding collided with an east-bound train, with the distressing result we have indicated.

"Among the effects of the deceased we find an insurance policy in the Mutual Life of Texas, in which you are named beneficiary. The company has paid the money to our firm, and if you will forward the customary documents proving your identity we will be pleased to remit our check for the amount. The policy was for five thousand dollars (\$5000.00).

"Yours very truly,

"Matthewson & Bright."

Continued on page 46



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THE MARCH ISSUE

This issue will be essentially a Spring number. We will present articles on "Preservation of Home and Furnishings," "The Home Beautiful" and "The Spring Renovation." It will be thoroughly inviting, and will carry a number of suggestions that should be welcomed by the housewife at this time of the year.

Isn't this a pretty hat?

I don't think I ever looked so well dressed as since I have been buying my clothes and hats from Hallam, direct by mail. I get better value and save money.

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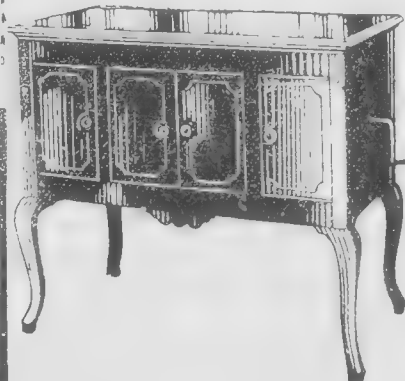


Joseph Coté,
Ontario Piano & Music Co., Ltd.,
Box 213, West Toronto, Dept. K.

Please send me, free, full information and prices on Phonograph Bargains.

Name

Address



The Tightwad

Continued from page 45

Glenn handed the letter back.

"Well, Jim, I don't know what's behind this, of course, but going it blind I'd say you were in luck. Five thousand dollars! Some money!"

"It sure jolted me hard," remarked Lane. He was silent a moment. "I've never told you about Dugal, have I? I'll tell you now:

"You'll remember the little girl that got off my train one day a year ago and put up for a week at McCarty's, and the young fellow she was waiting for? That was Dugal, and the little lady was his wife. I ran across him up around Rogers Pass. He was broke and working his way west to join his wife, here. He told me the story. It was just such another case like these law people tell about. They'd belonged to a theatrical troupe. Business had been slow, and the manager skipped with what cash they had and left 'em up against it. Dugal had a few dollars—enough to pay his wife's fare as far as Revelstoke and a little over—and he put her on the train, telling her he'd follow. He was hitting the ties when I picked him up. Coming into Revelstoke, I told him, he'd have to take the tender for it so's the officials wouldn't see him, and jump at the semaphore when we slowed down and walk in. That's how the little woman missed him; he was a few minutes behind the passengers.

"That night Dugal and me talked things over. He wanted to know if I thought they could get up a little show—throw around a few bills and take in enough maybe to carry 'em on down to the coast; said they could make it from there all right and there was an engagement waiting for 'em any time in Frisco. I told him I'd think it over and let him know next day.

"Well, I got after the superintendent and worked him for passes to Vancouver for both; told him I wasn't goin' any place this year and wouldn't want mine—to let 'em have 'em, and off they went, happy as a pair of young turtle doves, on the afternoon train that day. I slipped Dugal a little cash as they were pulling out, and it was sure a pleasure to do it. Say, you never saw anybody so appreciative! The little lady's eyes was sure misty, and Dugal's wasn't much better.

"You're going to get this back," says he, squeezing my hand hard. "I don't know when, but you are."

"You're talkin' in your sleep," says I. "Forget it!" And I meant just that. I didn't want the money. But somehow I felt all along that he wouldn't take me at my word and would send it just the same.

"Well, away they went. I can see 'em yet—waving their hands and the little lady kissing her pretty fingers back at me from the rear platform where they stood, with the dark green mountains piled like scenes in a play behind them, till they passed out o' sight around the first bend down the river. I—I guess I kind of envied 'em—so happy, so much in love with each other! Anybody could see it. She was like something out o' one of them pictures the big artists paint—all light and color, and, and—you know, Dick; sort of sinks into you, don't you think?"

The majesty of the eternal spires fronting them was mirrored in Lane's grey eyes, but they did not see it. He was looking through and far beyond the mighty peaks; and in the faint smile that touched his rugged features, making them almost handsome, Glenn caught, he fancied, the wraith of an immense wistfulness. It was as though something hidden, something in the dark, had been half-revealed in a sudden burst of dazzling light.

"Well, Jim," he said slowly, after a moment, "you know the old precept about casting bread upon the waters. It seems to have come back to you, all right."

Lane was thoughtful and silent. "Dick, I think I'll answer that lawyer letter right now," he said at length. "Got a pen and some paper that ain't workin'? We'll be late for supper, but Mrs. McCarty's a good old girl. She won't mind. She'll get us a bite."

Writing was for Jim Lane a fearsome ordeal. He labored for a long twenty minutes with his letter. When it was finished he read it over and then handed it to Glenn.

"How'll that do?" he said.

The orthography and grammar might have been open to criticism, but as to the meaning there could be no question. It ran:

"Revelstoke, B.C., Aug. 10, 1921.
"Matthewson & Bright,
Carroll, Tex.

"Dear Sirs:

"That letter of yours regards to insurance money you say Mr. Charles Dugal left to me sure shoves me out on a spur. I'm mighty sorry about what you tell me. Wished you'd kindly state same to Mrs. D. for me. And say please add to Mrs. D. for me that Mr. D. was a gentleman sames shes a lady and never owed me nothing. Not a bean. You tell her that 5000\$ is hers evry sent and nobody elses. And whatever the law charges is send the Bill to Jim Lane. That little lady aint going to spend a red soo to get these affairs of her deceased husband squared away. Get that strate. Tomorrow them dockaments you mention and likewise transfur papers will be fixed up and sent along in this letter. That's all for now.

"Yours truly,

"James Lane.

"Tell the little lady Mr. D. was a white man and she's got all Jim Lane's sympathy."

Glenn put the letter down. He reached out and grasped Lane's calloused hand. There are moments when, between friends, speech is sacrilege, or something near it.

Lane spoke:

"I may as well tell you all of it, while I've got my tongue oiled all the way from the roots out and running smooth. I've never said anything about it, even to you, but I had a brother once—Sam. He had a youngster—mother died when she was born—and one day when she was four years old, Sam disappeared. Never did know what happened Sam—not to this day. I had to take the kid. Not that I didn't want to. I did. Brought her up; educated her. She's in Paris, now; been there four years, studyin' singing. She was always like that; great talent they told me she had. She'll finish next year, and they say she'll be a wonder. I'm glad."

He paused a moment:

"You know, Dick, they think around here Jim Lane's lousy with money. That's a mistake. It's cost me a lot, but I don't grudge it. After I get my weekly ration of Spearmint—that little purchase that has the picture-show backed down a hole when it comes to furnishin' entertainment for the boys—he smiled rather feebly—"and a new suit of overalls every so often, I don't have much left. Well, it's a hell of a lot better than pilin' up money you got no use for. But don't think I mind—about the boys," he added hastily. "My, no! There's no better anywhere; they don't make 'em. I don't want to hear anybody open his yap again' 'em; that is, unless he's lookin' for trouble. And I sure enjoy my gum!

"Now, as to that insurance cash, that little lady needs it a hanged-sight worse than I do. You know, Dick, I never had a chance at an education—'strong in the back and weak in the head'; that's me, I guess, Jim Lane. Poor little soul! . . . Well, I reckon we'd best wheel over and interview Mrs. McCarty regardin' that little bite."

"Who'd 'a' thought of old Jim Lane?" commented Blondy Thomas over his whisky at the bar of the Occidental one night a week later. The story had got round among the boys, as such things have a fashion of doing, nobody seemed to know just how. Miss Jenny Calhoun, the stenographer in the local law office, could possibly have accounted for part of it. But the other, Lane's financial footing—if you had

known what cronies Miss Calhoun and Dick Glenn were, you might have made a guess without being very far wrong.

"I'm goin' to feel myself gettin' red around the gills like a lovesick school-girl whenever I look at Jim Lane from this on," said Bill Adams. "I've sure learned something. Good old Jim!"

The night operator raised his glass and studied its contents critically through the light over the bar.

"Say, fellows," he said disgustedly at length, "we're a bunch of bums!"

Bill Adams was jiggling the liquor in his glass to mix it with the water.

"Why, Thaddeus Christopher Wren," he observed presently, "I shouldn't wonder if you weren't damned near right."

FREE 10-Day
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Putting Away the Household Linens

Continued from page 16

to the location of such commodities, and many people go so far as to tie a string over the corks of bottles that contain anything dangerous, or drive a nail through the cork—anything that will cause a careless or absent-minded person to stop, look and carefully consider before withdrawing the cork.

Of course, if it happens that there is space for only one such cupboard, then it must be divided between the medicines, linens, etc. I would still advo-

cate two or three narrow shelves—I mean, in this instance, narrow front to back—for small bottles and boxes, with the deep shelves for the linens below. Where such space-saving plan is necessary, however, by all means have one deep protective shelf above the top linen tray, and cover it with a square of white oilcloth; this will make a convenient little work shelf, and will also protect the linens below from the spills which are sooner or later inevitable.

Mitsky

Continued from page 18

We were all alone for a time in our car, and it was just as well for Margie was sick, just like I was when I took the salty water medicine. Master had a big piece of glass and he had a time with it on that bumpy road. I was fine, for either Margie or Master held me all the time and saved me the worst bumpings.

Master spoils me, too, only I don't want him to know that I know for fear he might stop and I like it.

Later some Chinese men got in, and poor Margie had to leave the window where the air was good, but we soon ran into another station-yard, where we got out.

There was no one here to meet us either—but soon two strange men came up and told us they were our servants, and took care of our baggage for us. I liked their looks, and I am sure they will be good to me.

Margie took me in her arms and we walked a long way over green fields to a big stone house. It is between two other

stone buildings. One, they say, is a "hospital," whatever that is, and the other is a house like ours for people to live in, and there is a big stone wall around the three of them.

The people next door are very nice, only they have two dogs that don't like me and growl at me. That is because I am pure bred, and they are not nearly, and are jealous of me, so I just feel sorry for them and wag my tail to show them I feel sorry for them.

We have been living at home a long time, and I am four months old now. I like this place the family calls "Home," and I may bark all day long if I happen to want to. There are great big yards for me to race in, and in the garden are little hills where potatoes are planted that make dandy places to jump over.

Margie says I'm growing like a weed. They throw weeds in the garden away. I've seen them do it. But they won't throw me away. They love me.

And oh, it's nice to be home at last.

St. Valentine's Day Customs

Continued from page 29

to the dissolution of the monasteries, it was accounted the most wealthy prebend in the Principality.

Dwynwen of course possessed a Holy Well which, long after the disappearance of her image and the suppression of the abbey, was the resort of eager enquirers who hoped to discover their future destiny by such signs as the movement of the water and the leaping of fish; and we find that the unrivaled collector of Welsh folklore, Wirt Sikes, recorded even in the latter part of the last century, "It is still frequented by young women of that part of the country when suffering from woes inflicted by Dan Cupid. That the well itself has been for many years covered with sand does not prevent the faithful from displaying their devotion; they seek their cure from the water next the well."

Ceiriog Hughes, the well-known lyric writer of Wales, has left us some charming lines in Welsh concerning the Well of St. Dwywen, which may be thus translated.

"While Cupid remains in our midst here below,
'Tis said that a stream at Llandwynwen will flow,

Yet the spells of the goblins that dwell in the spring
No rupture 'twixt me and my sweetheart could bring.

I went to Llandwynwen one fine summer morn
With a sorrowful soul and a heart quite forlorn;
I drank of the water, yet I came away
Still deeply in love with my sweetheart that day.

I sought for advice, and an old man did tell,
That the love-sick were cured by a wash in the well.
I leapt in the water, I sank like a stone,
But more deeply in love I came out, I must own.

I could not do more, so ere summer had fled
In the church of Llandwynwen at last I was wed;
And in spite of my efforts and Dwywen's great fame
To-day fondly in love with my wife I remain.

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That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum

FILM the worst
enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

troubles now are largely traced to that film.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain unattractive.*

**New methods remove it.
And Firm the Gums**

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

What you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you. You are simply hiding the natural beauty of your teeth.

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 9

saved your life, Monsieur de Chabannes."

As the Chevalier looked up at him Davol grinned.

"Before you put to sea again, Monsieur," he said cheerfully, "you should know something more definite as to the potency of the forces of gravitation."

De Chabannes offered Davol his hand.

"I thank you, Monsieur."

Davol grinned again.

"As I told you, Monsieur, you were meant to perish by the sword," he said dryly.

De Chabannes gave him a smile that had in it none of the characteristics of a genuine amusement.

WITH that terrific onslaught which had done its greatest damage to the *Lizorne*, the sea subsided as though by the sudden acquiescence of its attacking legions, and by nightfall the gale had blown itself out. Early in May the *Lizorne* dropped anchor in the safety of the St. Lawrence River.

It was scarcely in keeping with the part that Armande was playing, to seek out the hermit-like Monsieur Davol and beg his pardon for her incivilities during the voyage. And yet one night after Monsieur de Montcalm had been put ashore ten leagues below the city with his staff to travel by land to Quebec, she stole on deck alone, hoping to find Monsieur Davol. In the moonlight she saw his familiar figure by the capstan. It was still cold, though the season in France was already at late Spring.

Through a gun-port she could see the surface of the river rippling in the moonlight, clouded here and there as the ice-pack from above, broken into shreds by the tides, went out, like a flock of ghostly sheep, to the sea. She drew her hood and cloak more closely about her throat and, scorning the advice of her chaperon, who had advised against going on deck alone at night, made her way to the fore-castle and stood at the elbow of Monsieur Davol before he was aware of her presence. At the sound of her voice he started up and swept off his hat.

"It is Monsieur Davol, the poet, who is willing to brave the dangers of ague or fever to enjoy such beauty." She spoke gently, with an accent of friendliness that had never been his before.

"I am fond of solitude, Mademoiselle," he said quietly. "I am never less alone than when by myself."

"If I did not believe in your sincerity I might say that such a speech was ungallant."

"I am sorry. I did not intend to be ungallant, and yet it was not so long ago that my own proffers of friendship were lightly repelled."

"Advice, Monsieur. Not friendship. I am of those who accept advice only on the condition that I do not take it," she said with a smile.

He laughed. "But then, in dissembling your friendliness there was no need to offer me, so abruptly, your cold shoulder."

She liked his laugh. It was full-throated and frank, the more pleasant because of its infrequency.

"What can I do, then, to condone? Is it not something that I have defied my duenna and sought you out in the darkness, that I now offer you in all sincerity my hand?"

He bent forward and touched her fingers lightly to his lips.

"We are, then, friends?"

"Yes, Monsieur. If you would have it so. You have already taught me a lesson in politeness and in caution. I should not have forgiven myself if any harm should have come to you from

Monsieur de Chabannes through my imprudence. He is famous as a duellist, they say."

"And would have liked nothing better than to keep his wrist in practice during the voyage. He thinks me perhaps a coward," said Davol with a shrug. "I am not a coward. It is only that my mission in Quebec is of more importance than a brawl with Monsieur de Chabannes."

"Your mission, Monsieur?"

He glanced aside, then turned toward her with a bow. "Is it nothing, Mademoiselle, that your safety has been committed to my charge? I have not sought trouble with Monsieur de Chabannes. I am, as you know, a man of peace. But my sense of humor was hardly keen enough to keep me from losing my temper."

"I thank you. It was all my fault. There is no one on board the *Lizorne* who does not respect your courage or the integrity of your honor. You saved his life."

"A lucky opportunity. Otherwise I should have had poor capital to aid my introduction to honorable Quebec."

"Honor is as honor does. I shall not be without influence. We shall make a compact of friendship. I accept you, you see, without reservation."

"Even to the length of taking, in future, my excellent advice?"

Her laugh was as genuine as his.

"Oh, as to that I cannot promise you."

He offered her a place upon a coil of rope, and they sat for a long moment gazing out at the long lines of white and gold as they streamed toward the sea. Against the loom of the hills there burned the single yellow light of the small trading-post where Montcalm had gone ashore, the only sign of human habitation in this cold, gray, beautiful wilderness. And yet that single light was a symbol of peace and contentment, of refuge after the perils of the sea.

Instead of the smell of the brine, so long familiar to them, the soft airs brought odors of balsam, loam, and growing things awakening to the first touch of Spring. Besides them, the ripple of the ebb-tide or the occasional crunch of the broken ice against the weather-beaten bows of the weary ship.

"It is so peaceful," she said at last, "that it is difficult to believe that there is a war in the world."

"And yet out there," he said with an ironical wave of the hand toward the southern shore, "men are tearing at one another's throats, red men and white, for the glory of New France, or England."

She gave a movement of repulsion.

"War is horrible except in defence of great principles," she gasped. "This war with England to avenge the pique of a soiled, ambitious woman."

He smiled soberly.

"At Rouen, then, people are learning to think for themselves," he muttered.

"As all France will think some day, Monsieur; a dreadful day, but a glorious one." And then with a sudden personal note, "You are not of the circle of the court?"

"No, Mademoiselle, not I."

"You are from Gascony?"

"Gascony! No, Mademoiselle," he said promptly. "I am rather a citizen of the world. Philosophy and science have no nationality."

"And yet you are a Frenchman. Is there not glory in that?"

The eager note in her voice did not escape him. "You love France in spite of the profligacy of its rulers," he said slowly.

"It is France that I love," she said eagerly, "better than home, friends,

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life, even, I was about to say," and she crossed herself devoutly, "than my hopes of heaven."

He bent his head away from her as though in deference to her emotion. It was in a low, abstracted voice that he replied.

"Perhaps, Mademoiselle, you are so sure of heaven that you can afford to be so generous to France."

"A Frenchman who does not give all he has for France deserves nothing better than death," she said with spirit.

"There are many things worse than death," said Davol sombrely. His head was turned away from her, his strong profile like carved ebony against the glittering moon-patch. His lips were clamped firmly, his brows bent over closed eyes. A man who suffered great thoughts.

Then as he remained silent she spoke thoughtfully. "It seems strange, does it not, Monsieur, that you and I should be partners in the service of the greatest enemies of France?"

"You mean—"

"The King and Madame de Pompadour."

"Sh! Mademoiselle—"

But she went on proudly. "Enemies, and yet still the symbols of authority. It is not yet time to challenge that. But I think our secret gives me claims upon you, and you upon me."

"I shall ask nothing," he said slowly, "but the privilege of serving you."

"Good." She rose and gave him her hand. "We understand each other. I must go now."

"Will you permit me?"

"No, Monsieur. I shall go alone."

He watched her as she went down the ladder and along the deck of the ship to the entrance of the cabins. There she turned. He stood, hat in hand, huge and ghostly against the glow of the moon, his shadow clutching at her feet.

OTHER ships of the fleet having arrived without interference from the enemy, the squadron remained at anchor, for the ice impeded their progress, the winds from the southwest were unfavorable, and the crews exhausted by their troublesome voyage. It was, therefore, two weeks after the departure of General de Montcalm before they reached the basin of Quebec. And since the Chevalier de Chabannes had gone with his commander, there were many opportunities for further discussions between Mademoiselle de Lusignac and Monsieur Davol.

Strangely enough, instead of taking advantage of the chance meetings upon deck, he seemed to show a desire more than ever to remain aloof, only speaking to her when she approached and drew him into conversation. This was curious, she thought, after their moment of understanding in the moonlight, and yet it seemed as though that night of moonlight and friendliness had never been. She had gone as far in her proffers of amity as a lady might. And so her former prejudices against Monsieur Davol came back to her, tempered slightly, if at all, by their one moment of intimate communion.

But she gave him no sign of her impatience, and when the *Lizorne* neared Quebec she greeted him as gravely as he had her, and echoed his wish to be soon put ashore.

Madame de Brinvilliers, her thin, high-bred features pinched from seasickness and yellow from confinement, came forth into the sunshine like an old weasel blinking at the light. She had been informed that the end of her troubles was at hand, and in preparation for the landing at Quebec had put on her finest black silk of Lyons and her cape of taffeta. She had the Parisian's contempt for all that is not Parisian, and followed mademoiselle to the quarter-deck to view the scene with less enthusiasm than curiosity.

And yet as the great promontory was suddenly presented to her eyes she could not repress an echo of the gasp of delight that came from Armande. Jutting forth into the cool green waters of the river, the great rock of Quebec, bastion upon bastion, to the towers of stately buildings culminating in the fortress of St. Louis, its yellow lilies gleaming proudly in the white oriflamme of France. Beyond, in the distance, a range of purple mountains still bearing here and there blue patches of snow in the shadows.

A sky of transparent turquoise, flecked with tiny patches of clouds. Beneath the rock walls and almost washing the buttresses of the palace of the Intendant in the lower town, the silver thread of the St. Charles River with its bridge of boats, pointing the road to the fields and village of Beauport. The river itself, dotted with small craft plying diligently to and fro; blue smoke from the chimneys of the lower town; the quay crowded with people curious and eager to greet the new troops that had come to help defend their proud city from the attacks of the English invader.

As the anchor of the *Lizorne* splashed into the waters of this safe harbor, the guns of the fortress roared a salute, answered at once from the French ships.

"It is glorious!" cried Armande, quite forgetting that Monsieur Davol was beside her. "Quebec can never fall to the English. Never!"

"A splendid military position," he replied calmly. "It is no wonder that France considers Quebec impregnable."

"Does the sight of it give you no thrill, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. A thrill of pity that a scene so beautiful may be turned to one of death or desolation."

She turned on him angrily.

"You are a bird of ill omen, Monsieur."

"That is war, Mademoiselle," he replied calmly.

Monsieur Davol and two or three of the military officers were waiting at the gangway as the ladies were handed carefully over the side. Now that her imprisonment had ended, Madame de Brinvilliers at once assumed some of her airs of the *grand dame*, taking her seat of honor at the side of the young major of the marine, who had been sent for them.

The Governor, Monsieur de Vaudreuil, he explained, was in Montreal, whither General de Montcalm had gone to pay his respects.

At the quay the first person to greet them was the Chevalier de Chabannes, who had requested the honor of conducting them to their quarters.

"I bid you welcome in the name of the Governor, Madame, Mademoiselle, to New France."

He was indeed a commanding figure as he bent to their fingers, and Armande was aware of a sense of his graciousness after the abstractions of Monsieur Davol, who followed up the steps, carrying his bundle of books and his portmanteaus with the sobriety of some steward or upper servant intent upon his responsibilities. The contrast between the two men had never been more marked, and Monsieur Davol suffered by it.

Armande gave the Chevalier her grateful smile, following him through the crowds of people who stood aside at his imperious gesture to let them pass. Armande looked at them with interest, people of the lower town, tradesmen, *ouvriers*, *habitants*, Breton fishermen in their red caps, soldiers and sailors off duty, all very curious, regarding these people who had just arrived from Old France with the sort of awe that they would have given to majesty itself. But they seemed very polite and scarcely merited the harsh

Continued on page 50

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 49

commands of the chevalier as he roughly bade them move aside.

In the Governor's coach, driven down to take them to their destination, she reproved him for his incivility.

"*Canaille!*" he muttered, impatiently. "It is the only language they understand."

The coach drew up, after a while, at the door of a house in the *Place d'Armes*, which had been set apart for them; a square, comfortable dwelling formerly occupied by the *Sieur de Saint Ange*. Servants in readiness came forth from the hospitable door, and with many gestures of welcome carried the hand-baggage within.

To Armande, used to much less luxurious surroundings, nothing seemed to be lacking for their physical comfort, and she was quite sure that madame, her spurious, amiable aunt, was very much pleased with the arrangements that had been made for them. The relations between these two had long since been carefully established.

Aside from her desire to see her soldier son, the motive that had brought madame abroad was the necessity for replenishing her purse. This had been drained almost to its dregs by the extravagance of her mode of living and her continued losses at cards, at which she was assiduous but unlucky.

Madame de Pompadour having provided her with the means to escape her creditors and offered her a splendid reward for her collusion and secrecy, even terror of the voyage had not dismayed her. This over, she was already interested in the stories of the gaiety in the colony and ready to take her part at balls and gaming-table. Perhaps there were things that she could teach these provincial ladies.

The game of intrigue was amusing to her. She had already demanded of Pierre de Brinvilliers, her son, by letter, both silence and discretion as to her spurious niece and his spurious cousin, Armande de Lusignac. Pierre was, at present, in the field, but Monsieur de Montcalm had promised his recall to Quebec at an early moment.

And so to madame the future promised affluence, much honor, and contentment. The window of her bedroom looked out upon a pleasant scene; the *Place d'Armes*, with its constant agreeable picture of moving soldiery; the huge gate of the *Chateau Saint Louis*, with its crown and *fleur de lis* and its sentries, symbols of military authority to satisfy her pride; the Monastery of the *Recollets*, just opposite, with its high belfry, its monks in gray gowns and sandals, to satisfy her spirit; and beyond, the blue river, winding in two broad sheets about the wooded Isle of Orleans, to satisfy her sense of beauty.

"We shall be very contented, Armande, I am sure," she said. "We must show these provincials some of the airs of the *grosses perruques*. They will be watching you closely, I assure you. It will not do to let our pretty drama fail for lack of attention to the details of your conduct."

The old woman glanced at her enviously and went on. "You shall have all the young officers of the province in love with you, Armande. There will be duels for your favor, and some of them will turn monks in despair. Already Monsieur de Chabannes and the gloomy bookworm, Monsieur—Monsieur—"

"*Davol, ma tante,*" she laughed, "you think that he—?"

"It is as plain as the nose upon your face. But I cannot leave you—"

"I dislike him," Armande broke in petulantly. "If his writing is no better

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

than his manners he will make but a sorry record of his visit."

THE great hall of the Chateau Saint Louis was a blaze of light and color. For hither, to this stately room, His Excellency Monsieur de Vaudreuil had invited the nobility, wealth and beauty of New France to be presented to the Marquise de Brinvilliers and her niece, Mademoiselle de Lusignac. The room was panelled with hardwood from the forests of Quebec, the lofty ceiling decorated with a design of arabesques after the style of the audience room in the Palace of Versailles.

The walls were hung with portraits of those who had made the history of New France: of the explorers and soldiers Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac; of the statesmen Richelieu and Colbert. The ascetic features of Bishop Laval looked down from its niche beside the gentle, intellectual face of Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Convent of the Ursulines, where all the daughters of the gentry and nobility still were sent for an education, both spiritual and mental, befitting their station in life.

Beneath these stately figures, as though in challenge to their dignity and greatness, in defiance even of the ideals that these figures had lived for, moved the careless, gay company of Quebec's nobility.

Mademoiselle de Lusignac, her face slightly flushed with excitement, glanced here and there between the moments of introductions, impressing upon her mind names and faces of those who were to take their parts in the drama for which her *patronne* at Versailles had set the scene. Monsieur de Vaudreuil, the Governor, her host, tall, spare, proud, intolerant, with narrow, inquiring eyes, listening to Monsieur de Montcalm, whose quick accents and animated expression seemed to be making very little impression upon him.

All the colony knew that these two men, from the beginning, were to be at cross-purposes, for Vaudreuil, like many others who had been born in New France, was suspicious of interference from Old France which might threaten his prerogatives. Armande, already warned of this jealousy, had decided to give her real allegiance to Monsieur de Montcalm, who had already shown her such marks of his kindness, while she sought the favor of His Excellency the Governor, whose conquest was necessary to the success of her plans.

The Chevalier de Chabannes stood near her with an air of proprietorship, his by right of previous acquaintance, and indicated to her the other important persons in the colony.

The Sieur Cadet, a stout man with small eyes, broad nose, and thick, red lips, once a butcher, but now a friend of Monsieur Bigot, and chief commissary of the army, and one of the richest men in Canada; Major de Pean, whose wife, the beautiful Angelique Desmeloises, also a friend of Monsieur Bigot, was the leader of the gay company more often seen in the palace of the Intendant than here amid the formalities of the Chateau Saint Louis; Monsieur Varin, the commissary at Montreal, who had driven down to Quebec to be sure that he missed nothing; Monsieur Penisseault, a man of commercial origin who was growing rich by reason of the favor of the Intendant.

Of the older nobility, the Chevalier and Madame de Saint Foy; the Sieur de la Marche, who had come down from the manor-house of his barony in the forests beyond Trois Rivieres with his wife and daughter to buy them some fine dresses and purchase for his farms the supplies they needed. The family of La Marche had come from Normandy more than a hundred years before, and though the Monsieur had

little to do with politics, he was a man of much wealth, with influence in New France and Old. There were others whose names or identity Armande forgot at once in the confusion of introductions. But she did not forget the face of Madame de Pean, for it was not easily forgotten.

As Angelique Desmeloises she had borne the reputation of being the most beautiful girl that had ever come out of the Convent of the Ursulines. At the age of thirty-three she was still beautiful. Her lovely bronze hair, simply but exquisitely dressed, caught in its meshes the glow of a thousand candles. Her dress of green velvet, trimmed with gold and jewels, was cut in the long, straight, fashionable V to the waist with an *echelle*, to the bodice, of pearls and brilliants.

She was tall, slim, and her fair face, beautifully colored, wore beside its most charming dimple a pretty *mouche* in the shape of a heart pierced by an arrow. This was her emblem, for the breaking of hearts was her trade. Armande knew from the moment of her meeting with Madame de Pean that this woman was destined to be her enemy. An instinct of antagonism of one beautiful woman for another. Women feel these things.



Madame de Pean saw in Armande one who might dispute her claim to the honor of being the most beautiful woman in Quebec, where she had had undisputed sway. Armande thought the eyes of Angelique cold, her lips hard in spite of the smile of greeting that they gave. An ambitious woman who would stoop to anything to gain her ends.

Monsieur Bigot, the Intendant, was late. Perhaps he liked the sudden interested buzz of conversation, the quick, eager glances of friends and enemies in his direction, for his power was so great in the colony that he feared no man, not even the Governor, and he held his enemies in check by the shrewdness of his wit and the fertility of his resources in defying them.

To Armande he seemed rather under size, but well formed, dark, and alert, with a forehead showing intelligence, brows and chin indicating a powerful will. But his eyes held her attention, dark eyes that pierced with lightning swiftness to the right and left in conciliation or in challenge. So this was Monsieur Bigot, who had set two continents by the ears; Bigot the savior of New France or its ruin; Bigot the genius, the courtier, and gallant, or Bigot the rogue! Which?

It was only after he had bent over her hand and raised his dark eyes to hers that Armande could understand the power he exercised by the mere force of his personality. For his voice was deep and musical; his gaze, after the first flash of inquiry, steady and reassuring.

"New France is indeed fortunate, Mademoiselle de Lusignac, in the cargo of the *Lizorne*. If the reports as to her

soldiery are as accurate as the praise for her passengers, Monsieur de Montcalm need have no fear for the safety of Quebec. Though I warrant the hearts of its defenders can hardly be so fortified."

Armande showed him her deepest dimple.

"They will not need to be. For if they are as generous as Monsieur Bigot, I shall be in love with them all."

"Prettily said, Mademoiselle, and yet with a certain caution. You seek safety in numbers. Alas! If you had said that if you were in love with them all you would still be generous to Monsieur Bigot."

"Try me," she said gaily. "It is said that I have a good heart, though I fear gravely for it already."

"Then do not tax it too greatly with numbers. Let me be your servitor and your physician."

"And if I find the need of one more important than the other?"

"Which, Mademoiselle?"

"Who can tell? In either case I shall be in good hands. But Monsieur the Intendant has too many other responsibilities."

"I relinquish them all from this moment. His Excellency has stolen a march upon me. The palace of the Intendant shall be the scene of a ball in your honor such as Quebec or New France has never seen. Will you permit me, Mademoiselle?"

"Madame de Brinvilliers and I would be honored, Monsieur," she said with dignity.

Such was the importance of this man that others nearby withdrew, relinquishing the field. Armande was aware of the Chevalier de Chabannes regarding them gravely from a distance, while near by the eyes of Angelique de Pean missed nothing. But it was Monsieur Jacques Davol who came forward at this moment, challenging the attention of mademoiselle, and the impatience of Monsieur Bigot. She saw him approaching in his suit of black velvet, which gave his strong figure a grace that she had not before observed.

They had not met since leaving the quay, though he had once called to pay his respects while she was out upon the great hill of the Citadel with Monsieur de Chabannes. But it seemed to her that his air of assurance demanded a recognition of the secret between them. Her pride was still wounded by his private avoidance of her overtures of friendliness.

This revenge at the moment of her triumph was sweet. She inclined her head in acknowledgment of his presence, but did not smile or offer her fingers. He bowed deeply, murmuring her name, straightened, his face flushed with discomfiture and turned away. But a quick, fine impulse came to her rescue and his.

"Monsieur Davol," she said to Bigot as he paused, "is here at the instance of His Gracious Majesty, to write for Old France the story of the New."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," said the Intendant. "I've heard of you. If you'll visit the palace tomorrow, I shall be glad to furnish you with any facilities to aid you."

It was said suavely, but with the air of a man anxious to be quickly done with a tiresome business.

Davol expressed his thanks and moved away.

"You do not like this Davol, Mademoiselle," said Bigot with a smile.

"One does not like or dislike those to whom one is indifferent," she replied coolly.

"A historian. A meddler perhaps," he muttered, and then with something of his grand air, "We of New France do not write history. We make it."

"And you, Monsieur, if all accounts we hear in France are true, are on every page."

Continued on page 52

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 51

“Truly? You hear something of me then in Paris. What, Mademoiselle?”

“That it is you and no other who will make or mar the destiny of the colony. That the King gives you his trust. That Madame de Pompadour would have you recalled to ministry were you not of more value here.”

This was according to the plan devised at Versailles, and, in spite of his cleverness of men and motives, Monsieur Bigot rose at once to the bait with all the avidity that she could wish. For Madame de Pompadour knew his one weakness, the broken link in his chain of armor—women. A pretty woman who pleased him could do more with Monsieur Bigot than all the King's ministers.

“If I had thought your voice beautiful, Mademoiselle, the message you bring puts to shame the music of the seraphim. I trust you are well informed.”

Armande smiled. “Madame de Brin villiers, my aunt, is near the court, and forgets nothing.”

“I will, I trust, be worthy of their confidence.”

“Were you not, I should be slower to give you mine,” she finished with audacity.

Angelique de Pean, already disturbed and very curious as to the length and intimacy of this conversation, now came forward with the pretence of presenting a belated guest and took up the burden of the conversation with an air of appropriating Monsieur Bigot. It was cleverly done, and the Intendant, too much of a courtier to notice her motive, bowed low over her fingers.

These two were acknowledged lovers, as Mademoiselle de Lusignac soon discovered, and Bigot had already made the fortune of the complaisant husband, the major, whom people called “le petit Pean.”

Bigot bent low over the hand of the beautiful lady, as though this were the first moment of meeting, murmuring his most formal phrases.

“The most beautiful woman in New France,” he said humbly; and then straightening, with a spirit of *diablerie* and a glance at Armande, “at least,” he added, “until tonight.”

Madame Pean laughed charmingly. “I should not dare to compete with loveliness such as that of Mademoiselle de Lusignac.”

“Madame is too gracious,” Armande replied with a curtsy. “She has only to look in her mirror to learn my appreciation of her pretty fib.”

Monsieur Bigot laughed impudently. “There is an old saying that when flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.”

“Which reminds me how hungry I am,” said Angelique coolly. “Supper is ready, I hear, Monsieur Bigot. Will you not do me the honor of escorting me?”

“It is the fate of the valiant,” he said skilfully, “in courting one danger, to be plunged into another. *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle. Will you remember your promise?”

And Madame de Pean swept him away to the supper-room, under the eyes of the assembly, like a ship of the line with its convoy proudly running the fire of many batteries. As they turned away Monsieur de Chabannes appeared at once at Armande's side, for His Excellency had offered Madame de Brin villiers his arm, leading the way to the supper-hall.

IF Madame de Brin villiers had not told her in plain terms of the relationship that existed between Madame de Pean and Monsieur Bigot, Armande would already have guessed it. But the authority of Madame for her statement was no less a person than Madame

de Chateaufort, an elderly lady of the old regime, who lived in the Rue Saint Louis, not far from the Place d'Armes, where other ladies of the nobility gathered to play piquet.

Here, Armande soon discovered, was the well of all gossip floating about the city, and her spurious aunt lost no time in retailing it to her. But Armande had already decided that while gossip might guide her in her quest she would make her inquiries discreetly, using her own judgment in winnowing the chaff from the wheat, only writing to Versailles those reports having a foundation in fact.

She wrote Madame de Pompadour announcing her safe arrival and thanking her for the honors that had been accorded, sending the letter, according to their plan, to an address in Paris given Armande, that no curiosity as to her real mission might be aroused in the colony.

Thus at the palace of the Intendant she used her finest arts in preserving both the amiability of the beautiful Angelique and the friendliness of Monsieur Bigot, no easy achievement, since the one was suspicious and the other inclined to be ardent.

And since Monsieur de Chabannes had gone with Monsieur de Montcalm to make secure the French posts on Lake Ontario she was forced to choose her cavaliers as she could, from those with duties in Quebec. Monsieur le Conte, a stepson of the governor, would be necessary to her, as would possibly the Chevalier de Pean and Monsieur Martel, the King's storekeeper, all close associates of the Intendant and dependent upon him for their favors.

In all of her coquetries she was aware of the dark figure of Monsieur Davol in her background. He had a way of appearing suddenly at moments when she needed him, with a calm persistence that defied her continued airs of indifference. Curious creature, part courtier, part student, part devotee, and yet in all his relations with her as impersonal as the steeple of the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. He had apparently already captured the interest of Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and even Monsieur Bigot had confessed to appreciation of his talents and knowledge. Indeed Monsieur Davol seemed to have found favor everywhere except with herself.

One instance of his quiet audacity which saved her from unpleasantness occurred in the supper-room of the Intendancy on the night of the ball in honor of the visitors. They were a hard-drinking crowd, those friends of Monsieur Bigot, and the Intendant had difficulty on these public occasions in persuading them that they were not at Beaumanoir, where the wine ran freely and the ladies of the court of the Governor were not invited.

It was the Sieur Cadet, this night, who drank too much, for though he had made much money, he still had the soul of a butcher. Toasts were proposed and drunk to each of the ladies at the table of the Intendant, and Monsieur Cadet drained his glass each time. His eyes were heavy, his broad cheeks flushed, his legs unsteady as he rose and walked from his seat to where the Intendant sat with Armande and Madame de Pean.

“A health, Monsieur the Intendant,” he gasped thickly. “I drink to the lilies of France, the lil-lily of Old France, the lil-lily of New France. In the name of the Grand Company to Madame ‘Petit Pean’ and Mademoiselle —”

No one knew what he meant to say, for Bigot's voice had cut in sharp as a knife.

“Cadet!”

But Davol, who stood near, had stepped forward quickly through the crowd, jostling the elbow of Monsieur Cadet so violently that the goblet of wine fell from his hand and went crashing to the floor. Bigot's voice and the clash of glass brought Monsieur Cadet to his senses, though he glanced heavily around, seeking the cause of his disaster.

Davol stood bowing.

"A thousand pardons," he said gravely. "It is a misfortune that I should be so awkward as to prevent the utterance of sentiments so ingenuous. Will you permit me to repair the damage to your feelings by offering a toast to yourself, the Sieur Cadet, the prince of commissaries and the commissary of princes?"

He glared at Davol, glanced at the stern face of the Intendant, then turned muttering when Monsieur Martel seized him by the arm and led him away.

It was of this incident that Armande was thinking as she climbed the high hill toward the Citadel of Cape Diamond. Three months of gaiety had brought the season to Midsummer. Scarcely an afternoon or night had passed without some entertainment in her honor, and she was already weary of her task. She would have liked nothing better than a lodge somewhere in the wilderness, a volume of Racine or Corneille, one servant and her liberty.

Thus it was that she walked out early in the morning, frequently alone, upon the bastions or to the very summit of the promontory, where she could gaze down at the slowly moving blue river and dream the dreams of her girlhood.

She was not of the courts. This life of superficiality, self-indulgence, and dissipation oppressed her. It oppressed her the more because she was acting a part not suited to her, a spy on the actions of those who had become her friends. For she liked Monsieur Bigot. Since he had learned that she was a woman who set a great value upon her pride and honor he treated her with the highest consideration, saving the baser forms of his gaiety for those others who sought it.

He was, she had discovered, a man of the finest culture, learned in literature, fond of music and the play, which they often discussed with great enjoyment. Of course she was constantly aware of his admiration, which betrayed itself in casual compliments that were more sincere than the flowery phrases he habitually employed in his more formal relations with women. But once he understood her, she had had no difficulty in keeping his friendliness without the bounds she set for it.

He was twenty years older than Armande, old enough almost to be her father, and yet in spite of this fact (or perhaps even because of it) she found more enjoyment in his company than in that of any one in Quebec. He seemed to have combined from his experience of the world the graces, wit, and intelligence of every man he had met.

And yet this was the man she was expected to betray. She could see that he had genius; that Monsieur de Vaudreuil, in spite of his fine airs and his frequent pompous assertions of authority, looked privately to Monsieur Bigot for advice on matters military as well as civil. She knew these things, because long ago, almost from the moment of her arrival, she had succeeded by flattery in getting behind the crust of His Excellency's reserve.

These two men were friendly, though the Governor was jealous of the fine attainments of the Intendant. It seemed scarcely possible to Armande that the collusion between these two men could be with the purpose of defrauding France, for whatever his deficiencies,

she believed Monsieur the Governor to be honest.

And yet she had discovered, through an inadvertence of Monsieur Martel, definite proof of irregularities in the conduct of the affairs of the King's storehouse under Monsieur Bigot's administration. The Governor was surely aware of this. Everyone else was.

She sat upon a slight eminence of rock and gazed down over the city that held in its keeping the destinies of France in the New World; the imposing walls of Fort Saint Louis with its bright, familiar flag; the towers of the cathedral, just showing above the hill; the Convent of the Ursulines, the seminary, the King's redoubt, the batteries bristling with guns, symbols of peace and of war—all crowded in strange and unholy communion on the narrow peninsula.

Tired at last of the thoughts that perplexed her as to the city itself, she turned and gazed up the majestic river to where it was lost in the haze of the distance. To the south, all forest, as far as the eye could reach, was the fertile land for which two nations were at war. Somewhere off there was an uncertain line marked by outposts of men in white coats and in red, in conflict, the French, with their savage adherents, against the encroachments of England.

Before her, beyond the city wall, were the Plains of Abraham, and the Saint Louis road which led to Trois Rivières, Montreal and the west. In the distance she saw a figure upon the road approaching the gate. Monsieur Davol. She recognized him at once, for none of the *habitants* wore his dark clothes or had his swaying stride. Her gaze followed him through the gate, and she saw that instead of going down the Rue Saint Louis, he had turned to his left and was mounting the hill toward the Citadel. She recalled that he had once told her that he liked the hill of the Citadel, which brought him nearer to the skies.

She waited for him. Not a strange taste, this study of wild flowers, for a man with a passion for solitude. He had studied too, she had heard, the rock formations of the upper river, where he had gone for a week with an Indian guide in a canoe. She smiled to herself. Doubtless the taciturnity of the savage was finely suited to the moods of Monsieur Davol. He was nearing the summit now. Whether his keen eyes had seen her from below, she could not tell, though the distance had not been too great.

In a few moments his broad shoulders appeared above the ledge of rock where she was seated.

HE bowed and stood before her, but she only inclined her head.

"I saw you from the plain, Made-moiselle. Pardon my intrusion. I came here because I wanted to speak to you."

"You have good eyesight. I am fortunate."

He was aware of the irony in her voice, but chose to disregard it.

"The matter is important and concerns the safety of your plans, which depend upon the discretion of those who know them."

"Who has been talking, Monsieur? Not you?"

"I speak it with all seriousness," he said gravely.

"That is not extraordinary," she said with a dry laugh. "You never do anything else."

"If I thought this a subject for jesting—"

She made a shrug.

"Why should you seek out my moment of solitude and relaxation to spoil it with unpleasant information?"

Continued on page 54



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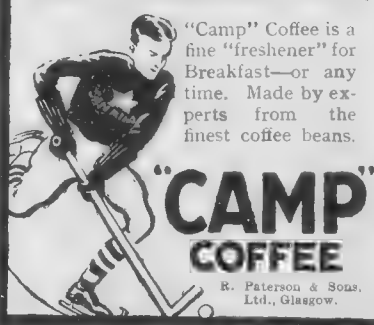
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 53

"Because," he went on patiently, "I have no opportunity of speaking to you privately elsewhere."

"I have a house."

"Crowded constantly with people."

"Surely you can not object because I am not as solitary as you."

His brow was troubled. Having accomplished her purpose of making him uncomfortable, she was silent, waiting for him to go on.

"It is Madame de Brinvilliers who is imprudent," he said briefly.

This startled her, and she straightened now, regarding him soberly.

"How do you know this?" she asked.

"Madame plays cards every afternoon in the house of Madame de Chateaufort. There is wine and high play, and she talks too much."

"Who has told you this?"

"I have heard it."

"What has she said?"

"Nothing much yet. Merely that her mission to New France, not yours, was something that would surprise her audience. A boast to excite the imagination and interest of her companions."

"Is this true?"

"It has been repeated to me. Madame de Brinvilliers must be made to understand. You must talk to her."

"This is astonishing. Madame belongs to a gay world. She is fond of excitement."

"And wine," he said gravely. "That is a dangerous rumor to get about. It will reach the ears of the Intendant. All rumors do. He will then be cautious, and your usefulness ended."

She rose and paced to and fro in a sudden realization of the danger.

"She will be difficult to manage," she said slowly.

"And yet this gossip must be stopped," he said firmly. "Perhaps if you speak to her she will be frightened. If not, more urgent measures."

"What?"

"I will speak to her, threaten her with the displeasure of those who sent you."

She stopped at a distance from him, staring with a frown down at the roofs of the city below. Why was it that this man had been always saying something unpleasant to her, and yet always in her service and always in the right? She had begun by resenting his intrusion, was trying with all her soul to resent it now, but she knew herself to be disarmed by the wisdom of his pleading.

If there had been in his manner one spark of the friendliness that he had shown her that night upon the *Lizorne* she would have been aware of it. But there was no color to his voice, no warmth, not the sign of any recognition of her personality, that she was a woman, and beautiful. He had spoken to her as a soldier might speak in delivering a military message, tersely, to the point, but with no word of sympathy for her predicament, only advice, always advice!

"It seems," she said with an effort, "that you have a difficult task in keeping your promises to Monsieur de Voltaire."

He smiled for the first time.

"Promises that I do not regret. A task that gives me pleasure."

The words fell gratefully on her ears. He meant it. She was sure that he meant it.

"A melancholy pleasure at best. Why not admit it?"

He took a pace toward her. "Mademoiselle, I—" Then stopped and bent his head. She glanced at him curiously, as though the thing that she had always missed in him, the vital spark of some deep emotion, had, for a moment, been apparent.

"You were about to say—?" she asked quietly.

He straightened and gazed down upon the plain along which he had come.

"That it is now, as it has been always, my wish to serve you."

The spark was gone, extinguished in the coldness of his formal phrases.

She stared at his profile a moment. For all his size, he looked like a great hulking boy who has been stood in a corner at school for punishment.

Her laugh taunted him.

"Then why not give me more often the pleasure of your society?" she said, ironically.

"You are unkind," he said slowly.

"You do not mean what you say. It is not for me to interrupt your moments of triumph. I have asked you if you needed me to send for me. You have not done so. That is why I have not come."

"Oh, I have not sent for you! That is curious. I do not send for Monsieur de Chabannes, but he comes. Or Monsieur Bigot. He comes also. Or any other of the gallants of Quebec. And yet they come. It is not my habit to be sending out upon the streets or highroads for my cavaliers."

"Mademoiselle, I pray you—"

"It is because you do not wish to come, Monsieur, that I do not see you," she said.

"That is not true," he muttered. "I have but one thought—"

He paused again, as though by an effort of will.

"Two thoughts," she put in. "Botany and geology."

She felt his dark gaze upon her, looked him in the eyes, and then turned away.

"Why do you taunt me so?" he asked quietly. "What have I done to merit your constant irony and rebuke? I came here in your service."

"And in your own," she replied quickly. He had her at a disadvantage for a moment, and she retaliated quickly, choosing weapons blindly.

"You are a student by profession and yet you are strong, capable, a Frenchman of courage. Is this a time for a man like you to be gathering flowers and pieces of rock? You are a Frenchman and yet you can stay here in Quebec with your books of science and your manuscripts, while out there"—and she waved an arm to the southward beyond the river—"these English colonists are trying to take from France what noble Frenchmen have sacrificed and died for. Is there nothing to you in the thought that all this country, even Quebec, is in danger of falling a prey to the greed of these money-changers of England?"

If she had hoped to hurt him or to offend him, she saw at once that her shafts had struck, for Davol turned color and stood, without reply, looking down into the blue waters of the great river.

"Perhaps that is why I taunt you, Monsieur Davol, because whatever your services to me, there is a greater service that you can do for France."

He replied in a deep voice, muffled by emotion.

"But in serving you am I not serving France?"

"I could dispense with your services if I knew that you could serve her more valiantly elsewhere."

Why did she constantly feel the need to hurt this man? Even as she spoke, a sense of guilt pulled at her heart.

"I am not so sure of that," he replied patiently.

"You think that I am incapable of protecting myself?"

"Not from dangers that you see, but



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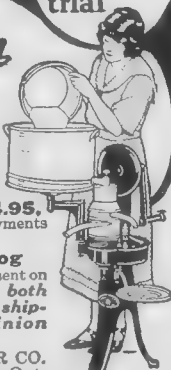
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from those that may be thrust upon you."

"Explain."

"I will, since you demand it. You have exercised great prudence in avoiding complications that might be injurious to your cause. But you have not the judicial mind necessary to choose your way free from the influence of your feelings. You are swayed by your friendships. Madame de Pompadour chose you for this task, because she knew that only a beautiful woman could gain the confidence of Monsieur Bigot. But she did not care what indignities or dangers awaited you in the venture. You are nothing to her, merely a woman who threatened her happiness. She will not care if you are never heard of again."

"You interest me. Go on, Monsieur, as to these dangers that threaten."

"You have already been disarmed by the friendliness, the culture, and charm of the man you have been sent here to betray."

"Monsieur!"

"It is the truth. And he has met you with a discretion worthy of his intelligence. If he suspects your motives in coming here I do not know it. But you are of course aware that you have excited something more than his casual admiration. The reasons are apparent. He has found in you a woman who holds her pride and honor higher than any gift in his power. He is wise enough to realize that in seeking you he must give what he has never given any woman before you, a friendship untouched by baser motives."

"You seem to know much of Monsieur Bigot and of me," she said drily.

"I have not studied you for nothing, or him. You admire Monsieur Bigot."

"And what then?" she asked impudently.

"The most accomplished rascal in the world. He is not to be trusted. I wish to keep your vision clear. You have already learned something of the truth as to his transactions and yet you regret that you must report them. Is this not true? Am I mistaken?"

She flashed around at him furiously.

"Is this your mission in New France, or mine? You know altogether too much of everything under the sun, Monsieur Davol. What is your motive? Monsieur Bigot is the most capable man in the colony. Whatever his mistakes in the administration of the King's affairs, it is he upon whom France must rely to aid General de Montcalm in its defence."

"Mademoiselle de Lusignac, I beg—"

"No. You are constantly meddling in my affairs. You warned me against Monsieur de Chabannes because he paid me some courtesies. You dislike Monsieur Bigot because he has power that you have not. Am I then to believe him base just because you say he is?"

"No, mademoiselle. You will find that out in time for yourself. I merely warn you that he is a man not to be trusted with a kingdom or with a woman."

She laughed unpleasantly.

"You cannot realize," she said calmly, "how insulting you are. My conduct with Monsieur Bigot has not been quite to your liking. And now you must inform me that I am in danger of falling a prey to his seductions. Really, Monsieur, you go too far. I thought that I had already been patient enough but—"

"Mademoiselle, you purposely distort my meaning. You wish to believe that my opinions of Monsieur Bigot are based upon envy or malice, that my anxiety for your welfare is based upon the fear of your weakness. God knows you do me an injustice. You were sent here to do what you are doing, a mission from the first, full of dangerous possibilities. You must go on. But I

pray you to move cautiously with respect to this man. Everyone in Quebec knows that he is weary of Madame de Pean, that she holds her sway merely by the possession of secrets that must not be revealed. If he dared, he would offer to marry you."

"Really," she said with a laugh. "And when is this proposal of marriage from Monsieur the Intendant to be made to me? That is excellent news. He is a great man and will go far; perhaps one day he may be a marshal of France. You'll admit, Monsieur Davol, that I could do much worse."

He made no reply to that. She had hurt him as much as she could. He stood with bent head, frowning at the walls of the Chateau Saint Louis below them.

"I can hardly believe that you are sincere," he said with an effort.

"Why not?" she queried lightly.

He turned toward her with sudden eagerness, his voice deep with purpose.

"Because you are not of those who waste the substance of France in profligacy and extravagance, not even of those who lead a life of gaiety and idleness, basking in the favor of the court. If you are true to what I know of you, to your own words, you belong to the people of France, the soul of France, of which these people here know nothing and care nothing. There is something finer than holding sway among those who live by their wits or by the favor of a heritage that has nothing to defend it but the honor of past glories; something finer than the power even of a marshal of France."

"What, Monsieur?" she asked softly. She had sunk upon a rock and bent her head away from him, her gaze on the purple hills to the southward. But he had touched her. She trembled a little at the intensity of his voice, the sincerity of his belief in her.

"What, Monsieur?" she repeated.

"Your belief in the principles of justice, liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, the rights of poverty, the rights of man, of which all these people are the enemies. If they are the enemies of the France you love they are your enemies too."

She could not reply. He had probed deeply below her light sophistries, reading her heart as though it had been a book under a candle in his study.

He went on quickly, as though now urged by a force he could not control.

"Forgive me for what may have seemed like distrust of you. I do not, cannot distrust your integrity or your honor. I warn you, because I am constantly on guard for you, whether you wish it or not. You have treated me unkindly in your thoughts and in your words. As to that I—I have nothing to say. I—I deserve all the evil that you may think of me; but whatever you may think of my deficiencies I would like you to know that I would give up everything, my life even, in your service."

He turned away quickly. "Adieu, Mademoiselle; I must go. If you need me—"

"Wait, Monsieur, wait," she cried.

He paused as she rose and came to him.

"What evil is it that I can think of you?"

He turned away from her, speaking with difficulty. "That should be quite clear, from the opinions you express."

She faced him eagerly.

"No, no. There's something else. I've felt it from the first. You have tried to incur my dislike and yet you have been my best friend. You have avoided me even while I was sure of your arm in my service. What is it that stands between us? Tell me, Monsieur. If the fault is mine, tell me how I can deserve your loyalty. Monsieur Bigot is nothing to me."

"I thank God for that."

Continued on page 56



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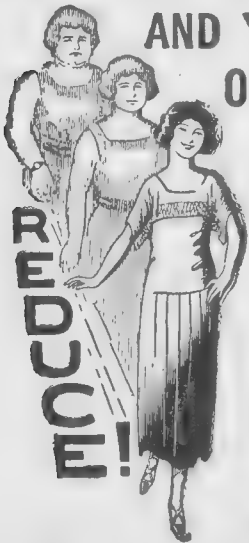
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 55

"I give you my friendship gladly." She put out her hand timidly. He stared at it for a moment, then took it to his lips.

"I cannot have your friendship, even your good wishes. I have no right even to touch your fingers. May God forgive me, for I love you better than anything else in all the world."

He raised his head, and his gaze met hers for a moment, powerful, luminous, splendid with the sincerity of his avowal. And then, even while she looked, a change came over him, a look of pain, almost, it seemed, of horror at his confession. Even his youth seemed to slip like a garment from his shoulders. He relinquished her hand as though the touch of it burned him, and turned violently away.

"Forget that I have spoken, Made-moiselle. It—it was not my intention to speak. Adieu! Adieu!"

He turned down the hill away from her, running.

"Monsieur Davol," she called, "Monsieur—!"

But he gave no sign that he heard her, and presently disappeared behind the houses of the Rue Saint Louis. She stared after him and then turned slowly, clasping with one hand the other that he had touched. The rapidity of this revelation had bewildered her, turning in a moment all her old thoughts of him into new thoughts with a deeper, personal significance.

She sat again and stared into the distance as if she could find some solution of her problems there. He had stirred her deeply, this strange creature; touched with the magic of his voice and a chord that echoed still. Love? Yes. There was no doubt of him. He loved her in spite of— Of what? God knew. And yet she was

sure now that from the beginning something had stood between them.

He had called upon her for the best that she was, and she had answered, almost in spite of herself, in the very terms of his own sincerity. He loved her. And she— It was all so difficult to understand. She must have cared whether he sought her out or not, or she could not have hated him so much.

A long while she sat, but when she rose and turned toward the path to Fort Saint Louis she was smiling.

In the March instalment an interesting development takes place when Monsieur Bigot is interrupted while declaring his love for Armande de Lusignac. Also one of the most exciting events of the story in the frank statement of Jacques Davol to the Intendant, his exact opinion of that gentleman.

Out of the Mist

Continued from page 11

England I felt I should like you of all people to see the work here—in the old surroundings, in order that the contrast between the old harrowing days of disappointment and vexatiousness should stand out and help you to realize my uplift. So, when my picture got damaged on being taken from the Galleries I had the purchaser send it here to be re-touched. And do you realize my joy?" finished Austins. They left the room, ran lightly down the stairs out into the fast gathering twilight and crossed the busy thoroughfare into the less frequented streets behind.

"Which way do we take?" asked Furlowe.

"Don't ask any questions, my boy. Leave yourself entirely in my care and as we go I'll entertain you by telling you how I came upon the subject for my masterpiece. You'd like to know?" linking his arm in his friend's.

"I should indeed," answered Furlowe, fervently.

Silence fell while Austins lit a cigarette which he smoked half through, then tossing it from him into the road, commenced:

"It was at that time when all seemed so hopeless and I told you I should have to get away or go mad. You remember seeing me off to Paris. Well, I did not remain there during all the time I kept out of your sight. I returned to London in less than three weeks, the first fifteen days of which were crammed with the bitterest trials and ugliest despair I had ever known . . . but that's in the past."

Furlowe looked up at his friend inquiringly but did not interrupt.

"I had got the subject for my picture there and also . . . but here I am telling you the end of the story before the beginning."

"I had been in Paris a little over a fortnight . . . I always loved Paris . . . loved to wander out at early dawn. It is a favorite pastime of mine." Austins spoke in a dreamy detached tone, then rousing himself, turned to Furlowe and said: "If you can bring your imagination into full play for a few minutes I'll try and show the picture as I first beheld it."

"I was walking towards Les Champs Elysees. Morning was slowly breaking over the tall tree-tops; while the mist was shedding her crystal dew-drops all around. In the uncertain light of early dawn something black and moundy loomed up before me in the distance; curiously I strained my eyes to get a better glimpse of it, then the

clop, clop of horse hoofs fell distinctly on my ears. For some reason I was disappointed at its being only a horse and cart, and turned my attention from it to seek something of greater interest. Of a sudden the heavens seemed to open and a shaft of silvery, gleaming light broke through the clouds, transforming into life and brilliancy the oncoming object. I stood petrified. Can you see it, Furlowe?" Austins asked, on a long breath, momentarily unconscious of his surroundings.

Furlowe nodded absently.

"But you will never feel the wild ecstasy that took possession of me at that moment. I stood fascinated, spell-bound, drinking in the marvel of its every detail with the scent of those glorious, sweet flowers in my nostrils. The cart passed on. What a picture! I gasped as I collected my shattered senses. I was about to move off. Something seemed to hold me rooted and I glanced absently after the fast retreating cart, which was already becoming dim in the distant mist. Then I started forward and commenced to run wildly after it, with, as yet, no definite object in mind. When I at length came alongside of it, the woman looked down at me with mild, indulgent surprise. Thinking I wanted to buy her flowers, she shook her head and said: 'No, no, for the market!'"

"Between deep, gasping breaths I begged and implored of her to stop. At length, puzzled, she acquiesced and brought the pony to walk. I kept pace with the cart till she drew up in front of a cafe in a narrow street within easy distance of the market place.

"Not a soul was in sight. She descended from the cart and said, in French:

"Come in and have some coffee. It is cold out, isn't it?"

"She spoke in refined, dulcet tones. I accepted her invitation and followed her into the cafe. In a few moments I had told her my sad history and begged her to allow me to make a sketch of her cart of flowers, for the picture I had already in vision. I gained her consent and we went into a few details.

"Yours is a sad story," she said, during a pause, 'but let me tell you mine, it may help to lessen yours; for it frequently happens that the rude threads which seem to break with such ragged ends in our own sorrows, soften and become less irregular to look upon when compared with those of others. I shall be very brief."

"I was not particularly anxious to hear her story, but it was warm in the

little room and the coffee was good, so with a nod I acquiesced and she commenced.

"When young I was a dancer . . . The name she gave caused me to start, but she arrested any interruption I might have made by a quick gesture. 'The young son of a noble English family fell in love with me and we married. Our little boy was nearly two years old when my husband had, unexpectedly, to visit England. It was our first parting and we felt it terribly, although its duration was to be but a week. On the night when I was excitedly expecting his return, a telegram was handed to me stating he could not leave till the following morning. I was terribly disappointed and distressed, for already the time had dragged on leaden feet. I was wretched, wondering how I should get through another night, when it occurred to me to visit old haunts and see my friends. It would at least pass the time. I rang for my maid, told her where I was going and immediately started off to Maxims. I shall never forget the joy and excitement of my friends when they saw me enter.' She paused here reflectively. 'How the time fled as we went over the happenings since my departure. I was startled when I learned how late it had become and rose to go. But they would not hear of it till I consented to give them a dance. How my feet tingled and how the blood raced through my veins when the orchestra commenced. Raoul, my old partner joined me and we danced as though possessed. The dance finished with a whirl, at the end of which, Raoul had to catch me in his arms and lift me from my feet. I was in this position, laughingly acknowledging the applause of my friends, when my eyes were caught and held by someone standing gazing at me from the doorway."

"It was my husband. He had returned unexpectedly, and seeing no harm in it, Marie had told him where to find me. Knowing how jealous he was, and loving him too well to hurt him, I disengaged myself from Raoul's arms and ran towards him. He met me with furious anger and after denouncing me scornfully, left me."

"I can never dwell on the horror of that night nor that of the ensuing days. Steadfastly he refused to see me, and all my letters were returned unopened. He believed the worst of me. It was when I was nearly demented with grief and heart-broken with longing to see my boy, that a letter came from my husband's solicitors, stating that an

adequate income would be paid to me quarterly through his bankers.

"Realizing for the first time the severe, unjust decision and finality of my husband's action, I sought advice; but it was too late. My husband had gone, taking our boy with him, and every effort to trace them proved futile. I tried to return to my dancing, but was a failure. I could not any more enter into the spirit of it. Joyless and broken, I drifted from one thing to another till at length I was able to lessen my sorrow in the quiet happiness I found in growing flowers and finding I could sell them."

"But what of your income," I interrupted.

"I never once touched it," she answered with quiet scorn. "It lies there accumulating and one day I may be able to return it, for I live hoping, ever hoping to prove myself innocent in the eyes of my husband . . . or, at least . . . my son." Her voice trailed off into a quiet, long-drawn sob.

"The passing of time we had failed to notice. It was only when the door banged open rudely and a youth, handsome and breathless, stood in the opening looking wildly around, that we became aware of the time. We had been absorbed in our talk.

"Catching sight of my companion, he gesticulated and exclaimed in agitated tones:

"In the name of heaven! Here you sit while everyone is waiting for you!"

"With a muttered utterance of alarm she rose and rushed from the room with him, directing a few vague and incoherent words to me as she went."

The Importance of Economic Study

Continued from page 10

The mind of the typical business man is day by day, week by week, and year by year, steeped in contemplation of concrete facts. He is, therefore, very apt to despise, and vigorously express his contempt for, anything in the nature of abstract reasoning, and to proclaim his confident reliance on "common sense." As a consequence, in dealing with complex economic questions, and most of the economic problems of actual life are complex, he readily slips into the most elementary fallacies.

Take, for example, the argument, often advanced, that when two things occur together or in succession, the one is necessarily the cause of the other. The United States protective tariff is higher than the Canadian, and, let us suppose, the United States is more prosperous than Canada; "therefore," argues the business man, "a higher protective tariff would certainly benefit Canada," quite oblivious to the fact that the prosperity of nations is affected by many other and even more important causes than fiscal policy.

Again, the famous fallacy attributed by Adam Smith to the Mercantilists, the business men of his time, is exemplified in Canada today by the current argument that "too much Canadian money is still going out of the country to buy products which are available at home." Adam Smith, in a well-known chapter of the "Wealth of Nations," exposed this fallacy, which confuses money with wealth, by showing that imports are in the long run paid for by exports; that money is simply the medium of exchange, of which in the course of trade nations will always get as much as they have occasion for, while more cannot be permanently retained; and that an increased supply of money, beyond what is necessary to effect the exchange of other kinds of wealth, would in any case no more enrich a nation than would an increased supply of domestic pots and pans,

AUSTINS paused in front of a long, narrow house in a select square a few hundred yards from Park Lane.

"I shall have to continue the story later," he said, dropping Furlowe's arm while he searched for his latch-key and opened the door.

A trim servant came quickly forward and relieved them of hats and coats and Furlowe followed his friend up the wide stairs. On the first landing Muriel, radiant and lovely, garbed in white from head to heel, her beautiful, burnished, golden hair glinting in the light, came forward swiftly to meet them. She greeted Furlowe, her eyes the while on her lover. Furlowe smiled, well satisfied that it should be so, and sauntered into the drawing-room.

From out the shadow at the end of the long, luxurious room a lady rose from a seat by the fire. Thinking he was alone, Furlowe gave a nervous start, then went a step forward.

"Good evening," the lady said, in sweet, soft tones, and he found himself looking down into the upturned face of a middle-aged lady. Perplexed and puzzled, he gazed with puckered brow. Where had he seen that face before? Then suddenly gasping his amazement, he took her hand firmly in his and exclaimed:

"You are the lady on the cart in Austins' masterpiece."

"Yes! I am his model and he is my . . ."

Austins' voice from the door broke the tense sentence.

"Forgive my negligence, old chap," he said, his face beaming with joy and happiness, "and permit me to present you to my dear mother."

beyond what is necessary for cooking purposes, enrich a family.

IT is not suggested that the Protectionist alone can commit such glaring fallacies in reasoning. His Free Trade brother often runs him very close in this respect. Nor are business men alone exposed to such delusions. Amongst all classes are to be found fond believers in the fallacy that extravagant expenditure is good for trade. Again, the opposition of many trade unions to the adoption of labor-saving machinery, and their policy of "restricting the output," are in great measure based on the "fixed work-fund" fallacy: that there is only a certain amount of work to be done, and therefore if one man does more there will be less employment for others. The real truth of course is that the produce of one kind of labor constitutes the demand, and means of payment, for other kinds; and thus the policy of "restricting the output," if generally adopted, would spell a diminished national income and general poverty.

There are, in reasoning on economic subjects, numerous "pitfalls" for the unwary. Indeed, to attempt to master really complex and difficult economic problems by the use of our so-called "common sense" alone, and without the aid of the powerful engine of economic science, is just as foolish as if one were to seek to tunnel through the Rockies with a hand pick and shovel, and without the assistance of the powerful machinery placed at our disposal by modern engineering science.

No one would seriously suggest that a mastery of economic theory is the one and sufficient condition of material success in life. It will not, for instance, suffice to transform a bad business man into a good one, for success in business, as in other walks in life, depends in the long run on industry and moral charac-

Continued on page 59

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried many kinds

of depilatories, electrolysis and even a razor. But I couldn't get rid of it.

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My face is now smooth. It is free not only from superfluous hair, but also from pimples and blemishes.

I have explained this method to thousands of women who have had the same experience with it that I had and I will explain it clearly and completely to you if you also have superfluous hair.

It isn't like anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no itching or burning and leaves no scars. As easy to use as your comb and brush.

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SOMETHING TO LEARN

They Love to Do It

I asked a joyous frog
Whose croaks the echoes woke,
"Why do you croak?" He said, "I croak
Because I love to croak."

I asked a pretty star,
That twinkled near heaven's brink,
"Why do you twink?" She said, "I
twink
Because I love to twink."

I asked a happy bird,
That carolled on the wing,
"Why do you sing?" He said, "I sing
Because I love to sing." The Khan.

A Valentine

King and Queen

Lilies are white
Rosemary's green;
When you are King,
I will be Queen.

Roses are red,
Lavender's blue;
If you will have me,
I will have you.

The Christmas Nightmare

WELL, well, what a nightmare it was to be sure! I'll tell you it was hard on poor Bobby Burke having to read all those stories about goblins and spooks and spiders and flying plum puddings and mince pies, and gnomes that kick you in the tummy, and elves that ride trains over your chest—why, I'm almost afraid to go home in the dark, and as for going to bed, well—. And there were so many stories, and some of them were so neat and nice, and some of them were written on both sides of the paper, and do you know that that is an editor's nightmare? Don't do it again will you please? And don't Mr. or Miss Prize Winner eat all the candy yourself or you will share the nightmare you have written about, won't you?

I know you all want to know who has won the prize, that box of juicy luscious candies, and it is Nellie Drinkwater, of R.R. 1, Callander, Ont., and the second prize, one of our own beautiful gold buttons, is won by Margaret Kippan, of Seamans, Sask., and extra prizes of gold buttons are won by Una Buck, Box 55, Portage la Prairie; by Christina Gollar, Middle Lake, Sask.; by Juanita Jamieson, of Thornton, Ont.; Flora May Thomson, Dinsmore, Sask., and Mabel A. Paul, R.R. 3, Lanark, Ont.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

tiny voices. He opened his eyes and saw many tiny and very queer looking elves no larger than his hand.

They looked so funny he tried to laugh but he couldn't. He tried to catch one but he was paralyzed and could move neither hand nor foot. A pudding floated through the air and an elf hung on to it and floated above kicking him in the face and making fun of him. Also a muffin floated around another elf hanging onto it, doing the same and tormenting him terribly till he thought he could stand it no longer.

He became frightened but he could do nothing but lie there waiting to see what he was going to do next. These little boys crawled under the bed covers and tickled his feet, making him very uncomfortable and angry. A toy horse rode up near his face and kicked him. A little toy engine came up to him and tooted its horn near his ear. It puffed out smoke and made him sneeze several times.

Another elf sat at the top of the bed and held a spider on a string near his head. This frightened him more for he disliked crawling creatures.

He kept one eye open all this time so they could not do anything without him seeing them. But suddenly something happened. They all vanished into a mist and rolled out the door. It all happened in a minute and Bobby jumped up, for his strength had come back to him again. It was dark, only for the flickering candle which was almost out. He blew it out and went to sleep.

He told his mother about his dream but he did not know it was not all true. She could not persuade him that it was not true, that it was all due to the second helping of pudding. She is now a grey old lady and her son a young man, but he still believes in not eating a big Christmas dinner, and I warn you not to either. — Nellie Drinkwater, "Wanika Woosoo."

SOMETHING TO DO

YOU have, I know, already discovered that this page of the Cosy Corner has a nice valentine on it that you can

copy and make yourselves. Now, here's a new kind of competition for you. Suppose you make a valentine for Bobby Burke, not like the one shown here, but one of your own, your own ideas, your own verse, your own painting and drawing and cutting and pasting. Send it in before March 1st and the prize winner will be announced in the April number. If possible, pictures of the two prettiest and best valentines will be published in the Cosy Corner, and oh yes, of course, I nearly forgot, there will be a prize of a box of paints for the best one, and gold button for the next best, or the three next best if there are three very good ones.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A LETTER from Kathleen Pells, of Fort William, thanking us for the special prize she received before Christmas.

A letter from Iona Mitchell, of Bainsville, Ont. She would like to get letters from any members of the corner. She is in the junior fourth class, and has two pet calves that she calls Dolly and Daisy. A letter from Irene Messinbird, of Gilbert Plains, thanking us for her gold button and wishing the C.C.C. such nice things for the New Year.

A letter from Jean Edwards, of Treherne, who wants very much to win a gold button. What we said before, Jean, was that you must try some of the things to do in the C.C.C. to win a button. This month try the valentine competition and if your valentine is better than anyone else's you will surely win a button.

Nellie Drinkwater, of R.R. 1, Callander, Ont., our prize winner this month, didn't expect to win a prize, but see how lucky she is! She would like to correspond with boys or girls of 14 years or thereabouts. She is going to try and make Elveretta's apron, and Kathleen Pells' teddy bear, and Irene's pin cushion, so she is going to be very busy, isn't she?

SOMETHING TO READ

Slovenklang

THERE once lived a lively elf, Slovenklang, who was very fond of teasing the birds and fays. He did nothing but enjoy life. Why should he work when there was no need to do so? There were apples, and nuts, and honey, and such good things nearly all the year, so why need he trouble?

"Ah," you will say, "nearly all the year; but what of the winter?" Yes, there was winter; but Slovenklang was sensible too. Like the squirrels, he built a cosy nest in a hollow tree, laid by a good store of apples and nuts while they were plentiful, and when the land grew cold with sleety wind and white with snow there he lay snugly dozing, nibbling now and again at his nuts or apples, listening to the winds, and dreaming of new tricks to play when the summer came again.

It was now near the time of winter, and he had stored up enough for the cold days, when he came upon what he thought to be the storehouse of one of the fays. There were rows on rows of bulbs in little heaps—brown ones, purple ones, round ones, flat ones—bulbs of many colors, shapes and sizes.

"This must be a family storehouse," he said to himself: "it seems too much for only one of them—though I have heard that some of these fay girls are very greedy . . . How horribly tidy!" he said, as he looked at the neat little heaps; and he had a mind to scatter them all about, but he decided to leave them as they were.

"I shall try some, though," he said; "there are so many that she will never miss a few"; and he took one or two from one heap, one or two from another, until his wallet was nearly full. Then he took a handful or two of tiny black and brown grains, saying to himself, "These must be some kind of hundreds-and-thousands, I suppose," as he hurried away, thinking he heard voices.

He frisked about on the way to his tree, when he found that the tiny grains had all slipped out through the cracks; but the bulbs were there. He ate one, but did not care for it a bit; and another he liked even less.

"Pooh," said he, "my own are much better"; and he threw the rest out.

"But that will not do," said he. "She may see them, for those fay-girls' eyes are dark but as sharp as can be"; and he gathered them up and took them away to a favorite play-valley close by, where he hid them in the ground, one here, one there, so that even the most cunning fay would never find them.

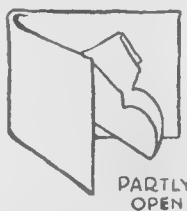


Outside of Valentine

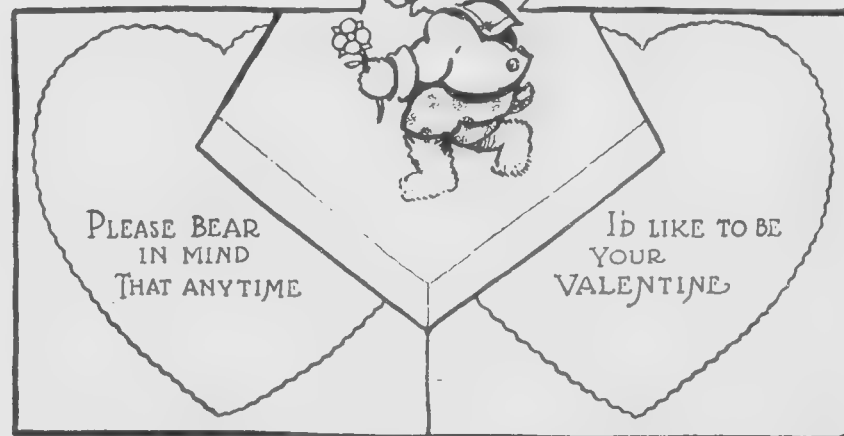
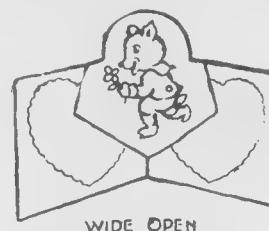
Bobby's Christmas Dinner and the Consequences

SUCH a dinner as Bobby Harrison had! There was turkey, dressing, jelly, creamed potatoes, and, oh, so many lovely things, that Bobby could not resist the temptation of tasting everything on the table. Mother had warned him when he took the second helping of pudding, but he did not heed and he ate and ate until he could eat no more.

When eight o'clock came, he felt sleepy and slipped off to bed while mother was talking to the guests. He lay awake for some time with his eyes closed tightly when suddenly he heard



BILLY
BEAR'S
VALENTINE



Paste along under side of the long way. Trace Billy Bear onto thin paper and color. Cut him out as at B and fold along dotted line.

Paste under the side of the shaded area and attach to the card, so that the bear folds up when the card does. When the card is opened Billy Bear pops out.

Instead of Billy Bear you could substitute a bunch of flowers cut from a seed catalogue or a Kewpie head, or any other cutout that interests you.

A few nights later he heard a droning in the air, and he thought, "Aha! the north wind is beginning"; and he made his nest warm with hay, and dry moss, and fur. He reached down through the hay and tickled the apples, saying, "The fay-girl's apples are not as good as you!"

How snugly he dozed and nibbled through the winter! He was quite lively and cheerful when the spring came. He peeped out one day, but there was still snow in the shady corners, and the wind was cold, and he shivered and crept down into his warm bed again.

In the early days of spring he did

not venture far from his hollow tree. He played in the sunshine, and tilted up the pretty faces of the violets that peeped from the banks. He watched the thrushes building, heard them tuning their songs, and mocked the little bright-eyed things. He skipped about, and, though he teased them, they did not fear him. He peeped at their spotted eggs, but did not disturb them; but he kept out of the way of the magpies.

Then one day he saw coming the fay-girl whose bulbs he had taken. He skipped behind a silver-birch and peeped from its shelter.

"What have you come after?" he asked. "What have I come after?" she repeated; and she made as if to catch him. "What is your name?"

"I, Slovenklang. You don't catch me," said he, shifting from foot to foot.

"What does 'I' stand for?"

"I stands for 'me'."

"I stands for 'Me'?"

"Yes. 'I' is Me, just as 'U' is You."

"Shouldn't you say 'I am Me' and 'You are You'?"

"No, I shouldn't, because that is not what I mean," said he. "Besides, that sounds like grammar; and I hate grammar."

"Then the 'I' is not for a name?"

"No, no; I tell you Slovenklang is my name. It is like this"—and he stretched his arm as if to see the time by a wristlet dandelion-watch: "whenever I do a great work I write under it 'I, Slovenklang, didit.'"

Continued in the March Issue

The Importance of Economic Study—Continued from page 57

ter at least as much as on mental equipment. But it may save the average man of business a fair proportion of the often ruinously heavy fees of experience. A knowledge of economic history and theory—and the one is a necessary complement of the other—should give a wider outlook, and thus tend to induce caution in dealing with intricate problems. It will not furnish the business man with "tips" that will save him the trouble of thinking; nor will it provide him with an infallible guide how to buy at the bottom of the market and sell at the top, but it should enable him to forecast the future a little more accurately—to see a little farther ahead, and in business the man who can see farthest ahead is, other things equal, the most likely to succeed. Economic study, in short, while it will provide no royal road to fortune, will furnish general principles which will materially assist the wise man in shaping his conduct to suit the circumstances of particular cases.

To the ordinary citizen, however, the study of Political Economy should appeal not so much from the standpoint of business efficiency as because of its educational value and its importance as a factor in his equipment for the better discharge of his duty to society. The claim of Political Economy to our attention in this connection cannot be better stated than in the words of Dr. Flint, in his great work on the philosophy of history: "The whole political and moral, intellectual and spiritual development of society largely depends on the economic phenomena and changes which it is the business of political economy to explain. The general historical movement of humanity cannot be understood by men who are insufficiently acquainted with the various phases of economic history and with the laws of economic facts. The growth of science and philosophy, the culture of art and literature, the development of morality and religion, have all, indeed, richly contributed to make history what it is; but even collectively they have only in part determined its course, and have all been to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed dependent on conditions of an economic character."

The limits of effective State action in industrial and commercial matters, in social reform, and indeed in every direction, depend in the last resort on the intelligence and integrity of its citizens. An educated public opinion—a people competent to form an intelligent judgment on public questions—is essential to the healthy existence of the State. Corruption and all other forms of political and social wrong-doing thrive on ignorance, and the rankness of their growth is the measure of our need of social and economic education.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything, or if you want help or employment, the Classified columns of the Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you.

DOGS

WHIRLWIND COYOTE HOUNDS—Russian wolfhounds, Scotch and Irish staghounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, fox terrier and collie pups. Unsolicited testimonials. Percy Neale, Lovat, Sask. 7-26

BEAUTIFUL ST. BERNARD PUPPIES!—Massive heads, fine litter. Descriptions, photo sent. Brockington, 181c McKenna, Montreal. 2-26

FOR SALE—Beautiful German police pups, immediate delivery. Wolf grey and silver grey from prize winning, trained, imported dogs. Best blood lines. Ship on approval anywhere. Pleased hundreds past 10 years. Dr. Almkov, Cooperstown, N. Dak. 2-26

FUR FARMING

PUREBRED SILVERBLACK FOXES. Pair, \$300 to \$400. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 2-26

SILVER FOXES—"Notes From My Diary," ten years' experience ranching foxes. Fourth Edition just out. Booklet form. Chock full of useful hints for beginners, price 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada. tf

TRAPPING

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. 5-26

FARM AND FRUIT LANDS

FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS and Chicken Ranches write to Pemberton & Son, 418 Howe St., Vancouver. Established 1887. tf

REASONABLY PRICED Canadian farms wanted from owners. Give full particulars. Emory Gross, North Topeka, Kan. 5-26

POULTRY

MAKE POULTRY PAY PROFITS. Shaw's Postal Course insures success. Fully illustrated. Highly Endorsed. Booklet Free. Write Shaw Schools, Department 9, Forty-four Bloor, West, Toronto. 2-26

NURSING

PRACTICAL NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by private correspondence course. Catalogue No. 9 Free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada. 4-26

CREAM WANTED

CREAM WANTED—Manitoba Agricultural College requires more cream, direct from farm, to carry on the work of the Dairy School. Ship via C.N.R. or C.P.R. Collections made twice daily. Grade and prices right. F.O.B. Winnipeg. 2-26

BABY OUTFITS

A SPECIALTY—Order our special 44-pieces, excellent materials, home-made, for \$15.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mrs. McKenzie, 573 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 4-26

EDUCATIONAL

SHORTHAND IN FOUR EVENINGS. Arthol course seven dollars. Sent approval. Particulars, Hollefreund's Correspondence School, Stratford, Ontario. 4-26

STAMPS

COLLECTION SENT FREE. Postage 3 cents. 100 Stamps, Album, Hinges, 25 cents; 1,000 Stamps, 25 cents. Stamp Co., 349-23rd West, Vancouver, Canada. tf

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Arcade, 1126 Granville Ave., Chicago. tf

REMEDIES

DR. H. P. McPHAIL, M.D., C.M., Physician and Surgeon for Obsolete conditions. 202 Enderton Bldg., Winnipeg. 4-26

PRESCRIPTIONS, patent medicines and surgical supplies, unobtainable elsewhere, mailed at once. Ruttan's Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. We are agents for Fletcher's A. K. Rheumatic treatment, \$5.00. Ruttan's guaranteed bronchial treatment, \$1.00, and Humphrey's Homeopathic tinctures and remedies. 6-26

WONDERFUL SELF TREATMENT

For the healing of varicose ulcers, eczema, running sores, etc., that anyone can use while working. Miss M. Binks, Grande Prairie, Alta., writes: "Words cannot express how thankful I am for the marvellous work you did in healing mother's foot. I trust that you will continue to relieve more suffering." Write for particulars, many testimonials. Nurse Dencker, 610 1/2 Portage Av., Winnipeg, Man.



WRITERS

STORIES, SCENARIOS, PLAYS, POEMS, criticized, revised, typed. G. Arthur Hallam, Manuscript Man, 212 7th Avenue West, Calgary. 5-26

STORIES, POEMS, descriptive articles, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 551, Hannibal, Mo. 6-26

SONG POEM WRITERS—Send for proposition now. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 2104 N. Key-stone Ave., Chicago. 2-26

BOOKS AND NOVELTIES

MASONIC SYMBOLISM, History Science, Philosophy; correspondence invited; enquiries treated sympathetically. W. Haydon, 564 Pape Ave., Toronto—6. 3-26

HEAVEN AND HELL. Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. A. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 4-26

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, N.Y. 2-26

FORTUNE TELLING HAND—It tells all, 15c. Cochran Importers, 19 Lachevrotiere, Quebec, Can. 7-26

FREE—250 Silk Pieces—write now. Allen Novelties, St. Zacharie, Que. 7-26

PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 536 Enright, St. Louis, Mo. 4-26

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. tf

FOR SALE

STOVES AND REPAIRS—The Green's Greater Stove Co., 316 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. Used stoves for sale, also parts for all makes of stoves supplied. 2-26

NEW AND USED MACHINERY bought and sold. General Machinery Company, 67 Frederick St., Toronto, Ont. 2-26

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

FRESH CAUGHT WHITEFISH, frozen, sacked, 7c lb., Jackfish 6c, Mullet 4c, f.o.b. Meota. Cash with order. W. E. Fox, Meota, Sask. 2-26

SOFT WATER FROM ANY WELL. SNOETT, Great cleaner. Free sample. Large lot \$1 postpaid. Agents wanted. Chemical Products Co., Edmonton. 2-26

HONEY FOR SALE

PURE MANITOBA HONEY—Crate of six ten-pound pails, \$9.50. Maison Saint Joseph, Otterburne, Man. 5-26

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HIGH GRADE HOME-MADE PIANO and chromatic accordions; also repairs. R. C. Sylvestre (acc. maker), 597 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. 6-26

VIOLINS, CORNETS, MANDOLINS, guitars, ukuleles, banjos, band instruments, drums, radio sets and accessories. Write for our free illustrated catalogue. The R. S. Williams & Sons Company Ltd., 421 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg. tf

SEEDS, PLANTS & BULBS

DID YOU EVER GROW white cucumbers? Write for seed catalogue. Producers Seed Co., Ottawa, Ont. 2-26

TAXIDERMIST

BIG GAME HEADS, animals, birds and fur rugs mounted. Jack Charleson, Taxidermist, 748-19th St., Brandon, Man. 3-26

AGENTS WANTED

REPRESENT US in your locality. Sell Flavo Lemon Pie Filler and Extracts. Used in every home. Sample free. F. W. Richardson, 9548 Jasper, Edmonton. 2-26

AGENTS SELL WASHO. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells on sight. Great repeater. Good commission to agents. Write quick. P. A. Lefebvre & Co., Alexandria, Ont. 2-26

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56W Pitt, Windsor, Ont. 12-26

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—Make and sell chipped glass name and house numbers, checkerboards, signs, etc. Large booklet Free. E. Palmer, Manufacturer, Dept. 43, Wooster, Ohio. tf

AGENTS WANTED

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—BETTER than a store of your own. A good living right where you live, acting as our factory representative selling direct our line of tailored-to-measure clothing to men and women. Full of spare time. Big pay daily. No capital, no experience—only ambition needed. We train you free. Seventy-five of our super-salesmen helped us plan this line—a line in which experienced men see unlimited possibilities. Our selling outfit—the National "Store at your door" is a wonder. Write at once for full details and exclusive territory. Apply to our Sales Manager, Mr. Faber, National Mail Order House Ltd., Dept. 64, Box 2017, Montreal. 2-26

NOTHING BUT THE BEST

should be every selling agent's motto. You have just as much trouble carrying an incomplete and inferior line—so why not carry the best and most complete. We offer experienced salespeople a real opportunity to make big money and yet give their customers the very best merchandise obtainable at the very lowest price. You can make every call count by carrying our line. Here are a few of the items featured in our Spring and Summer selling outfit which will be shipped to successful applicants towards the end of January. Men's made-to-measure suits, top-coats, and caps. A complete line of men's ready-to-wear articles such as raincoats, working clothes, shirts, ties, shoes, underwear, etc. A line of boy's, girl's and children's wear, including practically everything they wear. A big range of ready-made, and made to measure garments for ladies, featuring costumes, sport suits, coats, dresses, skirts, sweaters, gingham dresses, underwear, etc. We also feature a complete line of hosiery, and several other family necessities. Every wide-awake and ambitious salesperson having direct selling experience should make it a point to get acquainted with this proposition. For full details write at once, General Sales Supervisor, The Continental Mail Order Company, Limited, Department C, Box 772, Montreal. 2-26

HELP WANTED

MEN—Cash in on the best proposition of the year. Any man can sell Nogar Patented Cloth-Six suits. Sells on demonstration. Beautiful patterns. Water, Fire and Snag resistant. Suits \$14.95 and \$17.50 full price. Will outwear two ordinary suits. Watch for our full page advertisements in Saturday Evening Post. Full time men earning \$150 per week. Spare time men \$60 per week. Write Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co. of Canada, Vancouver, B.C. 2-26

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to sell Val Style Hats. Direct from Factory to Customer. Made-to-measure. Liberal commissions, you can earn \$20 up a day—your money daily. This line sells on sight, no competition. Few vacancies for District Managers with established organizations. Write Val Style Hat Company of Canada, 10 Fairfield Building, Vancouver, B.C. 2-26

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York. 3-26

\$50-\$75 WEEKLY, Evenings, Home. Start with \$3.00. Particulars, 3c postage. Box 11, Britannia Beach, B.C. tf.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES MAKE \$6 up daily. No competition. Every woman needs. Particulars free. Everett Distributors, 389 Selkirk, Winnipeg. 2-26

WANTED—Girls, women 16 up. Learn Gown Making at home. \$35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons FREE. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N526, Rochester, N.Y. 2-26

LADIES—If you can walk and talk you can earn \$8.00 to \$15.00 every day selling Chic Knit Dresses. Knit to measure for \$7.75. Something new. Not sold in stores. Actually sell on sight. We pay you daily. Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co. of Canada, Vancouver, B.C. 2-26



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN

All Railroads. Beginners \$150 to \$250 monthly; later as Conductors or Engineers \$300-\$400 monthly. Railway Association, Box 23, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Change of Rate For Classified Advertising

THE circulation of The Western Home Monthly is now in excess of 60,000. The very high cost of producing such a great quantity of this high-class magazine necessitates a change in the rate of classified advertising.

Commencing with the January number, the charge for classified advertising will be 7 cents per word per insertion, with a minimum charge of \$1.00. Cash with order. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five.

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

But It Is Coming Along

Of course, the millenium is a long way off.—London Times.

Hope That Is Justified

No year in all history has opened more hopefully than 1926.—Toronto Globe.

How Does the Professor Know This?

Professor Wrong says that not more than ten thousand Canadians understand this country's problems.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Society Item

The business women may show a lot of backbone, but not as much as some society women.—Vancouver Province.

A Different Line

If there were a Kipling in the United States, he might sing of the far-flung bottle line.—Montreal Herald.

Financial Item

One test of prosperity is when you can always get credit enough to live beyond your means.—Kingston Whig.

The Main Cause of Motor Trouble

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Budapesters Put Pongos in Their Purses

Hungary's new coin, the pongo, may be worth a florin, but it doesn't sound like sound money.—London Express.

Surely, It's Not As Bad As That!

"Modesty Reigned With Queen Victoria," says a magazine headline. But it looks like "it ain't goin' to reign no more."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Adam Listened In

History repeats itself! Eve was the first broadcast station. EVE out in the West is the latest broadcasting station.—Kitchener Record.

A Lawless Multiplicity of Laws

By passing 20,000 laws every year the state legislatures are doing all they can to make the nation lawful but the people lawless.—Springfield Republican.

Not Editorials on Marriage

Discussing marriage, The Pittsburg Gazette-Times editorially remarks that the husband generally has his way. Bachelors never should write editorials.—Fargo Tribune.

Why the Supposition?

A still has been found in the home of an instructor of English at an United States university. Now if it had been at the home of an instructor of Scotch?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Frost in Frenzied Florida

It is freezing in Florida. We may express the hope that it will be a hard enough frost so that the buyers can walk over the ice to see their subdivision lots.—Fort William Times-Journal.

So It Would Almost Appear

Chang Tso Lin, the Chinese war lord, was heavily defeated in North China last week, and "all the reports assert that the defeat was due to treachery." Observing the war in China leads to the reflection that treachery is one of the chief branches of Chinese military science.—Ottawa Citizen.

No Such Danger in Quebec

Figures just published show that there were more divorces than marriages in the United States in 1924. This movement had better stop or the States will wake up some year and find itself dreadfully embarrassed.—Quebec Soleil.

As to Coonskin Coats in Winnipeg

The trouble about wearing a coonskin coat in Winnipeg is that if you are of any size people mistake you for a policeman and give you no credit for your imposing appearance, taking it for granted that the city bought it for you.—Selkirk Record.

Founding an Aristocracy?

Fear is expressed that the country will soon have an aristocracy of bootleggers. Are we to have among the best sellers of future accounts of the romances of Rum Row and the stories of the success of young men whose industries resulted in the bottling of fortunes?—Washington Herald.

And Many Are Not Self-starters

Henry Ford sees a century of sure prosperity ahead. We haven't all got Henry's start.—New York World.

Making Bank Robbing More Risky

Nevada bankers will pay \$1,000 for a live bandit, and \$2,500 for a dead one. No Governor can pardon a dead bandit.—Vancouver Sun.

Prompt Assimilation

Florida makes a newcomer a citizen in six minutes and domesticates his money in six minutes.—Boston Transcript.

Business in Bulgaria

Business is not prospering in Bulgaria, but now and then the undertakers report a good week.—Ottawa Journal.

An Exodus of the Right Kind

More than 100,000 left Canada during 1925 for the U.S. But it's all right. They were cattle beasts.—Calgary Albertan.

A Difficult Operation

All the best brains in France are trying to "stabilize the franc." They are trying to revitalize the invalid by pumping his veins full of water.—Quebec Evenement.

Rubber Development

We observe that a gentleman has been lecturing on rubber development. We take it that it dates from the arrival of the knee length skirt.—Kansas City Star.

A Question

The St. Catharines, Ont., school board wants their lady teachers to wear a distinctive dress so they can be distinguished from the pupils. By whom?—Toronto Telegram.

Remarkable Economy

There can be no question that Prohibition is a success in these United States when an official charged with the duty of enforcing it, whose salary is \$2,400 a year, saved \$38,000 in a couple of years.—Buffalo Courier.

It Is, Indeed

Robbers in New York tried to steal \$25,000 worth of jewels from an actress. It's amazing how the newspapers get hold of all the news about actresses and their jewels.—Victoria Colonist.

Birds of Many Kinds

"British Columbia has 417 species of birds to day, compared with 330 twenty years ago."—Vancouver Province. But that's easily explained by the arrival of the night owls that followed the swallows.—Calgary Herald.

A Tonsorial Confusion

They are having a legal dispute at Ottawa as to whether a beauty parlor is a barber shop. We do not know. But, we do know that in the old days a barber shop wasn't a beauty parlor.—Toronto Star.

Canada Has It's Blessings

There is no country under the sun that is more blessed than Canada is today. The note of rejoicing ought to be so jubilant that it will completely overwhelm the wail of pessimism.—Hamilton Spectator.

So Would We

One of the U.S. congressmen complains that President Coolidge's message was "shot through with too much optimism." We would prefer to be shot through with optimism rather than with a bullet, or anything else almost.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Weight at a Crossing

To such reckless persons as are planning to race the train to the crossing the words of a Great Northern railroad official might prove of interest: "A train" says he, "is approximately 1,650 times as heavy as the average automobile."—Detroit Free Press.

The Process Known as "Thought"

The story of the mare at Sayward, B.C., who galloped to the rescue and drove off a savage hog which was about to attack a young child is the latest extraordinary story of animal intelligence. Quite obviously the mare associated all the circumstances in her mind and acted deliberately. In other words her action resulted from the process known as "thought," generally regarded as a purely human function.—Neepawa Press.

The Result of a Misfit

There doesn't seem to be any way to fix a divorce suit so it won't show the seamy side.—Duluth Herald.

A Case of Shelling Out

In Armenia, we read, eggs pass for money. The next thing to know is how one makes change for an egg in Armenia.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Seats of the Mighty

A New York Exchange seat has just changed ownership at a price of \$150,000. It takes some standing to sit there.—Buffalo Express.

The Skirts of Courage

"Bow-legs are a sign of courage," we read in a scientific publication. They certainly are, if their owner wears an up-to-date skirt.—Brandon Sun.

Where Laws Abound Exceedingly

Don't put off until tomorrow what can be done today. Tomorrow it may be against the law.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Pugnacious Old Gentleman

The president of the Austrian republic is insisting on fighting a duel with the minister of finance because the minister called him "an old fool." The president seems to be bent on proving it.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Retaliating on the Baby

Sir Harry E. Brucewell, the London child specialist, says that it is wrong to keep quiet while the baby is asleep. The baby, he explains, ought to be allowed to get used to noises. That is the position taken by the baby in the night toward the family.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Editor's Moment of Depression

We have our moments of depression when we wish the most effective step ever taken to enforce Prohibition would be taken, instead of being just about to be taken, according to the paper every day.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

The White Collar Fetish

We are learning more and more that educational effort may rightly be directed toward the development of skilled manual workers and that the superior honor and dignity of the white-collar jobs is an empty and expensive fetish.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Not That Kind of Garter

Mr. Austin Chamberlain has been given the Order of the Garter. As only one garter goes with the order Austen will need to buy the other one himself or let his right sock sag down over his boot.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

One Thing the Editor Will Not Try

A man starved himself for 41 days so that scientists could see what happened to him. Personally we should be afraid that it would be the undertaker who would be seeing what happened to us.—Niagara Falls Review.

Editorial Indignation

A Chicago man has been driven from home because his mother-in-law insisted that he kiss her. He said she did not want to be kissed for the pleasure of the thing, but to find out if he had been drinking. Such a base use to put kisses to.—Vancouver World.

A Theory

Perhaps wise old Mother Nature decided to make most of our girls slightly knock-kneed because she foresaw a time, viz., the present, when a little friction as they walked around would be badly needed to supply warmth and keep up the circulation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Fine Idea

Fevzi Bey, the leader of the opposition in Turkey, is conducting a campaign in favor of a military adventure. Why doesn't the council of the League of Nations arrange a war in which all these military adventurers can go and blow each other up?—Vegreville Observer.

Speed Outstripping Itself

Speed is becoming a sort of fetish in these modern days. News comes from Italy that two liners are now being built with run ways atop from which passengers can be launched in airplanes as the vessels approach their destination. A traveller will thus save two days on the transatlantic trip. The scheme is up to date, but the old-fashioned voyager who enjoys the sea will undoubtedly refuse to be cheated out of the restful days aboard ship for which his ticket calls. It would be fine to leave the vessel when it is playing leap frog in a storm, but that is the very time the planes will be least alluring.—London Daily Mail

Almost anyone can print a pretty label *but* on canned fruits it takes something more to guarantee quality



It's the *reputation* of the label that counts—the reputation and ideals of the canner himself!

His experience, his resources, his care and vigilance are the real guarantees of the quality inside.

That's why it's so important, in buying canned fruits, to insist on DEL MONTE.

You *know* the DEL MONTE label. You know in advance exactly what it stands for—finest fruits from the garden spots of the world—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy.

Why not take the sure DEL MONTE road to quality—when it's so easy? You can now buy DEL MONTE Fruits from most good grocers in Canada. Look for this dependable line—and keep a supply always on hand.

*A few
Del Monte Varieties
you should know*

Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow
Cling and Freestone
Sliced Peaches, Apricots
Pears, Plums
Royal Anne Cherries
Pineapple, Sliced or Crushed
Asparagus, Spinach
and many others

*Be sure
you say*

DEL MONTE



**YOU SHOULD HAVE
THIS NEW BOOK**

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"—containing the favorite fruit recipes of America's most famous cooks—will give you scores of new suggestions for serving these delicious products. Send for a free copy today. Address Department 37E California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.



Use Old Dutch and be assured of

Healthful Cleanliness

The kitchen, the very heart of the home, should be spotlessly clean and wholesome. This is important to the good health of the family.

The pots and pans in which food is prepared; the sink, refrigerator, the kitchen cabinet and the stove, all of these are directly involved in *Healthful Cleanliness*.

Old Dutch is a sure, safe means of keeping everything clean; its flat, flaky particles remove all the dirt, the invisible dangers, as well as the dirt you see. It contains no hard scratchy grit, acid or caustic; it erases dirt instead of scratching it off. This is important as scratches are catch-alls for dirt and impurities, and scratched surfaces are harder to keep clean.

The most efficient and economical way to secure *Healthful Cleanliness* is to use Old Dutch Cleanser. Use it every day, everywhere. Goes further—lasts longer. Doesn't harm the hands.

There's nothing else like it

